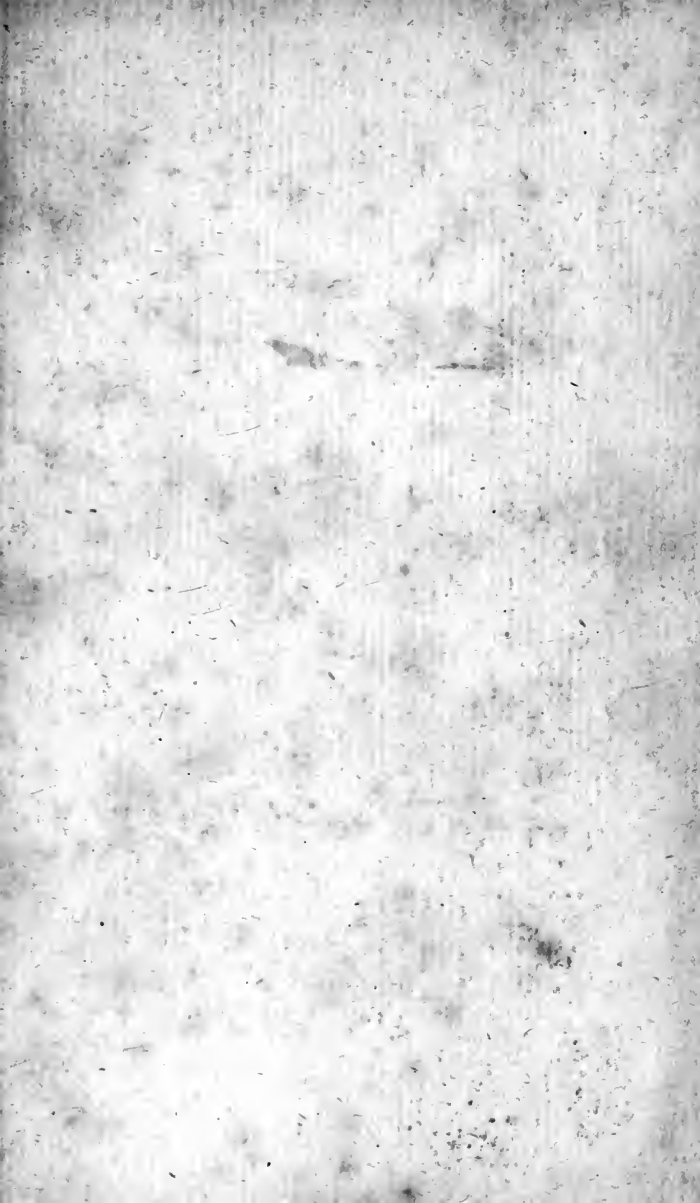
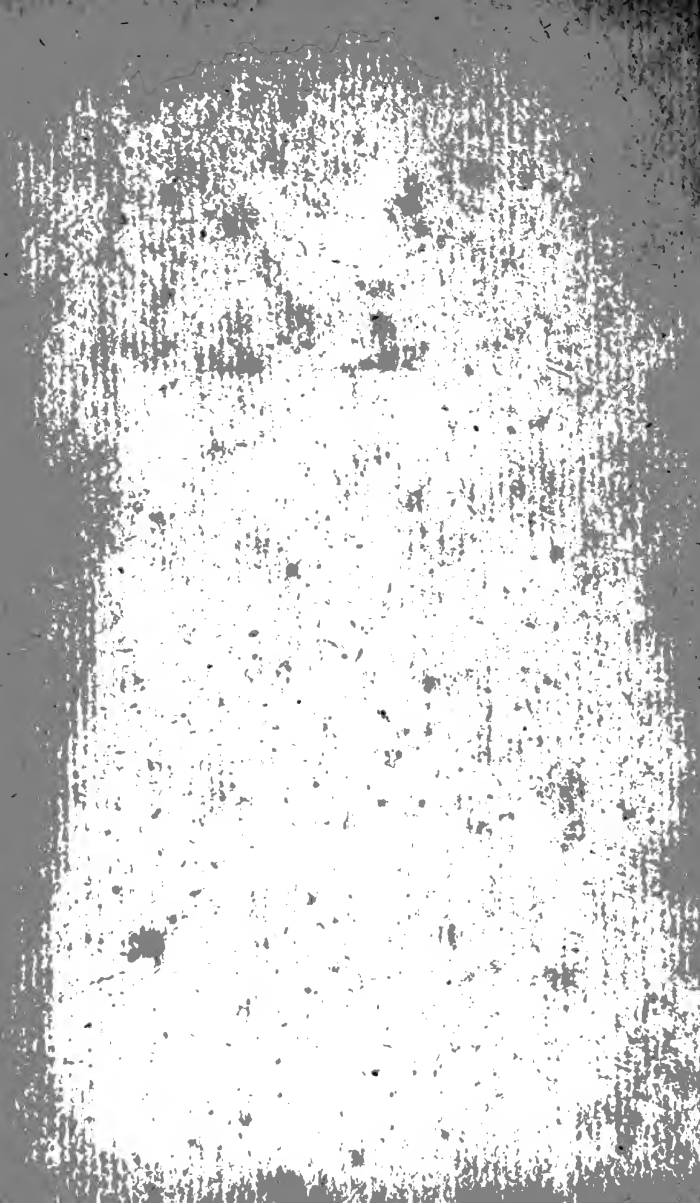




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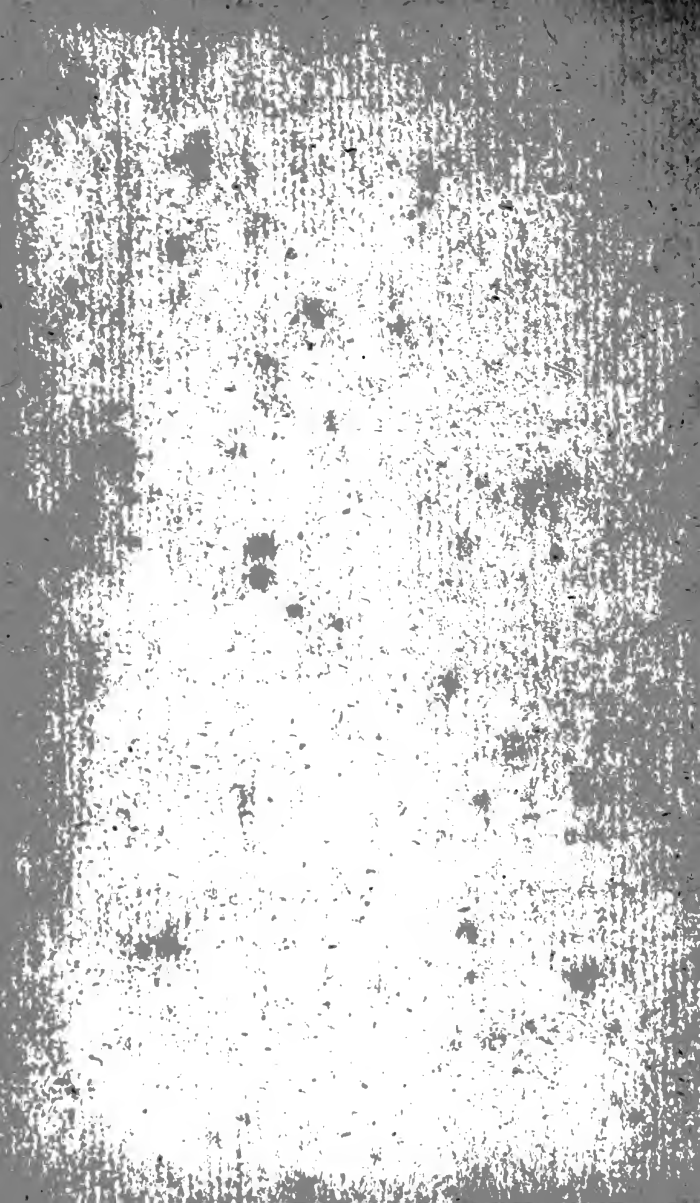
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1774.

BRITISH NOVELIST

THE FUTURE AND VICE

М. И. В. А. У. Н. Я.

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AND THE HISTORY OF THE  
REIGN OF THE LATE KING  
OF THE NETHERLANDS

Printed for the Government by the Government Printer, Ottawa, 1912.

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P A M E L A,

O R

V I R T U E R E W A R D E D.

**T**HIS novel is the first production of the late ingenious Mr. Samuel Richardson, and is in every sense of the word an original. But here it is necessary to consider the leading sentiments of the author, because many others have written on a plan diametrically opposite. Novel-writing has but two things in view, namely, either to represent human nature as it is, or as it should be. The last was what Mr. Richardson had in view, when he wrote this as well as the rest of his celebrated novels, that have made such a distinguishing figure in the republic of letters, and have been translated into most of the European languages. His opinion was that vice

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virtue as a free voluntary act of the mind. That the first should appear embarrassed with that constraint which natural consequence lays on the mind, but that the second should, in all its operations, flow spontaneously from an unadulterated mind, and terminate in happiness. We have here an instance of a young woman born of mean parents, whose circumstances were such that they could not afford to keep her any longer at home than she was fit for service. Accordingly they prevailed upon a lady of sincerity and benevolence to take her into her service in the most humble station, where she behaved with so much modesty that she was in consequence thereof married to the lady's son, and so became a woman of quality.

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PAMELA ANDREWS was the daughter of John and Elizabeth Andrews, (or at least reputed so) who lived in a small village in the West of England, and who, by pinching themselves more than they were already by the narrowness of their circumstances, got her taught to read and write. When she was grown up to the age of sixteen, a lady who lived in the same neighbourhood, and to whom the manor belonged, took her into her service, and granted her all those little indulgencies that are so agreeable to youthful minds.

Pamela did every thing to render herself worthy of such indulgences, but before she had been long in her service the lady died and left a small legacy. This was extremely agreeable to Pamela,

mela, who tied the money up in a bag ; but when she began to reflect that she would be obliged to return to her parents, who were not able to support her, her mind was filled with grief, and she wished still for some state of servitude. While she was writing the letter to her parents, with an account of the death of her good lady, her young master, the 'squire, came in, and wanting to see it, told her she could write and speak very well, which put her so much to the blush that she was unable to make any answer, but went out of the room.

Her parents, in several letters that they had sent to her, warned her to be on her guard, and not listen to the most alluring or lavish promises that would tend towards promoting her ruin. In the same house with Pamela was an aged woman, who had long served the family, and had acquired a large share of prudence. Her name was Mrs. Jarvis, and she took every opportunity of instructing Pamela, not only in domestic duties, but also in every thing that could be of service to her in the world. Her young master made her a present of a great number of rich clothes belonging to his deceased mother, both silks and laces, with a promise that he would see that some person should be paid for altering them ; but when she sent an account of these things to her parents, they cautioned her against pride, or being too forward in receiving presents. She had some thoughts of leaving her master and going to live with Lady Davers, his sister, but no sooner had she signified her resolution for that purpose, than the young gentleman discovered the true sentiments of his mind. He

told her, if she would consent to live with him as his mistress, he would make her fortune, and then he proceeded to some indecencies. The girl flung away from him, and good Mrs. Jarvis who had heard the danger she was in, took her to lay along with her.

Next day the young gentleman renewed his attacks on her virtue, but she repulsed them all, and told her friend Mrs. Jarvis that she had resolved to go away from the house. But nothing could set bounds to his passions, for he insisted that she should not go away, and even threatened poor Mrs. Jarvis for being so very assiduous in taking her part. Mrs. Jarvis, however, was not in the least intimidated, but told him, that as she was an innocent young creature, so it would be the greatest sin in the world to do her any injury.

These freedoms taken by the master did not pass unnoticed by the rest of the servants, and some of them began to whisper that she was either his mistress, or that he intended to marry her. This gave her so much uneasiness that she told Mrs. Jarvis, who answered that it was not impossible but her master might intend to make her his wife, but still cautioned her to be on her guard. Pamela, who was all virtue, began to see her danger, and resolving not to expose herself any longer, bought some plain stuff of a farmer's wife, and having got some decent linen, she made it up into smocks: she then bought some plain caps, with a neat round straw hat, all which she intended to make use of in order to depart from the house in the most private manner.

Next



Next day some gentlemen and ladies came to dine at the house, and some of them took notice that Pamela was too handsome to live in the same house with her master. They knew his amorous disposition; and this made the poor girl more unhappy than ever. Dinner being over she went up stairs to try on her new dress, which pleased her so much that she went down stairs to shew it to Mrs. Jarvis. While she was with the good old woman, her master came in, and so charmed was he with her innocent appearance that he could not refrain from kissing her. At last she got away from him, but next morning when she came into Mrs. Jarvis's apartment, he had unknown to the good old woman, concealed himself behind a screen. Putting off her shoes she sat down on the bed, and entered into a long conversation with Mrs. Jarvis, but before she had time to finish it, her master rushed from behind the screen, and she was so much frightened that she fell into fits. Mrs. Jarvis took proper care of her, and put her to bed, where she remained till next morning, when she got up and was again met by her master, who promised that he would never give her any offence for the future. This, however, did not satisfy her, for she spoke to one of the neighbouring servants to assist her in making her escape. Mrs. Jarvis, who was afraid that some mischief would happen, proposed going along with her, but her master told her she had been so long in the family that he could not part with her.

In the mean time the gentleman attacked the amiable Pamela in a more tender manner than ever, but with as little success. He knew that

her parents were poor, that she loved them dearly, and constantly sent them what money she could spare; he therefore told her that if she would be a good girl, and stay with him, he would provide for all her family. She trembled at the proposal, and well knowing that if she consented it must be at the expence of her virtue, she leant a deaf ear to all his promises and entreaties. He then told her that the chariot should be ready to carry her home next day, but he had no such intentions, for having resolved to seduce her one way or other, he employed his coachman, who, under pretence of carrying her home to her parents was to take her to an estate that he had in Lincolnshire. Accordingly the perfidious coachman carried her five miles on the road leading to her father's, but then turning out of the road with which she was but little acquainted, he drove on till he came to the mansion-house in Lincolnshire. The person whom he she had employed to carry her letters to her father had been bribed by her master, so that her poor parents knew nothing of all this.

It was necessary that the gentleman should make some apology for his conduct in the best manner he could, so he wrote a letter to the father of Pamela, telling him that his daughter was such an intriguing girl that he had sent her out of the way, in order to prevent her from aspersing his character. It is impossible to express what the poor old man felt when he read this letter, he burst into tears, and next day he set out on foot for the house of the 'squire. When he arrived at the place, some of the servants knew him, and told him that his daughter was gone home ;

home; for indeed they did not know any thing to the contrary. As he had some reason to doubt the truth of what they said, he desired to speak with Mrs. Jarvis, who received him in a proper manner, and could not help shedding tears when she read the 'squire's letter. She told him that she was utterly ignorant of any design that he had in taking her away; upon which he desired to be admitted to the 'squire. He asked him, in the most earnest manner, with tears flowing from his eyes, what had become of his daughter; but all the answer that he received was, that she was safe, and waiting on the lady of a bishop, who would take proper care of her. He then ordered Mrs. Jarvis to give him two guineas to bear his expences home, upon which, that good woman asked him to dine with her in her own apartment.

The poor old man gave some ease to his mind in tears, and, taking leave of Mrs. Jarvis, returned home, with a heavy disconsolate heart. In the mean time an unknown servant brought a letter from Pamela, to Mrs. Jarvis, informing her, that the coachman had betrayed her, by taking her to a strange place, where she had never been before. Mrs. Jarvis, as well as the rest of the servants, made all the enquiry they could in order to find out what was become of the lovely girl, but all to no purpose, the more they enquired the more they were in darkness. The poor father returned home to his disconsolate wife, whom he found drowned in tears. But, alas! he could not give her any consolation. He had done all he could to recover his

lost child, but to no purpose, so that he could only sympathize with his distressed spouse. They both put their trust in Divine Providence, and prayed that God would be graciously pleased to preserve her from every injury. The servants were equally concerned for her safety, and even those who envied her before, began to look upon her as an object of pity; so different are we in our common apprehension of things, and so contradictory to what we too often profess to be our leading sentiments. We are apt to find fault with those whom we look on as favourites to persons in high life, but no sooner do we see them in distress, than our hearts relent, and we forgive all those trifles that before gave us offence.

Her master, who had plotted this artful scheme, ordered the wife and daughter of a farmer, to attend her, and in the mean time wrote to her a letter, wherein he assured her, that he was so mad with love, that he could not help acting in the manner he did: but that if she would comply with his desires, he would make her fortune for ever. He wrote to the farmer at the same time, telling him that Pamela was a young lady, who was deeply engaged in love affairs, and that he had sent her there to prevent her being ruined. The farmer believed the whole story, and next morning the chariot came and conveyed her to a public inn on the road, where she was met by Mrs. Jewkes, an infamous woman, who lived by being a procuress for the squire. Pamela, who had heard the character of this woman, was much frightened, when she made her appearance, and being obliged to get into the chariot with her, they arrived in the evening at an old castle belonging

longing to the squire. As the poor young creature was now convinced that her ruin was intended, she resolved to put her trust in divine providence. She turned to the coachman, and told him that he had now done his part, and as for Mrs. Jewkes, she might do her's. Mrs. Jewkes nettled to think that a young girl should lecture her in that manner, told her that she did not know what she meant, but for her own part she would serve the squire as far as she could. In this disconsolate manner, Pamela continued till Sunday, when she asked leave to go to church, but that favour was denied her, though Mr. Williams, the curate pleaded hard in her favour. She would have gone by force, but the servants were called in, and ordered to pull off her shoes. On the evening of the same day, the footman, who had betrayed her by concealing her letters from her parents, arrived at the hall, and before he departed, took care to write an acknowledgment of his guilt, which he dropped at the door of Pamela's apartment. She was shocked when she saw the letter, at the depravity of human nature, and could scarce believe that she had been so long imposed on. Mr. Williams, the curate, was admitted to visit Pamela, and one day as they were walking in the garden, she proposed that as two tiles happened to lay on a bed of flowers, so they might correspond together, by putting loose papers under them. Mr. Williams agreed to the proposal, for he had a key that let him in at any time, by a back door near where the flower-bed was. In the mean time, the artful Mrs. Jewkes came up to them, which put an end to their conversation for that time.

For the future, one of the servant maids was ordered to attend her, when she went to the garden; but one day, having wrote a letter for Mr. Williams, she purposely dropped her pocket-book, and when she came to the place where the letter was to be left, she told the girl to bring it to her. In the mean time she slipped the letter under the tile, without being so much as perceived. As she doubted not but Mr. Williams would write her an answer, she attempted to get down by herself into the garden, but the artful Mrs. Jewkes followed her, and a smart dialogue ensued between them. Pamela, who was now convinced that her ruin was determined on, called Mrs. Jewkes, Jezebel, which exasperated her so much, that she struck her a violent blow on the shoulder, and then hurried her into the house. There she was locked up during the whole of the night, but next morning a little more indulgence being allowed her, Mrs. Jewkes consented to walk with her into the garden. As they were walking along, Pamela told Mrs. Jewkes, that she wanted a cucumber, and the other stepping forward a little to call the gardner, Pamela snapped up the letter from Mr. Williams, without being noticed. When she had got home to her closet, she read the letter, and found that the good gentleman sympathized with her. He told her that he would come regularly to the place for her letters, but advised her to be extremely cautious. In answer, she returned him a thousand thanks, but had much difficulty in delivering her letters. She and Mrs. Jewkes went out to angle in the fish-pond, and Pamela caught a carp, but immediately gave it its liberty, declaring that its case was similar

similar to her own. Mrs. Jewkes was surprised, and taking the rod in her hand, Pamela embraced that opportunity of depositing her letter under the tile, covered with a handful of horse-beans. Pamela had about six pounds in money in her pocket, with which she intended to make her escape, and Mrs. Jewkes having some suspicion of her intention, told her that she had a bill to pay to a tradesman, amounting to eight pounds, and Pamela not imagining her craft, lent her the money. When she complained, the wicked woman only laughed at her, and told her that her money was safe, and that she had taken it from her, in order to prevent her making a bad use of it. This was done, in consequence of a letter she had received from the squire, accompanied with another to Pamela, wherein he declared that he would not wait on her without her permission. This made her more afflicted than ever, especially as the very next day, she received a note from Mr. Williams, informing her that their correspondence began to be suspected, or at least that he imagined so. He had spoken in her favour to a lady who wanted a servant, but the proposal did not succeed. In the mean time, Mrs. Jewkes watched her so closely, that she could not converse with any one, but an old clergyman, whose living had been promised to Mr. Williams, happening to die, Mrs. Jewkes sent for him, to congratulate him on his good fortune. The truth is, Mr. Williams was really in love with Pamela, and Mrs. Jewkes could not help taking notice of it, but that did not put an end to their correspondence. Nay, even Mrs. Jewkes herself, in consequence of instructions

from

from her master, pretended to give every encouragement to Mr. Williams, telling him that she would procure him Pamela for a wife. A report had been industriously spread, that Mr. Williams had been robbed, and otherwise so ill used, that his life was in danger, which affected Pamela so much, that she gave herself up to melancholy. Mrs. Jewkes, in order to carry on her scheme with the greatest facility, pretended to be much concerned for Mr. Williams, and going on a visit to him, returned, and told Pamela that he was not in any danger, for he had only received a few scratches on his face. This, however, was no more than an artifice, in order to conceal her real design, but that was impossible, for the next time that Mr. Williams came to the house, she behaved to him with great reserve, upon which he asked her, whether he had ever given her any offence. He did not, however, receive any other answer, but that she had her reasons, which he would know in proper time. The poor clergyman was obliged to retire, and soon after he was gone, Pamela happened to go into Mrs. Jewkes's apartments, where she found some letters from her master, which left her no reason to doubt what were his real intentions. The poor girl gave herself up to despair, nor was it possible to comfort her, although Mrs. Jewkes brought in a vagabond Frenchman for that purpose, and to complete her misfortune, she heard next day that Mr. Williams was arrested, and taken to Stamford gaol. This scheme had been contrived by Mrs. Jewkes, and the Frenchman, in order to seize the papers of Mr. Williams, to discover the nature of the correspondence that had been carried on between him and Pamela. As no time

was



was to be lost, she got up one night just as the clock struck twelve, and having with much difficulty made her way through a small window, let herself down upon the leads, and from thence into the garden. Her design was to have let herself out at the garden door, for which purpose she had got the key from Mr. Williams, but when she came there, she found that the lock had been altered. She then attempted to get over the wall, but just as she had laid hold of the upper part, the bricks gave way, and she once more found her whole scheme frustrated. Self-murder now seemed the only means that she could use, in order to put an end to her miseries, but the fear of offending God got the better of her resolution, so that she spent the remainder of the night, under the most agonizing tortures of mind.

In the morning Mrs. Jewkes arose, and going into Pamela's apartment, found her gone, so that the whole of the servants were alarmed. It was not doubted but she had made her escape, and each went different ways in pursuit of her, till at last she was found in the wood-house by one of the maids. The girl run to inform her fellow servants, who coming to the place, carried Pamela home to the house, and lodged her in her own apartment, where she slept till the clock struck twelve, and then got up, in order to get some refreshment. For several days she continued in a violent fever, but that having at last subsided, Mrs. Jewkes indulged her with a ride in the coach, telling her that her master would be there in a few days, and make every thing easy to her. At last, her master arrived, and sent up word, that he would sup with her; but scarce had

had he entered her room, than she fainted away, and lay for some time motionless on the floor. When she had recovered a little, her master told her that she was a wicked girl to put him to so much trouble, after he had relieved her parents, and was willing to provide for her. He proposed written articles to her upon what footing she was to be his kept mistress, but she rejected them with disdain, and told him rather than comply with his request, she would lose her life. She represented to him the great sin he was attempting to commit, and at the same time asked him, whether it would redound to his honour to ruin a poor innocent girl. To all this he made no answer, but suffered her to retire, upon which she told Mrs. Jewkes that she would not that night go to bed. Next day her master went to dine at the house of a neighbouring gentleman, so that she had some little respite, only that the odious Mrs. Jewkes still continued to tease her. That no imputation might lay upon her character, she repeated to Mrs. Jewkes all the particulars of her life, concluding, by telling her, that she had lived in a state of innocence sixteen years, and that she would not now change her conduct.

For that night she was suffered to go to bed, but in the morning her master, attended by Mrs. Jewkes, came into her apartment, in order to complete the horrid scheme they had projected. The 'squire was dressed in woman's cloaths, but no sooner did he come up to Pamela's bed, than he began to use such indecent freedom, that she soon discovered what he was. The distress in which Pamela was, made her use every expression to induce him to withdraw, upon which he uttered

tered several bitter imprecations upon himself that he had never intended her the least injury. Another attempt was made on her, but she was so much overpowered that she was obliged to be put to bed, where she remained several days in a violent fever. The goodness of her constitution at last got the better of her disorder, and then the same practices were renewed, and pushed on with greater vigour than ever. No appearance of redress now presented itself, and Pamela gave herself up for lost. She had no other resource but in her constant reliance on Divine Providence. She knew that her cause was good, that she was exposed to the arts of a designing man, and therefore whatever should happen to her, she was determined to lose her life, rather than do any thing inconsistent with her virtue.

The 'squire, under pretence of going to Stamford, ordered Pamela to be more closely confined than ever, and such of the servants as were suspected of favouring her escape, were turned away. Soon after breakfast, a gypsey came up to the gate, and offered to tell all their fortunes, and although Pamela did not much like such sort of persons, yet she consented, having some hopes that the woman was bringing a letter. The gypsey told Mrs. Jewkes that she would be married soon to a husband younger than herself, but Nan, one of the servants who attended, was to be drowned. As for Pamela, the gypsey looking at her hand, said it was too fair for her to see the lines, so that she rubbed it with grass. She then told her that she would never be married, but she would die of her first child, upon which Pamela said, she had now had enough of fortune-telling.

telling. The gipsy upon that returned, and Mrs. Jewkes seeing a man lurking about, called down some of the servants to demand what was his business. This circumstance afforded Pamela an opportunity of examining the grass where the gipsy stood, and there she found a slip of paper, which she put into her bosom, and went to her closet to read it. It was written in an unknown hand, cautioning her to be on her guard, for a fellow who had been once an attorney, was to personate a minister, in order to marry her and the 'squire. The writer described this fellow so exactly, that there was not the least fear of her mistaking him. The 'squire, who had not been at Stamford, but only at the house of an acquaintance, returned the same day towards evening, and Mrs. Jewkes having seized all Pamela's papers, carried them to her master. It was then that he discovered that she corresponded with Mr. Williams, and interrogated her very severely on that subject. All the answer she made him was, that she had no thoughts of marriage, and that she only desired to be at home with her parents. Her master spoke in the severest terms of poor Mr. Williams, and from several of his expressions, it appeared that he intended his ruin. Pamela was ordered to tell if she had any other papers, and being weary of her close confinement, she answered, that she would deliver up all she had. Accordingly, she went up stairs to undress herself, and taking the concealed letters out of the lining of an old petticoat, tied them up, and then sat down to write a letter to her master. She informed him, that her confinement was become so miserable to her, that she could not bear it any longer,

longer, and begged in the most serious manner, that he would release her. She put him in mind of his duty to God, and begged that he would not add one sin to another.

The next scheme was to take her to a small village, under a second pretence of carrying her home to her father's, but in reality with another design. The chariot set off from the village next morning, at which time Pamela received a letter from her master, telling her that every thing belonging to her, should be sent home to her father's, adding, that he would ever regard her in the most affectionate manner. About noon they stopped at an inn, kept by Mrs. Jewkes's sister, where they had scarce dined, when one of the servants came up on horseback with another letter from his master to Pamela, telling her that if she would return to his house in a voluntary manner, no injury should be done her, but if not, she might continue on her journey to her father's. This had so much effect on her mind, that she complied with his request, and towards evening, they arrived within twelve miles of the 'squire's house. There the coachman proposed staying all night, but as Pamela did not chuse to lodge on the road, if she could possibly avoid it, told the coachman that he might continue on his journey, and about one in the morning they arrived at the house. She found herself very much fatigued, and her master had been all day confined to his bed with a slight indisposition. Next morning she went to pay her dutiful respects to her master, who received her with great kindness, and told her that he had ordered Mr. Williams to be set at liberty, and that he was then keeping his school

as usual, but at the same time desired her not to see him. Lady Davers, sister to the 'squire, sent her brother a letter, telling him that she had been informed that he had ran away with a common servant wench, to the utter disgrace of his family. This letter the 'squire gave to Pamela, who carried it to her chamber, and having read it, could not help reflecting on the vanity of those poor worms of pride, who have nothing to recommend them besides their titles, some of which had been purchased with the wages of iniquity, and others stained with the most aggravated crimes. Next day the 'squire being a little better, proposed taking an airing in the coach, and took Pamela along with him. He was all kindness, and pretended that he had never given Mrs. Jewkes orders to use her with cruelty, and that as he was determined to part with that wicked woman, he would employ our young heroine to superintend the affairs of his family. In answer to this, she told him that nothing would give her greater pleasure than to obey his orders in every thing, consistent with her duty, but at the same time she added, that she must never be so far engaged, as to neglect attending on the worship of God, either private or public.

Her master was, or at least pretended to be, charmed with her good sense and the judicious remarks that she made on every circumstance, and she being encouraged by his behaviour, shewed him the letter that had been sent her wherein the account of the sham marriage was mentioned. He was so artful that he told her he had actually formed such a scheme, but he had since relented, and would never for the future think of any thing

thing of that kind. About two in the afternoon the chariot came up to the gate, and the squire having conducted Pamela into the parlour, he sent for Mrs. Jewkes, and told her that Pamela must not be used for the future in the manner she had too long been. Mrs. Jewkes pretended to ask pardon, and Pamela who could not bear to harbour resentment, told her that she freely forgave her. The next morning the squire came to her apartment and proposed marriage to Pamela, and at the same time told her that it would be best to have the ceremony performed in private. Pamela answered, that as it was a holy ceremony, so it ought to be performed in a holy place. He then told her that he had an old chapel that had been built by his great grandfather, and that as it had been used several years for a lumber room he would have it cleaned out for that purpose. This, however, was what she refused to comply with, and in the mean time a servant arrived from her parents and told her that they were almost dead with grief on her account. This disconcerted the squire's scheme, and therefore he was obliged to have recourse to new inventions. He pretended to have some business to transact, and going out in the chariot returned in the evening and told Pamela that he had seen Mr. Williams, and had had several hours conversation with him. He added, that Mr. Williams had said every thing in her favour, and being determined not to delay his happiness any longer, he had given orders for every thing to be got ready for the nuptials. In the mean time he sent invitations to some persons to come and visit him, but their behaviour

was

was so shocking to Pamela that she began to doubt they were very different from what they pretended; for the squire had represented them as persons of the highest rank. When dinner was over, the ladies invited Pamela to the garden to walk with them, but still she had not much pleasure in their company. The squire whispering, told her that Mr. Williams was waiting to speak with her, but how great was her surprize when instead of Mr. Williams she met with her aged father, who had at last discovered the place of her confinement.

The squire treated the old man with so much respect that he was overpowered with joy, and scarce knew what to do or say. He told him that he was going to make Pamela his wife, and that one day next week was fixed for the nuptials. The next morning the good old man got up betimes to walk in the garden, where he was soon joined by Pamela, and in less than an hour afterwards by the squire. After walking some time and conversing on indifferent subjects they went home to breakfast, and it being a fine day the squire proposed that they should all take an airing in the coach. The old man would have excused himself on account of the meanness of his apparel, but nothing would satisfy the squire, who still insisted on his company although he knew that he would be laughed at. After the coach had drove about two miles from the house, they met Mr. Williams riding by the side of a brook, for nothing is so pleasing to a virtuous mind as solitude. Pamela could not help wishing to speak with him whom she looked upon as an honour to the christian religion, and her request



quest was permitted by the 'squire. After the mutual compliments were over she told her father that Mr. Williams was the clergyman who had treated her with so much civility, upon which tears of joy ran down from the old man's eyes. The 'squire treated Mr. Williams with so much seeming kindness that the poor young divine began to imagine that all his fears were over, and bestowed a thousand blessings on his generous benefactor. The 'squire took them to see his little chapel, upon which after Mr. Williams had surveyed it in the most attentive manner, he told him he would go home and prepare a discourse to preach next day. This request was granted, and next day being Sunday, the father of Pamela was dressed in fine cloaths, and the gentry who had been there at the time when he arrived, were all ready to meet the company at the chapel. Mr. Williams preached a most excellent discourse on liberality, and the public devotions of the church were performed with solemn decency suitable to the majesty of that God to whom they were addressed. In the afternoon they had only prayers, for the 'squire said that one sermon was enough in a day. Service being over they retired home to tea, after which they went to walk in the garden, and nothing but good humour was to be seen among them, for the 'squire and his company contrived every thing to please Pamela and her father.

The Frenchman whom we have already mentioned, arrived on Monday with a licence, and the 'squire proposed that they should be married the next day, but Pamela would not consent that it should be any sooner than Thursday. The 'squire

'squire was a good deal displeased, but not chusing to lose the favourite object, he dissembled his resentment, and went out for the day with one of his servants. In the evening he returned, and being in seeming good humour, told Pamela that he did not chuse Mr. Williams should marry them, lest he should be too much shocked ; to all which the lovely maid consented. But at last, the ceremony was performed in the most private manner by Mr. Williams, contrary to expectation, and next day she wrote to her parents that no person could be more indulgent to her than her husband. It is in a manner impossible to express the kindness he shewed her for several days, and having invited the same gentry who formerly visited at the house, the ladies began to whisper to each other, that there had been a stolen match. Pamela blushed, upon which the ladies wished her much joy, and she not suspecting any mischief, retired for that night to rest. In the morning the 'squire got up, under pretence of his being obliged to visit a gentleman, who was lying sick, and as he did not return soon enough in the evening, Mrs. Jewkes offered to lay with Pamela. To this she objected, telling her she would rather lay alone. In the morning, no news arriving concerning the 'squire, Pamela went to breakfast with Mrs. Jewkes, and soon after she received a letter from him, dated to her in her maiden name, telling her that his friend was so bad, that he could not come for a few days. This was very uncomfortable news to one who loved so tenderly as Pamela, but she was soon mortified in a more sensible manner. Lady Davers, with her son, a young giddy coxcomb, who had heard of  
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the whole affair, came to the house about noon, and ordered the wench Pamela to come into her presence. Pamela, though she expected to be called by another name, yet consented, and as soon as she came into the parlour, the lady treated her with the utmost contempt. She told her she was a young saucy slut, whom her brother kept as a mistress, but she would take care that she should be sent home to her parents. Pamela could not help bursting into tears, but at the same time told the lady that she had not been criminal, for she was married by a licence according to the service of the church. This was received with a loud laugh, and Pamela was given to understand that she had been imposed on.

Innocence always speaks in defence of itself, or rather it has no reason for vindication. Pamela told the lady, that she was to dine at the house of a neighbouring gentleman, and ordering the chariot to be got ready, set out and arrived just as the company were sitting down to dinner; they all made her extremely welcome, and just at that instant the 'squire came in. He embraced Pamela, and told her he was sorry that he could not come sooner, but when she told him in what manner his sister had used her, he seemed very much displeased, wishing he had been then at home. At supper, Pamela being obliged to repeat every thing that happened between her and Lady Davers, the whole company declared that she had been used extremely ill, and the 'squire said that his sister had always been an insolent woman, but he would make her acknowledge her fault. When supper was over, the 'squire and Pamela got into the chariot and returned home about twelve at night,

night, when they were informed that Lady Davers was gone to bed an hour before. The 'squire asked several questions of Mrs. Jewkes, who scarce knew what answer to make, and at last they retired to bed. In the morning they were both awaked by a violent rapping at the door, and the 'squire getting up found it was his sister. Lady Davers flew into a violent passion, and calling in her servants, told them to take notice that the young harlot was in bed. The 'squire pretending to be vexed, took her up in his arms, carried her to her own chamber, after which he returned to Pamela, and told her not to make herself in the least uneasy, for his sister had always been a woman of a most unhappy temper. At noon, the 'squire returned, and told her to come down to dinner, adding, that she must not mind his sister, upon which she complied, and having dressed herself, came down to the parlour. She had scarce taken her seat, when she heard a violent dispute between the 'squire and Lady Davers, and as she was afraid some mischief would happen, she went out, and begged that the lady might be forgiven for any expressions that she had used to her disadvantage. This put the lady into a most violent passion, she could not set any bounds to her rage, and turning to Pamela, called her insolent creature. She added, that she did not desire to employ such advocates as her to plead in vindication of her conduct, as she was no more than a common strumpet, whom her brother kept in the house. She concluded, by telling her brother that she would expose him to all his relations, nor would she ever rest till  
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she had seen the insolent creature driven away from the family, to which she was a disgrace.

Pamela, who could not bear to see the lady in such a rage, retired to the parlour, and listened to hear what they were saying. The lady insisted to know if they were married, and being answered in the affirmative, declared she would not believe him, unless he swore. He told her he would humour her for once, and then swearing a most solemn oath, declared they were married. He added, that they were married in his own chapel by Mr. Williams, upon which she burst into a flood of tears, and told him that he had brought a dishonour on his family. The 'squire endeavoured to convince her of the propriety of his conduct, by mentioning several instances, wherein many persons of the highest rank had married women merely on account of their merit. He concluded, by telling her that the burial service would level all distinctions, and then no difference would be known. Nothing, however, could pacify the lady, for she declared that she would that moment call her coach, and set out. It was with the utmost difficulty that she could be prevailed upon to stay dinner, but during the whole time that she sat at table, she was so much out of temper, that she scarce knew by what names to call poor Pamela. She called her brother a murderer, upon which he told Pamela, that while he was at college, he had an affair of honour, but now he sincerely repented of his folly. After some conversation, Lady Davers was brought into seeming good humour, and condescended to speak with Pamela, as her sister, upon which the latter said all she could to

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reconcile her to the 'squire. This seemed, however, to give some offence to the 'squire, who told Pamela that she demeaned herself, by taking the part of his sister, and at the same time proposed setting out for his seat in Bedfordshire, leaving her behind till his return. In the mean time he took his sister out on an airing in the coach, and about ten in the evening returned in the best humour imaginable. Lady Davers told Pamela that she was quite reconciled to the match, and after treating her with the utmost civility, retired for that night to her apartmentt. The 'squire took the opportunity of her absence to make Pamela acquainted with the methods he had used, in order to bring her over to the voice of reason, and he was happy that his endeavours had been attended with the desired success. He then told Pamela, that he was of a strange temper, but she must endeavour to bear with it on all occasions, and humour him, so as to make him happy.

In the morning Pamela got up at her usual time, and went to visit Lady Davers, who received her in the most complaisant manner, and asked her a thousand questions with respect to her marriage. Pamela answered her in the most simple manner, not imagining that any mischief was hatching against her, and concluded, by telling her that her brother had given her a list of rules to be observed in her conduct, which although hard, she should obey them rather than put him to one moment's uneasiness. It was then proposed that Lady Davers should accompany them to the house in Bedfordshire, which she consented to do, and next day the coach brought

brought them to the place. Pamela was overjoyed to find Mrs. Jarvis and all the old servants at the house, and clasping the good woman in her arms, told her that she had had a happy reverse of fortune, for now all her troubles were over. All the servants in the house came to pay their respects to her, and to each of them she gave a present, as is usual, on such occasions. New cloaths were ordered to be got ready for Pamela, and all the servants appeared in rich liveries. The neighbouring gentry sent several invitations to them to come and visit them, but in all these excursions Pamela was still teased with questions concerning the validity of her marriage. To all these questions she made no other answers but what were consistent with modesty, for the 'squire had desired her not to be too forward in declaring her marriage. One Sunday they went to church together, a place that Pamela always loved to frequent, and heard a most excellent sermon, after which they returned home, and next morning he signified his intentions, that she should send for her parents, he being willing to see them. No news could be more agreeable to Pamela, she longed to see her dear parents, and as her parents were ever-dear to her, she waited with the utmost impatience to see them. She bestowed a thousand blessings on her husband for his noble generosity, and calling one of the servants, wrote a letter to her father, desiring him and her mother to come to her as soon as possible. The man obeyed his orders, and set out immediately for the place, where the aged couple resided, while Pamela, with her spouse, spent their time in all the innocent amusements of a country life. The 'squire pluming himself on

his own ingenuity, and the poor Pamela reposing herself in that innocence that had hitherto marked her character.

When every thing was settled at the country-seat, Pamela sent her parents an account of the happy life she enjoyed, and how the 'squire had proposed providing for all her relations. To this proposal she had no further objection than what was reasonable, and which shewed that she was endowed with a large share of real good sense. She observed that to relieve the indigent should be the principal work of her life, for this reason, that we are enjoined to do all the good we can for each other; and in particular for those who are nearly connected with us by the ties of nature. But for her to solicit her husband in favour of all her near relations would be to lay an unnecessary burthen upon him, by which his own relations might be disgusted, and his affections alienated. In answer to this, her father told her, he would take care to manage a small estate her husband had given him with such care that he would have it in his power to do a great deal of good for his relations, and therefore begged that she would not abuse her husband's good nature by making any further request, unless in cases of the utmost necessity, which he hoped would not occur.

Lady Davers pretended to be reconciled to Pamela, and wrote to her, desiring to hear the rest of her story. She added, she would not call her sister till she had complied with her request, for she still looked on the marriage as no better than an intrigue, which her brother had carried on, in order to seduce her and deceive his own relations. Pamela in answer told her, that she did not  
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chuse to relate any more of her story than she already knew ; for as all her fears were over she looked on her happiness as complete, and therefore trifling incidents were not worthy of being remembered. This answer, however, did not satisfy Lady Davers, who could not be brought to consider Pamela as her sister, but still considered, or rather wished, that she might turn out to be the kept mistress of her brother. She told her of several of her brother's gallantries, which were all consistent with the character of a true libertine, particularly with an affair he had with a young lady whom he had seduced, and who had born him a child. Her name was Miss Godfrey, and she was the daughter of a gentleman of great fortune who died before she arrived at years of maturity. This story, however, Pamela was no stranger to, and therefore she told the lady that she was under no apprehensions on that head, having already received the strongest proofs of her husband's love.

As Pamela devoted the greatest part of her time to actions of benevolence, so new objects daily presented themselves, for there is no end of human wants ; and where should the wretched go but to those who are possessed of affluence ? Mrs. Jewkes, whom we have already mentioned, was in many respects a bad woman ; but for all that she had done some good actions. Two children of hers had been very extravagant, and had contracted debts which their mother had engaged to pay. This had kept her extremely poor, and Pamela, in order to extricate her out of all her difficulties, not only paid her debts but also provided for two poor orphans, her grand children. This generous action made a

lasting impression on the mind of a woman who had been too long engaged in vicious practices, but Pamela was one of those who bestowed her favours consistent with the rules laid down by our Divine Lord, namely, not to let the one hand know what the other did.

Mrs. Jarvis was the next whose wants attracted her notice, and she treated her as a mother rather than one who was under any obligations to her. Such was the manner in which this amiable young woman began housekeeping, and new objects of distress daily presented themselves. Sir Simon Dunford, a gentleman with whom the 'squire, husband of Pamela, was very intimate, had a daughter, a vain girl, and it was proposed, that in order to improve her mind Pamela and she should enter into a correspondence, but this gave great offence to the old gentleman, who could not bear the thoughts of stooping so low. He wrote his sentiments to the 'squire, complaining of the conduct of his wife, but the answer he received justified all she had done.

This brought on a correspondence between our heroine and Miss Dunford, which was continued for some time; for such was the natural disposition of Pamela, that nothing came amiss to her that could promote any beneficial purpose. She had learned to write that she might be able to do good to her fellow creatures, well knowing that all those talents which God has bestowed upon us will either turn out a blessing or a curse, according to the use that we make of them. The subject matter of the letters that passed between them were on things of the utmost importance. Pamela had learned to consider

der human nature, not as represented by some gloomy writers, but merely as it discovers itself in the affairs of human life. She had drawn her observations from the fountain-head without copying those rules which had never existed any where but in the brains of their authors.

During the time they were carrying on this correspondence, Mr. Williams, the good clergyman, was presented to a valuable living, and he came to pay his respects to the 'squire, his generous benefactor. His conversation was cheerful and instructive, consistent with the nature of his sacred profession for every duty he performed was a transcript of his real life. He had learned that a clergyman should teach as much by precept as example, and therefore every exhortation that dropped from his mouth was what he had previously conformed to without hesitation. In a word he was one of those divines who leave nothing undone to revive the true spirit of real genuine christianity, which has been so much obscured by the inventions and passions of men. He had set the example of his Blessed Master before him as a pattern to be copied after in all his labours, and to do honour as far as was consistent with human nature to that holy religion he professed.

While he remained at the hall Miss Dunford prevailed on her father to let her accompany Pamela to London, for she was now by her obliging behaviour become so engaging, that she knew not what to do without her advice. So true are these words of the poet :

A good repute, a virtuous name,  
 ( As moralists set forth )  
 Is the unerring road to fame,  
 If fame consists in worth.  
 This jewel, rarely to be found,  
 Sets merit full in view ;  
 A moral glory shines around  
 Whate'r the virtuous do,  
 The precious ointment gently shed,  
 O'er mental ills prevails,  
 And when the fragrant med'cine's spread,  
 It animates and heals.

Pamela then gave Miss Dunford an account of the arrival of two country 'squires, who were professed libertines, and who had the assurance to enter into an argument with her against the truth of both natural and revealed religion. The virtuous education which Pamela had received, enabled her to baffle all they advanced, for she made it appear that religion was a thing of so universal a nature, that no man had a right to look for the benefits of this life, who either despised it's doctrines, or neglected it's duties. She enumerated the several virtues as taught in the sacred volume, and pointed out, how far they were suited to the state of our nature, as a revelation worthy of God to bestow, and such as should be received by us, with the utmost humility and gratitude.

It is perhaps impossible that in the marriage state disputes will not arise, and although the causes may be trifling, yet the tenderness of the passions often winds them up to a great height. The 'squire who had hitherto treated his wife,
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who was far advanced in her pregnancy, with every mark of respect, yet could not on several occasions refrain from shewing his superiority, or, in other words, claiming that privilege which the law allows to husbands to command their wives. The love of power is predominant in the human mind, and let our station be either high or low, we are fond of exercising it.

Pamela, in one of her letters to Miss Dunford, told that young lady, that she had many infirmities that her husband had hitherto born with; and some of these letters falling into his hands, gave him no small degree of uneasiness. He accused her of having revealed what passed between them; and one day finding her writing desired to see her letter. This she refused to comply with, because Miss Dunford had enjoined her secrecy, which seemed to vex him a good deal, but instead of giving way to his resentment he modestly withdrew.

Next day the 'squire went out to ride, and did not arrive till towards the evening, which made Pamela extremely unhappy. At last she heard his steps on the stairs, and as she was writing, the joy of his arrival made her drop her pen. He approached her with more formality than usual, which she could not help taking notice of, for she was more afraid of losing his affections than all the world, had it been laid at her feet.

She expostulated with him upon it in so engaging a manner, that all his resentment seemed changed to love, and the rest of the evening was spent in the most harmonious manner. Next morning, when breakfast was over, he ordered the chariot to be got ready, and taking her into it, gave her an airing in the park, from whence  
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they proceeded to some of the neighbouring villages, where new objects of compassion still presented themselves to their view.

The 'squire took notice of some pretty young children, who were playing in the most innocent manner, and having commanded the chariot to stop, he made enquiry into their particular circumstances, and among the rest found two of the name of Goodwin, who seemed more engaging than the others. He bestowed upon them valuable presents, and having ordered the coachman to drive home, he told his dear Pamela, that as he was about setting out for London along with her, she must signify that particular to her friend Miss Dunford.

When they arrived in town, Pamela was so far advanced in her pregnancy, that the 'squire, her husband, took her out in the chariot every day, and was charmed to hear what fine remarks she made on all the public buildings. She thought the expence in decorating them had been too great, and that the money might have been laid out to much better purposes, in alleviating the distresses of the poor, and removing the burden from the widow and orphans.

As the time of her delivery drew nigh, a dispute arose between her and her husband concerning the obligation binding on every woman to nurse her own children, but as she had not thoroughly considered the subject, she wrote to her parents desiring to know what was their opinion of the matter. In answer to her letter, her parents told her, that certainly nothing could be more natural than for mothers to nurse their own children, and they lamented that her husband

band should, on such an important point, have thought different from her. They said it was the order of God, who had provided mothers with milk for that purpose, and nothing but the luxury of modern times could ever have brought it into disrepute. Pamela shewed the letter to her husband, who was so condescending that he promised to grant her request, but could not help observing that it would appear very romantic for a lady to nurse her child, for although such things might have taken place in antient times, yet they were in a manner become as it were antiquated now. On the other hand Pamela said all she could to convince him that nothing could set aside the order of nature, for that which is once right must be so for ever.

Lady Davers, who had now surmounted all her scruples concerning her brother's marriage, for the first time wrote to Pamela under the appellation of sister, and along with her letter sent her a valuable present of such things as were necessary for one in her circumstances, all which Pamela received with such marks of gratitude as can only flow from a virtuous mind. She sent a long letter to lady Davers containing some very curious remarks on the tragedy of *The Distressed Mother*, from which the lady was so well convinced of her good sense, that she wrote to her in language of the highest approbation. One day while she was folding up one of her letters to lady Davers, the 'squire, her husband, came up stairs, and asked her what she had been writing? she told him, and a curious dialogue ensued between them, on the different manners of  
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ancient and modern times, but Pamela maintained her former proposition, that what was once right was always so.

In order to make her time as agreeable as possible, her husband took her to a masquerade, but that afforded her no real pleasure, for in a letter she sent to lady Davers, she told her that her thoughts were engaged on more important objects. Her mind was filled with the consideration of that trial she had to go through within child-bearing, and she implored the Divine Being to give her his powerful assistance. Soon after this she was delivered of a fine boy, and being perfectly recovered, proposed to set out for the country, which she always esteemed in preference to London.

In consequence of that resolution, she set out with her husband, and having arrived at Bedford, in their way to the country house, she wrote a letter to Lady Davers, telling her how happy she was, and that in order to improve her mind, her husband had given her Locke's Essay on Education to peruse. Lady Davers in answer said many kind things, but Pamela, in her next letter could not help taking notice that her husband was not so cordial in his respects to her as formerly; for she had without making any enquiry, found, or at least been informed, that he was engaged in some intrigue. Lady Davers, endeavoured to make her as easy as possible, and at the same time promised to come and visit her, but this Pamela, who was all innocence, would not consent to. Her husband brought some person to dinner, and she taking notice of the visible change in his behaviour, could



could not refrain from the most uneasy thoughts. To increase her unhappiness, some persons sent her letters, telling her, that her husband was engaged in intrigues with several ladies, which made her so uneasy that she went to the door of his closet, whether he had retired when the company was gone, and begged to know what she had done to offend him. He made her sit down, and told her that she had given him no occasion to be offended with her, for the whole of her conduct had been free from blame. In the mean time he begged that she would not afflict herself, but she was so much overpowered with grief that she sent an account of the whole affair to lady Davers, who, in answer, spoke in the highest terms of resentment against her brother. She told her that the ladies whom she suspected were both widows of very loose characters, whose business it was to be continually engaged in intrigues, and that they had ruined the peace of many families. Her brother, she said, was one who could not refrain from intrigues, that he had seduced many young women, and as he had now met with ladies agreeable to his own inclination, there was no doubt but he would pursue what he considered as his advantage till he had brought it to the utmost.

Things, however, begun to take a more favourable turn, for the squire gave Pamela the most convincing proofs that she was as dear to him as ever. It seems he had taken some liberties at the masquerade with a lady, who appeared in the character of a nun, and this circumstance had been exaggerated to the highest pitch. Pamela

mela was now easy in her mind ; but no sooner was the storm blown over, when her pretty little boy was seized with the small-pox, during the time that his father was gone to visit one of his estates in the country.

At first it was thought that the disorder was what is called malignant, but it turned out otherwise, and the dear boy, contrary to expectation recovered. Pamela, with all the tenderness of a real mother, though she had never had the small-pox, attended him all the time he lay ill, and at last caught the infection, but it pleased God that she recovered, to the great joy of all those with whom she was connected.

As soon as she was perfectly recovered, she sent an account thereof to Lady Davers, and desired her to join with her in praising God for the many mercies she had received. In the conclusion she added that her husband had treated her with so much kindness, that she was sorry she had ever harboured suspicious notions of his fidelity, and resolved, for the future, to keep a more strict watch over her natural disposition. The truth is, she was not naturally of a suspicious temper, but the false insinuations that had been thrown out were sufficient to have discomposed the mind of the most experienced person in the world.

In her next letter to Lady Davers, she told her, that she had thoroughly considered Mr. Locke's Treatise on Education, and was entirely of the same opinion with that learned author. It is necessary here to observe that Mr. Locke prefers a private to a public education, on condition that parents will take care not to admit  
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any persons into their service but such as are strictly virtuous, and make it a point of conscience to perform every religious duty. To this it was objected by her husband, in a conversation that they had together, that the emulation that takes place among boys in a public school, served to stimulate them on to make the utmost proficiency in literature, whereas when they were brought up in private, their spirits were apt to become dejected, and all the beauties of learning were considered by them as restraints on their natural inclinations, calculated for no other purpose than to make them melancholy, and extirpate from their minds the love of learning.

In answer to this Pamela told him, that there was nothing more wanting to make Mr. Locke's scheme preferable than by attending to his rules, which was the duty of every master of a family to do; for how could a man admit a servant into his house, unless he believed that he was one who would not corrupt the morals of his children. She then went over the whole plan of education laid down by the celebrated Mr. Locke, and concluded by telling her husband that nothing in her opinion could be more natural or rational, for every branch of science was put in its proper place, so that the pupil would rise gradually to comprehend the most abstruse parts of learning, without trudging through all the formal rules, by which it has been so long degraded. The 'squire was so well convinced of the principles of what his wife advanced in her argument, that he declared himself to be of the same opinion with her, and all  
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the family relations were so obliging as to acquiesce with him.

The 'squire from this time forward lived in the most regular manner, and Pamela who was the happy mother of many lovely children, spent her whole time in superintending their education. The gentry in the neighbourhood declared that they had never seen a family kept under such strict regulations, and some of them began to imitate the example that had been set before them.

Poor Mrs. Jewks died a sincere penitent, and in her last moments acknowledged her former crimes, so that humanity looked upon her as an object of compassion. Good Mrs. Jarvis sunk under the decay of nature, and yielded up the ghost, lamented by all that knew her.

Mr. Williams, the worthy clergyman, was raised from one degree of preferment to another, till at last he became an eminent dignitary of the church, and then his benevolence diffused itself among all those that knew him, so far as his circumstances would permit. Miss Dunford was honourably married, and the old servants were provided for in the most decent manner.

Pamela and her husband enjoyed all those pleasures that flow from virtuous love: they were beloved by their tenants, who considered them in the same light as a child does a parent, and having spent their days in the practice of every religious duty, they died, and left a progeny behind them that has been an honour to the nation. From this let every person learn that virtue is the foundation of happiness, and that none can be truly great who are not truly good.

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There were few women, especially young ones, who could ever write such fine sentiments as the amiable Pamela; for let the subject be what it would, she turned it in such a manner as to point out a moral duty. All her hours of retirement were spent in writing to her friends and relations, and that young people in general, particularly women, may learn how to make a proper use of those faculties heaven has bestowed upon them, the reader is here presented with some of her own words.

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“ *My dear Lady G.*

“ I will chearfully cause to be transcribed for you the conversation you desire, between myself, Mrs. Towers, and Lady Arthur, and the three young ladies their relations, in presence of the dean and his daughter, and Mrs. Brooks; and glad I shall be, if it may be of use to the two thoughtless misses your neighbours; who, you are pleased to tell me, are great admirers of my story, and my example; and will therefore, as you say, pay greater attention to what I write, than to the more passionate and interested lessons of their mamma.

“ I am only sorry, that you should have been under any concern about the supposed trouble you give me, by having mislaid my former relation of it. For, besides obliging my dear Lady G. the hope that I may be able to do service by it to a family so worthy, in a case so nearly affecting his honour, as to make two headstrong young ladies recollect what belongs to their sex and their characters,

ractions, and what their filial duties require of them, affords me high pleasure; and if it shall be attended with the wish'd effects, it will be an addition to my happiness.

"I said, cause to be transcribed; because I hope to answer a double end by it; for, after I had re-considered it, I set Miss Goodwin to transcribe it, who writes a very pretty hand, and is not a little fond of the task, nor, indeed, of any task I set her; and will be more affected as she performs it, than she could be by reading it only; although she is a very good girl at present, and gives me hopes, that she will continue to be so.

"As soon as it is done, I will inclose it, that it may be read to the parties without this introduction, if you think fit. And you will forgive me for having added a few observations to this transcription, with a view to the cases of your inconsiderate young ladies, and for having corrected the former narrative in several places."

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*"My dear Lady G.*

"The papers you have mislaid, relating to the conversation between me and the young ladies, relations of Mrs. Towers, and Lady Anne Arthur, in presence of these two last-named ladies, Mrs. Brooks, and the worthy dean, and Miss L. (of which, in order to perfect your kind collection of my communications, you request another copy) contained as follows:

"I first began with apprising you, that I had seen these three ladies twice or thrice before, as visitors, at their kinswomen's houses; so that  
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they and I were not altogether strangers to one another : and my two neighbours acquainted me with their respective tastes and dispositions, and gave me their histories, preparatory to this visit, to the following effect :

“ That Miss Stapylton is over-run with the love of poetry and romance, and delights much in flowery language, and metaphorical flourishes : is about eighteen, wants not either sense or politeness ; and has read herself into a vein, that is more amorous (that was Mrs. Towers’s word) than discreet. Has extraordinary notions of a first-sight love ; and gives herself greater liberties, with a pair of fine eyes, (in hopes to make sudden conquests in pursuance of that notion) that is pretty in her sex and age ; which makes those who know her not, conclude her bold and forward ; and is more than suspected, with a mind thus prepared for instantaneous impressions, to have experienced the argument to her own disadvantage, and to be struck by (before she has stricken) a gentleman, whom her friends think not at all worthy of her, and to whom she was making some indiscreet advances, under the name of PHILOCLEA to PHILOXENUS, in a letter which she intrusted to a servant of the family, who, discovering her design, prevented her indiscretion for that time.

“ That, in other respects, she has no mean accomplishments, will have a fine fortune, is genteel in her person, though with some visible affectation, dances well, sings well, and plays prettily on several instruments ; is fond of reading, but affects the action and air, and attitude, of a tragedian ; and is too apt to give an emphasis in  
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the wrong place, in order to make an author mean more significantly than it is necessary he should, even where the occasion is common, and in a mere historical fact, that requires as much simplicity in the reader's accent, as in the writer's style. No wonder then, that when she reads a play, she will put herself into a sweat, as Mrs. Towers says; distorting very agreeable features, and making a multitude of wry mouths, with one very pretty one, in order to convince her hearers, what a near neighbour her heart is to her lips.

“ Miss Cope is a young lady of nineteen, lovely in her person, with a handsome fortune in possession, and great prospects. Has a soft and gentle turn of mind, which disposes her to be easily imposed upon. Is addressed by a libertine of quality, whose courtship, while permitted, was imperiousness; and whose tenderness, insult; having found the young lady too susceptible of impression, open and unreserved, and even valuing him the more, as it seemed, for treating her with ungenerous contempt; for that she was always making excuses for slights, ill-manners, and even rudeness, which no other young lady would forgive.

“ That this facility on her side, and this insolence on his, and an over-free, and even indecent degree of ramping, as it is called, with her, which once her mamma surprised them in, made her papa forbid his visits, and her receiving them.

“ That this, however, was so much to Miss Cope's regret, that she was detected in a design to clope to him out of the private garden-door; which, had she effected, in all probability, the  
indelicate



Indelicate and dishonourable peer would have triumphed over her innocence ; having given out since, that he intended to revenge himself on the daughter, for the disgrace he had received from the parents.

“ That though she was convinced of this, it was feared she still loved him, and would throw herself in his way the first convenient opportunity ; urging, that his rash expressions were the effect only of his passion ; for that she knows he loves her too well, to be dishonourable to her : and by the same degree of favourable prepossession, she will have it, that his brutal roughness, is the manliness of his nature ; that his most shocking expressions, are sincerity of heart ; that his boasts of his former lewdness, are but instances that he knows the world ; that his freedoms with her person, are but excess of love, and innocent gaiety of temper ; that his resenting the prohibition he has met with, and his threats, are other instances of his love and his courage : and peers of the realm ought not to be bound down by little narrow rules, like the vulgar ; for, truly, their honour, which is regarded in the greatest cases, as equal with the oath of a common gentleman, is a security that a lady may trust to, if he is not a profligate indeed ; and that Lord P. cannot be.

“ That excepting these weaknesses, Miss has many good qualities ; is charitable, pious, humane, humble ; sings sweetly, plays on the spinnet charmingly ; is meek, fearful, and never was resolute or courageous enough to step out of the regular path, till her too flexible heart became touched with a passion, that is said to polish the most brutal temper ; and therefore her rough peer  
has

has none of it ; and to animate the dove, of which Miss Cope has too much.

“ That Miss Sutton, a young lady of the like age with the two former, has too lively and airy a turn of mind ; affects to be thought well read in the histories of kingdoms, as well as in polite literature. Speaks French fluently, talks much upon all subjects ; and has a great deal of that flippant wit, which makes more enemies than friends. However, is innocent, and unsuspectedly virtuous hitherto ; but makes herself cheap and accessible to fops and rakes, and has not the worse opinion of a man for being such. Listens eagerly to stories told to the disadvantage of individuals of her own sex ; though affecting to be a greater stickler for the honour of the sex in general : will un pityingly propagate such stories : thinks (without considering to what the imprudence of her own conduct may subject her) the woman, that slips, inexcusable ; and the man who seduces her, much less faulty : and by this means encourages the one sex in their vileness, and gives up the other for their weakness, in a kind of silly affectation, to shew her security in her own virtue ; at the very time, that she is dancing upon the edge of a precipice, presumptuously inattentive to her own danger.”

“ I had been writing, (you must know, Lady G.) for the sake of suiting Miss Stapylton’s flighty vein, a little sketch of the style she is so fond of ; and hoped for some such opportunity as this question gave me, to bring it on the carpet ; for my only fear, with her and Miss Cope, and Miss Sutton, was, that they would deem me too grave ; and so what should fall in the course of conversation,

sation, would make the less impression upon them. For even the best instructions in the world, you know, will be ineffectual, if the method of conveying them is not adapted to the taste and temper of the person you would wish to influence. And, moreover, I had a view in it, to make this little sketch the introduction to a future occasion for some observations on the stiff and affected style of romances, which might put Miss Stapylton out of conceit with them and make her turn the course of her studies another way; as I shall mention in its place.

I answered, that I had been meditating upon the misfortune of a fine young lady, who had been seduced and betrayed by a gentleman she loved; and who, notwithstanding, had the grace to stop short, (indeed, later than were to be wished) and to abandon friends, country, lover, in order to avoid any further intercourse with him; and that God had blessed her penitence and resolution, and she was now very happy in a neighbouring dominion.

“A fine subject, said Miss Stapylton!—was the gentleman a man of wit, madam? was the lady a woman of taste?”

“The gentleman, madam, was all that was desirable in man, had he been virtuous: the lady all that was excellent in woman, had she been more circumspect. But it was a first love on both sides; and little did she think he could have taken advantage of her innocence and her affection for him.

“A sad, sad story! said Miss Cope: but, pray, madam, did their friends approve of their visits? for danger sometimes, as I have heard,  
arises

arises from the cruelty of friends, who force lovers upon private and clandestine meetings; when, perhaps there can be no material objection, why the gentleman and lady may not come together.

“ Well observed, Miss Cope, thought I! how we are for making every case applicable to our own, when our hearts are fixed upon a point?

“ It cannot be called cruelty in friends, madam, said I, when their cautions, or even prohibitions, are so well justified by the event, as in this case—and, generally, by the wicked arts and practices of seducers. And how happy is it for a lady, when she suffers herself to be convinced, that those who have lived forty years in the world, may know twice as much, at least, of that world, as she can possibly know at twenty, ten of which moreover are almost a blank! If they do not, the one must be supposed very ignorant; the other, very knowing.

“ But, madam, the lady, whose hard case I was considering, hoped too much, and feared too little; that was her fault; which made her give opportunities to the gentleman, which neither liberty nor restraint could justify in her. She had not the discretion, poor lady! in this one great point of all, that the ladies I have in my eye, I dare say, would have had in her case.

“ I beg pardon, said Miss Cope and blushed. I know not the case, and ought to have been silent.

“ Ay, thought I, so you would, had not you thought yourself more affected by it, than it were to be wished you were.

“ I think

“ I think, said Miss Sutton, the Lady was the less to be pitied, as she must know what her character required of her; and that men will generally deceive when they are trusted. There are very few of them, who pretend to be virtuous; and it is allowed to be their privilege to ask, as it is the lady's to deny.

“ So madam, replied I, you are supposing a continual state of warfare between the two sexes; one offensive, the other defensive: and, indeed, I think the notion not altogether amiss; for a lady will assuredly be less in danger, where she rather fears an enemy in the acquaintance she has of that sex, than hopes a friend; especially as so much depends upon the issue, either of her doubt, or of her confidence.

“ I do not know neither, madam, returned Miss Sutton, very briskly, whether the men should be set out to us as such bugbears, as our mothers generally represent them. It is making them too considerable; and is a kind of reflection upon the discretion and virtue of our sex, and supposes us weak indeed.

“ The late Czar, I have read, continued she, took a better method with the Swedes, who had often beat him; when, after a great victory, he made his captives march in procession, through the streets of his principal city, to familiarize them to the Russes, and shew them they were but men.

“ Very well observed, replied I: but then, did you not say, that this was thought necessary to be done, because the Russes had been often defeated by the Swedes, and thought too highly of them; and when the Swedes, taking advantage

of that prepossession, had the greater contempt of the Russes?

"She looked a little disconcerted; and being silent, I proceeded:

"I am very far, madam, from thinking the generality of men very formidable, if our sex do justice to themselves, and to what their characters require of them. Nevertheless, give me leave to say, that the men I thought contemptible, I would not think worthy of my company, nor give it to them, when I could avoid it. And as for those, who are more to be regarded, I am afraid, that when they can be assured, that a lady allows it to be their privilege to sue for favours, it will certainly embolden them to solicit, and to think themselves acting in character when they put the lady upon hers, to refuse them. And yet I am humbly of opinion with the poet:

*"He comes too near, who comes to be denied."*

"For these reasons, madam, I was pleased with your notion, that it would be best to look upon that sex, especially if we allow them the privilege you speak of, in an hostile light.

"But permit me to observe, with regard to the most contemptible of the species, fops, coxcombs, and pretty fellows, that many a good general has been defeated, when, trusting to his great strength and skill, he has despised a truly weak enemy.

"I believe, madam, returned she, your observation is very just. I have read of such instances. But, dear madam, permit me to ask, whether we speak not too generally, when we condemn every  
man

man who dresses well, and is not a sloven, as a fop or a coxcomb ?

“ No doubt, we do, when this is the case. But permit me to observe, that you hardly ever in your life, saw a man who was very nice about his person and dress, that had any thing he thought of greater consequence to himself to regard. It is natural it should be so; for should not the man of body take the greatest care to set out and adorn the part for which he thinks himself most valuable ? And will not the man of mind bestow his principal care in improving that mind ? perhaps, to the neglect of dress and outward appearance, which is a fault, but surely, madam, there is a middle-way to be observed in these, as in most other cases ; for a man need not be a sloven any more than a fop. He need not shew an utter disregard to dress, nor yet think it his first and chief concern ; be ready to quarrel with the wind for discomposing his peruke, or fear to put on his hat, lest he should depress his foretop ; more dislike a spot upon his clothes, than in his reputation : be a self-admirer, and always at the glass, which he would perhaps never look into, could it shew the deformity of his mind, as well as the finery of his person : who has a taylor for his tutor, and a milliner for his school-mistress : who laughs at men of sense (excusably enough, perhaps in revenge because they laugh at him) : who calls learning pedantry : and looks upon the knowledge of the fashions, as the only useful science to a fine gentleman.

“ Pardon me, ladies : I could proceed with the character of this species of men ; but I need

not ; because every lady present, I am sure, would despise such a one, as much as I do, were he to fall in her way : and the rather, because it is certain, that he who admires himself, will never admire his lady as he ought ; and if he maintains his niceness after marriage, it will be with a preference to his own person : if not, will sink, very probably into the worst of slovens. For whoever is capable of one extreme, (take almost all the cases in human life through) when he recedes from that, if he be not a man of prudence, will go over into the other.

“ But to return to the former subject, (for the general attention encouraged me to proceed) permit me, Miss Sutton, to add, that a lady must run great risques to her reputation, if not to her virtue, who will admit into her company any gentleman, who shall be of opinion, and know it to be hers, that it is his province to ask a favour, which it will be her duty to deny.

“ I believe, madam, I spoke these words a little too carelessly : but I meant honourable questions, to be sure.

“ There can be but one honourable question, replied I ; and that is seldom asked but when the affair is brought near a conclusion, and there is a probability of its being granted ; and which a single lady, while she has parents or guardians, should never think of permitting to be put to herself, much less of approving, nor, perhaps, as the case may be, of denying. But I make no doubt, madam, that you meant honourable questions. A young lady of Miss Sutton's good sense and worthy character, could not mean otherwise. And I have said, perhaps, more than I  
needed



needed to say, upon this subject, because we all know how ready the presuming of the other sex are, right or wrong, to construe the most innocent meanings in favour of their own views.

“ Very true, said she ; but appeared to be under an agreeable confusion, every lady, by her eye, seeming to think she had met with a deserved rebuke ; and which not seeming to expect, it abated her liveliness all the time after.

“ Mrs Towers seasonably relieved us both from a subject too applicable, if I may so express it, saying, but, dear Miss B. will you favour us with the result of your meditation, if you have committed it to writing, on the unhappy case you mentioned ?

“ I was rather, madam, exercising my fancy than my judgment, such as it is, upon the occasion. I was aiming at a kind of allegorical or metaphorical style, I know not which to call it ; and it is not fit to be read before such judges, I doubt.

“ O pray, dear madam, said Miss Stapylton, favour us with it to chuse ; for I am a great admirer of that style.

“ I have a great curiosity, said lady Arthur, both from the subject and the style, to hear what you have written ; and I beg you will oblige us all.

“ It is short and unfinished. It was written for the sake of a friend, who is fond of such a style ; and what I shall add to it, will be principally some slight observations upon this way of writing. But, let it be ever so censurable, I should be more so, if I made any difficulties after

such an unanimous request. So taking it out of my letter-case, I read as follows :

“ While the banks of discretion keep the proud waves of passion with their natural channel, all calm and serene, glides along the silver current, enlivening the adjacent meadows, as it passes, with a brighter and more flowery verdure. But if the torrents of sensual love are permitted to descend from the hills of credulous hope, they may so swell the gentle stream, as to make it difficult, if not impossible, to be retained betwixt its usual bounds. What then will be the consequence? —why, the trees of resolution, and the shrubs of cautious fear, which grew upon the frail mound, and whose intertwining roots had contributed to support it, being loosened from their hold, they, and all that would swim of the bank itself, will be seen floating on the surface of the triumphant waters.

“ But here, a dear lady, having unhappily failed, is enabled to set her foot in the new made breach, while yet it is possible to stop it, and to say, with little variation, in the language of that power, which only could enable her to say it, ‘ Hither, ye proud waves of dissolute love, although you have come, yet no further shall ye come;’ is such an instance of magnanimous resolution and self-conquest, as is very rarely to be met with.”

“ I beg then, madam, said Miss Stapylton, you will open the cause, be the subject what it will. And I could almost wish, that we had as many gentlemen here as ladies, who would have  
reason

reason to be ashamed of the liberties they take in censuring the conversations of the tea-table ; since the pulpit, as the worthy dean gives us reason to hope, may be beholden to that of Mrs. B.

“ Nor is it much wonder, replied I, when the dean himself is with us, and it is graced by so distinguished a circle.

“ If many of our young gentlemen were here, said Mrs. Towers, they might improve themselves in all the graces of polite and sincere complaisance. But, compared to this, I have generally heard such trite and coarse stuff from our race of would-be-wits, that what they say, may be compared to the fawnings and salutations of the ass in the fable, who emulating the lap-dog, merited a cudgel rather than encouragement.

“ But, Mrs. B. continued she, begin, I pray you, to open and proceed in the cause ; for there will be no counsel employed but you, I can tell you.

“ Then give me a subject, that will suit me, ladies, and you shall see how my obedience to your commands will make me run on.

“ Will you, madam, said Miss Stapylton, give us a few cautions and instructions on a theme of your own, that a young lady should rather fear too much, than hope too much ? A necessary doctrine perhaps ; but a difficult one to be practised by one who has begun to love, and who supposes all truth and honour in the object of her favour.

“ Hope, madam, said I, in my opinion, should never be unaccompanied by fear ; and the more reason will a lady ever have to fear, and to suspect herself, and doubt her lover, when she once

begins to find in her own breast an inclination to him. For then her danger is doubled, since she has herself (perhaps, the more dangerous enemy of the two) to guard against, as well as him.

“ She may secretly wish the best indeed ; but what has been the fate of others, may be her own ; and though she thinks it not probable, from such a faithful protester, as he appears to her to be, yet while it is possible, she should never be off her guard : nor will a prudent woman trust to his mercy or honour, but to her own discretion ; and the rather, because, if he mean well, he himself will value her the more for her caution, since every man desires to have a virtuous and prudent wife ; if not well, she will detect him the sooner ; and so, by her prudence, frustrate all his base designs.

“ The ladies seeming, by their silence, to approve what I said, I proceeded.

“ But let me, my dear ladies, ask, what that passion is, which generally we dignify by the name of love ; and which, when so dignified, puts us upon a thousand extravagancies ? I believe, if it were to be examined into, it would be found too generally to owe its original to ungoverned fancy ; and were we to judge of it by the consequences that usually attend it, it ought rather to be called rashness, inconsideration, weakness ; any thing but love ; for, very seldom, I doubt, is the solid judgment so much concerned in it, as the airy fancy. But when once we dignify the wild misleader with the name of love, all the absurdities, which we read in novels and romances, take place, and we are induced to follow examples that seldom end happily but in them.

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“ But, permit me further to observe, that love, as we call it, operates differently in the two sexes, as to its effects. For in woman it is a creeping thing, in man an incroacher; and this ought, in my humble opinion, to be very seriously attended to. Miss Sutton intimated thus much, when she observed that it was the man’s province to ask, the lady’s to deny:—Excuse me, madam, the observation was just, as to the men’s notions; although, methinks, I would not have a lady allow of it, except in cases of caution to themselves.

“ The doubt, therefore, proceeded I, which a lady has of her lover’s honour, is needful to preserve her own, and his too. And if she does him wrong, and he should be too just to deceive her, she can make him amends, by instances of greater confidence, when she pleases. But if she has been accustomed to grant him little favours, can she easily recall them? and will not the incroacher grow upon her indulgence, pleading for a favour to-day, which was not refused him yesterday, and reproaching her want of confidence, as a want of esteem; till the poor lady, who, perhaps, has given way to this creeping, insinuating passion, and has avowed her esteem for him, puts herself too much in his power, in order to manifest, as she thinks, the generosity of her affection; and so, by degrees, is carried farther than she intended, or nice honour ought to have permitted; and all because, to keep up to my theme, she hopes too much, and doubts too little? And, permit me, ladies, to add, that there have been cases, where a man himself, pursuing the dictates of his incroaching passion, and finding a lady too con-

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ceding,

ceding, has taken advantages, of which probably, at first, he did not presume to think.

“ Miss Stapylton said, that virtue itself spoke when I spoke ; and she was resolved, when she came home, to recollect as much of this conversation as she could, and write it down in her common-place book, where it would make a better figure than any thing she had there.

“ I suppose, Miss, said Mrs. Towers, your chief collections are flowers of rhetoric, picked up from the French and English poets, and novel-writers. I would give something for the pleasure of having it two hours in my possession.

“ Fie, madam, replied she, a little abashed, how can you expose your kinswoman thus, before the dean and Mrs. B ?

“ Mrs. Towers, madam, said I, only says this to provoke you to shew your collections. I wish I had the pleasure of seeing them. I doubt not but your common-place book is a store-house of wisdom.

“ There is nothing bad in it, I hope, replied she ; but I would not, that Mrs. B. should see it, for the world. But, let me tell you, madam, (to Mrs. Towers) there are many beautiful things, and good instructions, to be collected from novels, and plays, and romances ; and from the poetical writers particularly, light as you are pleased to make of them. Pray, madam, (to me) have you ever been at all conversant in such writers ?

“ Not a great deal in the former ; there were very few novels and romances, that my lady would permit me to read ; and those I did, gave me no great pleasure ; for either they dealt so  
much

much in the marvellous and improbable, or were so unnaturally inflaming to the passions, and so full of love and intrigue, that hardly any of them but seemed calculated to fire the imagination, rather than to inform the judgment. Tilts and tournaments, breaking of spears in honour of my mistress, swimming over rivers, engaging with monsters, rambling in search of adventures, making unnatural difficulties, in order to shew the knight-errant's prowess in overcoming them, is all that is required to constitute the hero in such pieces. And what principally distinguishes the character of the heroine, is, when she is taught to consider her father's house as an enchanted castle, and her lover as the hero who is to dissolve the charm, and to set her at liberty from one confinement, in order to put her into another, and, too probably, a worse : to instruct her how to climb walls, drop from windows, leap precipices, and do twenty other extravagant things, in order to shew the mad strength of a passion she ought to be ashamed of : to make parents and guardians pass for tyrants, and the voice of reason to be drowned in that of indiscreet love, which exalts the other sex, and debases her own. And what is the instruction, that can be gathered from such pieces, for the conduct of common life ?

“ Then have I been ready to quarrel with these writers for another reason ; and that is, the dangerous notion which they hardly ever fail to propagate, of a first-sight love. For there is such a susceptibility supposed on both sides, (which, however it may pass in a man, very little becomes the female delicacy) that they are smitten with a glance ;

glance; the fictitious blind god is made a real Divinity: and too often prudence and discretion are the first offerings at his shrine.

“ I believe, madam, said Miss Stapylton, blushing, and playing with her fan, there have been many instances of peoples loving at first sight, which have ended very happily.

“ No doubt of-it, replied I. But there are three chances to one, that so precipitate a liking does not. For where can be the room for caution, for inquiry, for the display of merit, and sincerity, and even the assurance of a grateful return, to a lady, who thus suffers herself to be prepossessed? Is it not a random shot? Is it not a proof of weakness? Is it not giving up the negative voice, which belongs to the sex, even while she is not sure of meeting with the affirmative one from him whose affection she wishes to engage?

“ Indeed, ladies, continued I, I cannot help concluding, (and I am the less afraid of speaking my mind, because of the opinion I have of the prudence of every lady that hears me) that where this weakness is found, it is no ways favourable to a lady's character, and to that discretion which ought to distinguish it. It looks to me, as if a lady's heart were too much in the power of her eye, and that she had permitted her fancy to be much more busy than her judgment.

“ Miss Stapylton blushed, and looked around her.

“ But I have generally observed Mrs. B. said Lady Towers, that whenever you censure any indiscretion, you seldom fail to give cautions how to avoid it. And pray let us know what is to be



be done in this case? That is to say, how a young lady ought to guard against and overcome the first favourable impressions?

“ What I imagine, replied I, a young lady ought to do, on any the least favourable impressions of this kind, is immediately to withdraw into herself, as one may say; to reflect upon what she owes to her parents, to her family, to her character, and to her sex; and to resolve to check such a prepossession, which may much more probably, as I hinted, make her a prey to the undeserving than otherwise, as there are so many of that character to one man of real merit.

“ The most I apprehend a first sight favour can do, is to inspire a liking; and a liking is conquerable, if the person will not brood over it till she hatches it into love. Then every man and woman has a black and a white side; and it is easy to set the imperfections of the person against the supposed perfections, while it is only liking. But if the busy fancy be permitted to work as it pleases, unchecked, uncontrould, then it is very likely, were she but to keep herself in countenance for her first impressions, she will see perfections in the object which no living soul can see but herself. And it will hardly be expected, but that, as a consequence of her first indiscretion, she will confirm, as an act of her judgment, what her wild and ungoverned fancy had misled her to think of with so much partial favour. And too late, as it may too probably happen, she will see and lament her fatal, and, perhaps, undutiful error.

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“ We are talking [of the ladies only, added I, (for I saw Miss Stapylton was become very grave): but I believe the case of first-sight love often operates alike in both sexes, and the same inconveniencies may arise to both, from a rashness of this kind: And where it is so, it will be very lucky, shall I say? if either gentleman or lady find reason, on cool reflection, to approve a choice, which they were so ready to make without thought.

“ It is allowed, my dear Mrs. B. said Lady Towers, that rash and precipitate love may operate pretty much alike in the rash and precipitate of both sexes; and which-soever loves, generally exalts the person beloved, above his or her merits: but I am desirous, for the sake of us maiden ladies, since it is a science in which you are so great an adept, to have your advice, how we should watch and guard against its first incroachments, and that you will tell us what you apprehend gives the men most advantage over us.

“ Nay, now, Lady Towers, you rally my presumption indeed!

“ I admire you, madam, replied she, and every thing you say and do; and I won't forgive you to call what I so seriously say and think, raillery. For my own part, continued she, I never was in love yet, nor, I believe, were any of these young ladies—(Miss Cope looked a little silly upon this) And who can better instruct us to guard our hearts, than a lady who has so well defended her own?

“ Why then, madam, if I must speak, I think, what gives the other sex the greatest advantage, over even many of the most deserving of ours,

is, that dangerous foible, the love of praise, and the desire to be flattered and admired : a passion that I have often observed predominant, more or less, from sixteen to sixty, in most of our sex. We are too generally delighted with the company of those who extol our graces of person or mind ; for will not a grateful lady study hard to return a few compliments to a gentleman, who makes her so many ? She is concerned to prove him a man of distinguishing sense, or a polite man, at least, in regard to what she thinks of herself ; and so the flatterer shall be preferred to such of the sincere and worthy, as cannot say what they do not think. And by this means many an excellent lady has fallen a prey to some fordid designer.

“ Then, I think, nothing gives gentlemen so much advantage over our sex, as to see how readily a virtuous lady can forgive the capital faults of the most abandoned of the other ; and that sad, sad notion, That a reformed rake makes the best husband ; a notion that has done more hurt and discredit too, to our sex, (as it has given more encouragement to the profligates of the other, and more discouragement to the sober gentlemen) than can be easily imagined. A fine thing indeed ! as if the wretch, who had run through a course of iniquity to the endangering of soul and body, was to be deemed the best companion for life, to an innocent and virtuous young lady, who is to owe the kindness of his treatment of her, to his having never before accompanied with a modest woman ; nor, till his interest on one hand, (to which his extravagance, perhaps,

perhaps, compels him to attend) and his impaired constitution on the other, oblige him to wish it, wished to accompany with one; and who always made a jest of the married state, and, perhaps, of every thing sacred and just!

“ You observe very well, my dear Mrs. B. said Lady Towers; but people will be apt to think, that you have less reason than any of our sex, to be severe against the notion you speak of; for who was a greater rake than a certain gentleman, and who a better husband?

“ Madam, replied I, the gentleman you mean never was a common town-rake: he is a gentleman of sense, and fine understanding; and his reformation, secondarily, as I may say, has been the natural effect of those extraordinary qualities. But besides, madam, I will presume to say, that that gentleman, as he has nor many equals in the nobleness of his nature, so it is not likely, I doubt, to have many followers, in a reformation begun in the bloom of youth, upon self-conviction, and altogether, humanly speaking, spontaneous!—Those young ladies, who would plead his example, in support of this pernicious notion, should find out the same generous qualities in the gentleman, before they trust to it; and it will then do less harm: though even then I could not wish it to be generally propagated.

“ It is really unaccountable, said Lady Towers, after all, as Mrs. B. I remember, once formerly said, that our sex should not as much insist upon virtue and sobriety, in the character of a gentleman; be he ever such a rake, does in that of a lady. And it is certainly a great encouragement to libertinism, that a worn-out debauchee shall

shall think himself at any time good enough for a husband, and have the confidence to imagine, that a modest lady will accept of his address with a preference.

“ I can account for it but one way, said the Dean ; and that is, - that a modest lady is apt to be diffident of herself, and she thinks this diffidence an imperfection. A rake never is : so he has in perfection a quality she thinks she wants ; and, knowing too little of the world, imagines she mends the matter by accepting one who knows too much.

“ That’s well observed, Mr. Dean, said lady Towers : but there is another fault in our sex, which Mrs. B. has not touched upon ; and that is, the foolish pride some ladies take in taming a wild fellow ; and that they have been able to do more than many of their sex before them could do : a pride that often costs them dear enough ; and as I know in more than one instance.

“ Another weakness, said I, might be produced against some of our sex ; and that is, in joining too readily to droll upon, and sneer at, the misfortune of any poor young creature, who has shewn too little regard for her honour : and that (instead of speaking of it with concern, and thinking themselves happy, it was not their own case, and inveighing against the seducer) they will too highly sport with the unhappy creature’s fall, propagate the knowledge of it—(I would not look upon Miss Sutton, while I spoke this)—and avoid her as an infection ; yet, after a while, not scruple to admit into their company the vile aggressor, and even smile with him at his  
barbarous

barbarous jests upon the poor sufferer of their own sex.

“ I have known three or four instances of this in my time, said lady Towers, that Miss Sutton might not take it to herself ; for she looked down, and was a little serious.

“ This, rejoined I, puts me in mind of a little humorous copy of verses, written, as I believe, by Mr. B. and which to the very purpose we are speaking of, he calls

Benefit of making other misfortunes our own.

Thou’st heard it, or read it, a million of times,  
That men are made up of falsehoods and crimes :  
Search all the old authors, and ransack the new,  
Thou’lt find in love-stories, scarce one mortal  
true.

Then why this complaining ? And why this wry  
Face ?

Is it ’cause thou’rt affected most, with thy own  
case ?

Hadst thou sooner made others misfortunes thy  
own,

Thou never, thyself, this disaster hadst known ;  
Thy compassionate caution had kept the from  
evil,

And thou might’st have defy’d mankind and the  
Devil.

“ The ladies were pleased with the lines ; but Lady Towers wanted to know, she said, at what time of Mr. B.’s life they could be written. Because, added she, I never suspected before, that the good gentleman ever took pains to write cau-  
tions

tions or exhortations to our sex, to avoid the delusions of his own.

“ These verses, and this facetious, but severe remark of Lady Towers, made every young lady look up with a chearful countenance ; because it pushed the ball from self : and the dean said to his daughter, so, my dear, you that have been so attentive, must let us know what useful inferences you can draw from what Mrs. B. and the other ladies have so excellently said ?

“ I observe, sir, said miss, from the faults the ladies have so justly imputed to some of our sex, that the advantage the gentlemen chiefly have over us, is from our own weakness ; and that it behoves a prudent lady to guard against first impressions of favour, since she will think herself obliged, in compliment to her own judgment, to find reasons, if possible, to confirm them.

“ But I would be glad to know, ladies, added miss, if there be any way, that a lady can judge, whether a gentleman means honourably or not, in his address to her ?

“ Mrs. B. can best inform you of that, Miss L. said Lady Towers : What say you, Mrs. B. ?

“ There are a few signs, answered I, easy to be known, and, I think, almost infallible.

“ Pray let's have them, said Lady Arthur ; and they all were very attentive.

“ These are they, replied I : I lay it down as an undoubted truth, that true love is one of the most respectable things in the world. It strikes with awe and reverence the mind of the gentleman, who boasts its impression. It is chaste and pure in word and deed, and cannot

not bear to have the least indecency mingle with it.

“ If therefore a gentleman, be his birth or quality what it will, the higher the worse, presume to wound a lady’s ears with indecent words: If he endeavour, in his expressions or sentiments, to convey gross or impure ideas to her minds: if he is continually pressing for her confidence in his honour: if he requests favours, which a lady ought to refuse: if he can be regardless of his conduct or behaviour to her: if he can use boisterous or rude freedoms, either to her person or dress—(Here poor Miss Cope, by her blushes, bore witness to her case—) If he avoids speaking of marriage, when he has a fair opportunity of doing it (—Here Miss L. looked down, and blushed—) or leaves it once to a lady to wonder that he does not :—

“ In any, or in all these cases, he is to be suspected, and a lady can have little hope of such a person, nor, as I humbly apprehend, consistent with honour and discretion, encourage his address.

“ The ladies were so kind as to applaud all I said, and so did the Dean. Miss Stapylton, Miss Cope, and Miss L. were to try to recollect it when they came home, and to write down what they could remember of the conversation: and our noble guests coming in soon after, with Mr. B. the ladies would have departed, but he prevailed upon them, with some difficulty, to pass the evening; and Miss L. who has an admirable finger on the spinnet, as I have heretofore told you, obliged us with two or three tunes. Each of the ladies did the like, and prevailed upon me to play a tune  
or



or two : but Miss Cope, as well as Miss L. surpassed me much. We all sung too in turns, and Mr. B. took the violin, in which he excels. Lord Davers obliged us on the harpsicord : Mr. H. played on the flute, and sung us a fop's song, and performed it in character. So that we had an exceeding gay evening, and parted with great satisfaction on all sides, and high delight on the young ladies ; for this put them all into good spirits, enlivening the former scene, which otherwise might have closed, perhaps, more gravely than efficaciously.

“ The distance of time since this conversation passed, enables me to add what I could not do, when I wrote the account of it, which you have mislaid : and which take briefly, as follows :

“ Miss Stapylton, upon her return home, was as good as her word, and wrote down all she could recollect of the conversation ; and suffered it to have such an effect upon her, as to turn the course of her reading and studies, to weightier and more solid subjects ; and avoiding the gentleman she had began to favour, gave way to her parents recommendation ; and is happily married to Sir Jonathan Barnes.

“ Miss Cope came to me a week after this, with the leave of both her parents, and tarried with me three days ; in which time she opened all her worthy heart to me ; and returned in such a disposition, and with such resolutions, that she never would see her peer again ; nor receive letters from him, which she owed to me she had done clandestinely before : and she

is

is now the happy lady of Sir Michael Beaumont, who makes her the best of husbands, and permits her to follow her charitable inclinations, according to a scheme, which she prevailed upon me to give her.

“ Miss L. by the dean’s indulgent prudence and discretion, has escaped her rake ; and, upon the discovery of an intrigue he was carrying on with another, conceived a just abhorrence of him ; and is since married to Dr. Jenkins, as you know, with whom she lives very happily.

“ Miss Sutton is not quite so well off as the three former ; though not altogether unhappy neither, in her way. She could not, indeed conquer her love of dress and tinsel ; and so became the lady of Col. Wilson : and they are thus far easy in the marriage-state, that, being seldom together, in all probability they save a multitude of misunderstandings ; for the Col. loves gaming, in which he is generally a winner ; and so passes his time mostly in town. His lady has her pleasures, neither laudable nor criminal ones, which she pursues in the country. And now and then a letter passes on both sides, by the inscription and subscription of which, they remind one another, that they have been once in their lives at one church together.

“ And what now, my dear Lady G. have I to add to this tedious account (for letter I can hardly call it) but that I am, with great affection,

Your true friend and servant,

P. B.

*My*

“ *My dear Lady G.*

“ You desire me to send you a little specimen of my nursery tales and stories, with which, as Miss Fenwick told you, on her return to Lincolnshire, I entertain my Miss Goodwin and my little boys. But you make me too high a compliment, when you tell me, it is for your own instruction and example. Yet you know, my dear Lady G. be your motives what they will, I must obey you, although, were others to see it, I might expose myself to the smiles and contempt of judges less prejudiced in my favour. So I will begin without any further apology; and, as near as I can, give you those very stories with which Miss Fenwick was so pleased, and of which she has made so favourable a report.

“ Let me acquaint you then, that my method is, to give characters of persons I have known in one part or other of my life, in feigned names, whose conduct may serve for imitation or warning to my dear attentive Miss; and sometimes I give instances of good boys and naughty boys, for the sake of my Billy, and my Davers; and they are continually coming about me, dear madam, a pretty story now, cries Miss: and, dear mamma, tell me of good boys, and of naughty boys, cries Billy.

“ Miss is a surprizing child, for her age, and is very familiar with many of the best characters in the Spectators; and having a smattering of Latin, and more than a smattering of Italian, and being a perfect mistress of French, is seldom at a loss for the derivation of such words, as are not of English original. And so I shall give you a  
story

story in feigned names, with which she is so delighted, that she has written it down. But I will first trespass on your patience with one of my childish tales.

“ Every day, once or twice, if I am not hindered, I cause Miss Goodwin, who plays and sings very prettily, to give a tune or two to me and my Billy and my Davers, who, as well as my Pamela, love and learn to touch the keys, young as the latter is ; and she will have a sweet finger, I can observe that ; and a charming ear ; and her voice is music itself !—O the fond, fond mother ! I know you will say, on reading this.

“ Then, madam, we all proceed hand in hand together to the nursery, to my Charley and Jemmy : and in this happy retirement, so much my delight in the absence of my best beloved, imagine you see me seated, surrounded with the joy and the hope of my future prospects, as well as my present comforts.

“ Miss Goodwin imagine you see, on my right hand, sitting on a velvet stool, because she is eldest, and a miss : Billy on my left, in a little cane elbow chair, because he is eldest, and a good boy : my Davers, and my sparkling-eyed Pamela, with my Charley between them, on little filken cushions at my feet, hand in hand, their pleased eyes looking up to my more delighted ones, and my sweet-natured promising Jemmy in my lap ; the nurses and the cradle just behind us, and the nursery maids delightfully pursuing some useful needle-work, for the dear charmers of my heart—all as hush and as still, as silence itself, as the pretty creatures generally are, when their little watchful eyes see my lips beginning to  
open :

open : for they take great notice already, of my rule of two ears to one tongue, infomuch that if Billy or Davers are either of them for breaking the mum, as they call it, they are immediately hush, at any time, if I put my finger to my lip, or if Miss points hers to her ear, even to the breaking of a word in two, as it were : and yet all my boys are as lively as so many birds ; while my Pamela is chearful, easy, soft, gentle, always smiling, but modest and harmless as a dove.

“ I began with a story of two little boys, and two little girls, the children of a fine gentleman and a fine lady, who loved them dearly : that they were all so good, and loved one another so well, that every body who saw them, admired them, and talked of them far and near : that they would part with any thing to one another : loved the poor : spoke kindly to the servants : did every thing they were bid to do ; were not proud ; and knew no strife, but who should learn their books best, and be the prettiest scholar : that the servants loved them, and would do any thing they desired ; that they were not proud of fine cloaths ; let not their heads run upon their play-things, when they should mind their books ; said grace before they eat ; their prayers before they went to bed, and as soon as they rose ; were always clean and neat ; would not tell a fib for the world, and were above doing any thing that required one : that God blessed them more and more, and blessed their papa and mamma, and their uncles and aunts, and cousins, for their sakes. And there was a happy family, my dear loves !—No one idle ; all prettily employed ; the masters at their books ; the misses at their books

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too,

too, or their needles; except at their play-hours, when they were never rude, nor noisy, nor mischievous, nor quarrelsome: and no such word was ever heard from their mouths, as, why may'nt I have this or that, as well as Billy or Bobby?—or, why should Sally have this or that, any more than I?—But it was, as my mamma pleases; my mamma knows best; and a bow and a smile; and no furliness, or scouling brow to be seen, if they were denied any thing; for well did they know, that their pappa and mamma loved them so dearly, that they would refuse them nothing that was for their good; and they were sure when they were refused, they asked for something that would have done them hurt, had it been granted. Never was such good boys and girls as these! and they grew up, and the masters became fine scholars, and fine gentlemen, and every body honoured them; and the misses became fine ladies, and fine housewives; and this gentleman, when they grew to be women, sought to marry one of the misses, and that gentleman the other; and happy was he that could be admitted into their companies! so that they had nothing to do but to pick and chuse out of the best gentlemen in the county: while the greatest ladies for birth, and the most remarkable for virtue, (which, my dears, is better than either birth or fortune) thought themselves honoured by the addresses of the two brothers. And they married, and made good papas and mammas, and were so many blessings to the age in which they lived. There, my dear loves, were happy sons and daughters! for good masters seldom fail to make good gentlemen; and good misses, good ladies;

ladies ; and God blesses them with as good children as they were to their parents ; and so the blessing goes round !—Who would not but be good ?

“ Well, but, mamma, we will all be good : won’t we, Master Davers, cries my Billy ? Yes, brother Billy. Then they kiss one another, and if they have play-things, or any thing they like, exchange with each other, to shew the effect my lessons have upon them. But what will become of the naughty boys ? tell us, mamma, about the naughty boys !

“ Why, there was a poor, poor widow woman, who had three naughty sons, and one naughty daughter ; and they would do nothing that their mamma bid them do ; were always quarrelling, scratching, and fighting ; would not say their prayers ; would not learn their book ; so that the little boys used to laugh at them, and point at them, as they went along, for block-heads ; and nobody loved them ; or took notice of them, except to beat and thump them about, for their naughty ways, and their undutifulness to their poor mother, who worked hard to maintain them. As they grew up, they grew worse and worse, and more and more stupid and ignorant, so that they impoverished their poor mother, and at last broke her heart, poor, poor widow woman !—and her neighbours joined together to bury the poor widow woman ; for these sad ungracious children made away with what little she had left, while she was ill, before her heart was quite broken : and this helped to break it the sooner ; for had she lived, she saw she must have

wanted bread, and had no comfort from such wicked children.

“ Poor, poor widow woman ; said my Billy, with tears ; and my little dove shed tears too, and Davers was moved, and Miss wiped her fine eyes.

“ But what became of the naughty boys, and the naughty girl, mamma !—Became of them ! why one son was forced to go to sea, and there he was drowned : another turned thief, (for he would not work) and he came to an untimely end : the third was idle, and ignorant, and nobody, who knew how he had used his poor mother, would employ him ; and so he was forced to go into a far country, and beg his bread. And the naughty girl, having never loved work, pined away in sloth and filthiness, and at last broke her arm, and died of a fever, lamenting too late, that she had been so wicked a daughter to so good a mother !—And so there was a sad end of all the four ungracious children, who never would mind what their poor mother said to them ; and God punished their naughtiness as you see ! —while the good children I mentioned before, were the glory of their family, and the delight of every body that knew them.

“ Who would not be good ! was the inference : and the repetition from Billy, with his hands clapt together, poor, poor widow woman ! gave me much pleasure.”

“ In your maiden state, think yourself above the gentlemen, and they’ll think you so too, and address you with reverence and respect, if they see there be neither pride nor arrogance in your behaviour, but a consciousness of merit, a true  
dignity,



dignity, such as becomes virgin modesty, and untainted purity of mind and manners, like that of an angel among men; for so young ladies should look upon themselves to be, and will then be treated as such by the other sex.

“ In your married state, which is a kind of state of humiliation for a lady, you must think yourself subordinate to your husband; for so it has pleased God to make the wife. You must have no will of your own, in petty things: and if you marry a gentleman of sense and honour, such a one as your uncle, he will look upon you as his equal; and will exalt you the more, for your abasing yourself.—In short, my dear, he will act by you, just as your dear uncle does by me: and then, what a happy creature will you be!

“ So I shall, madam! to be sure I shall!—but I know I shall be happy whenever I marry, because I have such wise directors, and such an example before me: and if it please God, I will never think of any man, (in pursuance of your constant advice to young ladies at the tea-table) who is not a man of sense, and a virtuous gentleman. But now, dear madam, for your next character. There are two more yet to come, that’s my pleasure! I wish there were ten!

“ Why the next was Profusiana, you remember, my dear love. Profusiana took another course to her ruin. She fell into some of Coquetilla’s foibles, but pursued them for another end, and in another manner. Struck with the grandeur and magnificence of what weak people call the upper life, she gave herself up to the Circus, to balls, to operas, to masquerades and assem-

blies ; affects to shine at the head of all company, at Tunbridge, at Bath, and every place of public resort, plays high, is always receiving and paying visits, giving balls, and making treats and entertainments ; and is so much above the conduct which mostly recommends a young lady to the esteem of the deserving of the other sex, that no gentleman, who prefers solid happiness, can think of addressing her, though she is a fine person, and has many outward graces of behaviour. She becomes the favourite toast of the places she frequents, is proud of that distinction ; gives the fashion, and delights in the pride, that she can make apes in imitation, whenever she pleases. But yet, endeavouring to avoid being thought proud, makes herself cheap, and is the subject of the attempts of every coxcomb of eminence ; and without much ado, preserves her virtue, though not her character.

“ What, all this while, is poor Profusiana doing ? She would be glad, perhaps of a suitable proposal, and would, it may be, give up some of her gaieties and extravagancies ; for Profusiana has wit, and is not totally destitute of reason, when she suffers herself to think. But her conduct procures her not one solid friendship, and she has not in a twelvemonth, among a thousand professions of service, one devoir that she can attend to, or a friend that she can depend upon. All the women she sees, if she excels them, hate her ; the gay part of the men, with whom she accompanies most, are all in a plot against her honour. Even the gentlemen, whose conduct in the general, is governed by principles of virtue, come

come down to these public places to partake of the innocent freedoms allowed there, and oftentimes give themselves airs of gallantry, and never have it in their thoughts to commence a treaty of marriage, with an acquaintance begun upon that gay spot. What solid friendships and satisfactions then is Profusiana excluded from ?

“ Her name indeed is written in every public window, and prostituted, as I may call it, at the pleasure of every profligate, or sot, who wears a diamond to engrave it : and that, it may be, with most vile and barbarous imputations and freedoms of words, added by rakes, who very probably never exchanged a syllable with her. The wounded trees are perhaps taught also to wear the initials of her name, linked, not unlikely, and widening as they grow, with those of a scoundrel. But all this while, she makes not the least impression upon one noble heart : and at last, perhaps, having run on to the end of an uninterrupted race of follies, she is cheated into the arms of some vile fortune-hunter ; who quickly lavishes away the remains of that fortune which her extravagance had left ; and then, after the worst usage, abandoning her with contempt, she sinks into an obscurity, that cuts short the thread of her life, and leaves no remembrance but on the brittle glass, and more faithful bark, that ever she had a being.

“ Alas ! alas ! what a butterfly of a day, said Miss, (an expression she remembered of Lady Towers's) was poor Profusiana !—What a sad thing to be so dazzled by worldly grandeur, and to have so many admirers, and not one real friend !

“ Very true, my dear, and how carefully ought a person of a gay and lively temper to watch over it ! and what a rock may public places be to a lady’s reputation, if she be not doubly vigilant in her conduct, when she is exposed to the censures and observations of malignant crouds of people ; many of the worst of whom spare the least, those who are most unlike themselves !

“ But then, madam, said Miss, would Profusiana venture to play at public places ? will ladies game, madam ? I have heard you say, that lords, and sharpers but just out of liveries, in gaming, are upon a foot in every thing, save that one has nothing to lose, and the other much, besides his reputation : and will ladies so disgrace their characters, and their sex, as to pursue this pernicious diversion in public ?

“ Yes, my dear, they will, too often, the more’s the pity ? and do not you remember, when we were at Bath, in what a hurry I once passed by some knots of genteel people, and you asked, what those were doing ? I told you, whisperingly, they were gaming ; and loth I was, that my Miss Goodwin should stop to see some sights, to which, till she arrived at years of discretion, it was not proper to familiarize her eye ; in some sort acting like the antient Romans, who would not assign punishments to certain atrocious crimes, because they had such an idea of human nature, as to suppose it incapable of committing them : So I was not for having you, while a little girl, see those things, which I knew would give no credit to our sex, and which I thought, when you grew older, should be new and shocking to you :

you : but now you are so much a woman in discretion, I may tell you any thing.

“ She kissed my hand, and made me a fine courtesy—and told me, that now she longed to hear of Prudentia’s conduct. Her name, madam, said she, promises better things, than those of her three companions ; and so it had need : For how sad is it to think, that out of four ladies of distinction, three of them should be naughty, and of course, my dear, said I, were very prettily put in : let me kiss you for them : since every one that is naughty, first or last, must be certainly unhappy.

“ Far otherwise than what I have related, was it with the amiable Prudentia. Like the industrious bee, she makes up her honey-hoard from every flower, bitter as well as sweet ; for every character is of use to her, by which she can improve her own. She had the happiness of an aunt, who loved her, as I do you ; and of an uncle, who doted on her, as yours does : for, alas ! poor Prudentia lost her papa and mamma almost in her infancy, in one week : but was so happy in her uncle and aunt’s care, as not to miss them in her education, and but just to remember their persons. By reading, by observation, and by attention, she daily added new advantages to those which her education gave her. She saw, and pitied, the fluttering freedoms, and dangerous flights, of Coquetilla. The sullen pride, the affectation, and stiff reserves, which Prudiana assumed, she penetrated, and made it her study to avoid. And the gay, hazardous conduct, extravagant temper, and love of tinselled grandeur, which were the blemishes of

Profusiana's character, she dreaded and shunned. She fortifies herself with the excellent examples of the past and present ages, and knows how to avoid the faults of the faulty, and to imitate the graces of the most perfect. She takes into her scheme of that future happiness, which she hopes to make her own, which are the true excellencies of her sex, and endeavours to appropriate to herself the domestic virtues, which shall one day make her the crown of some worthy gentleman's earthly happiness; and which, of course, as you prettily said, my dear, will secure and heighten her own.

“ That noble frankness of disposition, that sweet and unaffected openness and simplicity, which shine in all her actions and behaviour, commend her to the esteem and reverence of all mankind; as her humility and affability, and a temper uncensorious, and ever making the best of what is said of the absent person, of either sex, do to the love of every lady. Her name indeed is not prostituted on windows, nor carved on the barks of trees in public places: but it smells sweet to every nostril, dwells on every tongue, and is engraved on every heart. She meets with with no address but from men of honour and probity: The fluttering coxcomb, the inveigling parasite, the insidious deceiver, the mercenary fortune-hunter, spread no snares for a heart guarded by discretion and prudence, as hers is. They see, that all her amiable virtues are the happy result of an uniform judgment, and the effects of her own wisdom, founded in an education to which she does the highest credit. And at last, after several worthy offers, enough to perplex any lady's choice,

choice, she blesses some one happy gentleman, more distinguished than the rest, for learning, good sense, and true politeness, which is but another word for virtue and honour; and shines, to her last hour, in all the duties of domestic life, as an excellent wife, mother, mistress, friend, and christian; and so confirms all the expectations of which her maiden life had given such strong and such edifying presages.

“ Then folding my dear Miss in my arms, and kissing her, tears of pleasure standing in her pretty eyes, who would not, said I, shun the examples of the Coquetilla’s, the Prudiana’s, and the Profusiana’s of this world, and chuse to imitate the character of PRUDENTIA!—the happy and the happy-making Prudentia!

“ O madam! madam! said the dear creature, smothering me with her rapturous kisses, Prudentia is You!—is You indeed!—It can be nobody else—O teach me good GOD! to follow your example, and I shall be a Second Prudentia—indeed I shall!

“ God send you may, my beloved Miss! and may He bless you more, if possible, than Prudentia was blessed!

“ And so, my dear Lady G. you have some of my nursery tales; with which, relying on your kind allowance and friendship, I conclude myself,

*“ Your affectionate and faithful,*

*“ P. B.”*

The first thing I noticed when I stepped  
 out of the car was the cold. It was a  
 sharp, biting cold that seemed to seep  
 into my bones. I shivered as I walked  
 toward the entrance of the building. The  
 air was thick with the scent of old wood  
 and the faint, distant hum of machinery.  
 I had heard that the place was haunted,  
 but I never imagined it would feel so  
 alive. The corridors were long and  
 dimly lit, with shadows that seemed to  
 move on their own. I tried to ignore  
 the feeling, but it was there, a constant  
 presence that made my skin crawl.  
 I had come here for a job, a simple  
 one, but the atmosphere was anything but  
 simple. The people I met were polite  
 but distant, their eyes avoiding mine.  
 I knew I was not alone, even when I  
 was alone. The silence was oppressive,  
 a heavy blanket that suffocated me.  
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 but I never imagined it would feel so  
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 dimly lit, with shadows that seemed to  
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# A D V E N T U R E S

## O F

# PEREGRINE PICKLE.

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**T**HIS novel was written by the late ingenious Dr. Smollet, and is on a plan in many respects different from that of Roderick Random. Here a young gentleman is nursed up in the lap of plenty, and when he arrives at age has an opulent estate left him by an old superannuated naval officer, who had acquired riches in the service of his country. With many very good qualities our young adventurer becomes a slave to his passions, and is led away with the gay dissipation of the age in which he lived, before he knew the right use of money. He is reduced to poverty, thrown into a prison, where he becomes sensible of his folly, and wishes for an opportunity of retrieving himself out of his distressed circumstances. His mother, in concert with his younger brother, deprives

deprives him of his paternal estate, but being countenanced by an honest old lieutenant, he procures his enlargement, and recovers his just inheritance. Upon the whole, there are more striking incidents in this excellent novel than in any other that we have seen, and as they are all presented to the reader they must afford both instruction and entertainment.

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PEREGRINE PICKLE was the son of Mr. Gabriel Pickle, who had formerly kept a shop in London, but the profits of his trade not answering to his wishes, he retired to Cornwall, where he purchased an estate, and married a young lady, the daughter of a country gentleman. His sister, Miss Pickle, a maid of about forty, had been for several years his housekeeper, but there being no occasion for her in that capacity, after he was married, she began to look out for a husband. She was too old to attract the notice of the gentry, and because her father had been once Lord-Mayor of London, so she could not bear the thought of giving her hand to a tradesman.

It happened that in the same neighbourhood lived Commodore Trunion, who had been bred up to the sea, and spent most of his days in the navy. He lived in a house fortified in the same manner as a castle, and besides his domestics, he kept along with him one Lieutenant Hatchway and Tom Pipes, who had formerly been his boatswain's mate. With these two he used to spend the evenings at a neighbouring alehouse, where

where he became acquainted with Mr. Pickle, and soon after proposed marrying his sister. Not that the commodore was in love, but that because he could go no more to sea, he proposed to take a voyage in the sea of matrimony. Like an honest tar he was downright in his proposals, and as the lady found it would be needless to assume those airs peculiar to her sex, she soon gave her consent, and a day was fixed for the nuptials.

The commodore had purchased a couple of fine hunters for himself and the lieutenant, on which they mounted at nine in the morning to proceed for the church, but as he had never seen any thing but naval affairs, he resolved to tack about with the wind, as if he had been on the ocean. It happened that the wind shifted about, and the commodore followed his course so long, that his bride waited for him at church with the utmost impatience. At last it was thought necessary to dispatch a messenger in quest of him, for he was so little acquainted with the church, that it was supposed he had mistaken the road.

This, however, was not the case, for the messenger found him and his attendants veering about with the wind like a fleet at sea, and told him that the company were waiting for him at church. The commodore answered with great deliberation, that he had weighed anchor about nine in the morning, for the port of matrimony, but the wind had shifted so often about, that he believed he would not be able to get to the harbour that day. As the messenger did not know what he meant, he told him that he had no more to do than turn his horse's head and follow him, by which they would be at the church in less

less than half an hour. The commodore was so much exasperated at what the messenger said, that he called him an ignorant fellow, who did not understand the trim of a vessel, and therefore desired him to sheer off, or he would pour into him a whole broadside. The messenger, who found what sort of a person he had to deal with, left him, and returned back to the church, where he found the company, and the ceremony was obliged to be deferred till next day.

In the mean time the commodore kept shifting about with the wind, till the horse on which he and Lieutenant Hatchway rode, heard the noise of huntsmen, and being well acquainted with the sport, they set out at full gallop, leaving the rest of the company to weather the storm in the best manner they could. Both the commodore and lieutenant believed they were mounted on the backs of devils incarnate, and giving up all for lost, dropped their whips, and held fast by the pummels of the saddles. The horse on which the lieutenant rode, was more nimble than the other, and getting before, he crossed into a field of clover, which circumstance gave Hatchway an opportunity of throwing himself off, without receiving any other hurt than what arose from his fright.

In the mean time the commodore, who had dropped his hat and wig, came up, and seeing Hatchway, called out, "Hilloa! you have got safe into port, I wish to God I was moored." The commodore had some hopes that a five-bar gate that stood opposite to him, would stop the progress of his horse, but no sooner did he approach it, than he jumped over with as much ease

case as a cat would do over a harpsicord. He was now in a state of insensibility, he knew not whether he was dead or alive, and at last coming to a highway, enclosed by two rising grounds, the horse jumped over it, to the no small terror of a waggoner, who happened to be passing underneath.

By this time the commodore overtook the horse on which the lieutenant had rode, and both kept an equal pace together, till they came to the place where the huntsmen were assembled to see the death of the fox. The strange figure of the commodore in his seamen's dress, joined to the loss of his hat and wig, attracted the notice of the whole company, and led off their attention from poor Reynard, whose agility had furnished them with so much diversion. The two horses were exceeding good ones, and the 'squire who conducted the sport, asked the commodore if he would sell them: "Sell them! I master; for they are above my weather gage, I have commanded a whole fleet, but was never so much out in my reckoning as to day." The 'squire finding that the commodore was a meer novice in land affairs, purchased the horses for one fourth of what they cost, and took the commodore home with him to his own house for the night. The company made themselves very merry at his expence, but as he knew nothing beyond sea-terms, so he took no notice of them, and next day being properly equipped, he returned to the castle, where he found his old friend Lieutenant Hatchway. Next morning the wind happened to prove favourable, and lest he should once more get on the devil's back, he resolved to walk to the

the church on foot. Accordingly, having dispatched Tom Pipes to inform his bride, the lady met him at the church, and the nuptial knot was tied. A grand entertainment was provided at the castle, but when the time came for the company to retire, an unlucky circumstance happened, which was no other than the want of a bed for the new married couple. The commodore was so much of a seaman, that he obliged every one in the castle to lay in hammocks, which were slung up in the same manner as in ships.

The lady remonstrated in the strongest manner against laying in such an indecent posture, but by the persuasion of her brother and sister-in-law, she was induced to comply, and being undressed, mounted the hammock to wait the arrival of her spouse. Every thing being properly adjusted for the reception of the commodore, he came into the room, or rather the cabin, where having drank a can of flip, and received three cheers, he got into the canvas vehicle, to the no small terror of his lady, who imagined every moment that she would tumble out at the other side. The company being now retired, the new married couple went to rest, but no sooner did morning arrive than the lady got up and dispatched one of the servants to a neighbouring town, to purchase a genteel bedstead, being now determined to assert her prerogative as a wife, and not be any longer subject to the whims and caprice of her husband.

When the commodore saw the bed, he swore, cursed and blasphemed, -declaring that it should be immediately consigned to the flames, but by the interposition of Hatchway and Mr. Pickle, he was brought into a more reasonable way of thinking,

thinking, and to oblige his spouse, consented to lay in it, though contrary to a resolution he had formed many years before. The lady proceeded to make several other alterations in the castle, by turning off some of the old servants, and ordering that the guns should not be fired but in her absence, lest they should frighten her so much as to occasion an abortion. All these acts of a new reformation the commodore was obliged to comply with, and to console himself under what he considered as real afflictions, he spent more of his time than usual at the alehouse, cursing the day that ever he had weighed anchor for the port of matrimony.

The haughty domineering temper of the commodore's lady, made her odious to every one in the castle, but as her husband was made to believe that she was pregnant, so he bore with it for some time. At last, all hopes of an heir being vanished, the lady took to the bottle and religion for consolation, and the commodore resolved to make young Peregrine his heir. Peregrine had been sometime at a boarding-school, where he had played abundance of little knavish tricks, which were winked at by the usher, who frequently received a gratuity from the commodore. But the usher going away, Peregrine wrote a letter to the commodore, who was so much pleased with it, that he went to his father, and desired he would suffer him to be brought up under his own direction.

By this time Mr. Pickle, who had another son as well as a daughter, looked on the proposal as too valuable to be rejected, so that he instantly complied with it, especially as for reasons unknown,

known, the mother had conceived the utmost aversion for her eldest son. In consequence of this permission, Hatchway was dispatched the same day in a post-chaise to the school, and brought young Peregrine home, who was now in his eleventh year, and began to display so much genius, that every one was charmed with him. His aunt, the lady of the commodore, was so much innured to dram-drinking, that when Peregrine was presented to her, she seemed to take no notice of him, but through the persuasion of Hatchway she came down to the parlour, and received him with seeming marks of respect. Next day the commodore took him to visit his parents, but how great was his surprise, when he found that his mother declared that he was not her son, for that he had died when only a child. This, however, made no other impression on the commodore, besides that of making him love the boy more than ever, and therefore he took him along with him to the castle, resolving to bestow that parental care and tenderness upon which his mother had denied him, although she knew it was her duty.

Tom Pipes, who all his life-time had been accustomed to the practice of mischievous tricks, became, as it were by sympathy, the favourite of young Peregrine, who had one of the most fertile geniusses that ever fell to the share of one of his age. As the commodore's lady often retired to her closet in the evening, under pretence of devotion, but in reality to indulge herself with her favourite liquors, so our young spark, with the assistance of the artful Tom Pipes, resolved to torment her with the fear of hell and the devil.

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Sometimes they would climb up to the window of her closet at midnight, and imitate the screaming of an owl, or some other frightful creature, which operated so strongly upon her distempered imagination, that she began to think that the grand adversary of mankind had come to take her away before her time.

But the bent of their mischievous inclinations was not confined to the lady, for they actually directed it against the commodore himself. The commodore had the utmost aversion to attorneys ever since a knavish one had tricked him in a lawsuit, and therefore our adventurers resolved to try his patience on that head, or rather to torment him, as if they had been devils incarnate. Accordingly, they forged a letter to a country attorney, in the name of the commodore, desiring him to call next day.

The attorney, who doubted not but he would be able to fleece the old commodore of some hundreds, came to the castle at the hour of dinner, and Tom Pipes going up stairs, desired his commander to come down to the parlour, to speak to a gentleman who waited for him. This put the commodore into a most violent passion, because he was disturbed in the middle of his mess, but recollecting what Pipes said of the business being urgent, he went down, and demanded what the gentleman wanted with him. The attorney told him that he came according to an order he had received from him, and the sooner the business was dispatched, the better. " True, (said the commodore, mad with indignation) " and lifting up his stick, gave him such a blow that he fell flat on the  
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the ground. He then hopped up to his chamber to finish his dinner, congratulating himself that he had knocked out the brains of a roguish lawyer.

As soon as the attorney had recovered himself, so as to be able to get up, he looked about him, to see whether he could not procure evidence to support an action on the case for an assault, but seeing none, he crawled up to the dining-room, where the commodore was finishing his mess, and told him that if there was any law in England, he would punish him to the utmost rigor of it. He then produced the forged letter, which had been sent in the name of the commodore, but no sooner had the old man read it, than he ordered the attorney to be tossed in a blanket in the castle-yard. Hatchway and Pipes performed the operation with so much dexterity, that the skin of the limb of the law, was as much disfigured as any sheet of parchment that ever issued from his office. The attorney having received this wholesome discipline, was then ducked in a horse-pond, and left to pursue his journey home in the best manner he could. Stimulated with motives of revenge, he brought his action for damages against the commodore, and the affair was tried at the next assizes. Several witnesses were examined, but as ill luck would have it, not one could prove a single circumstance, so that the attorney was nonsuited, to the no small pleasure of many persons present, whom he had by his pernicious advice, led into vexatious law-suits, and actually ruined, under pretence of promoting their interest.

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Their next exploit was much more diverting, and conducted by the very ingenious Tom Pipes. The hide of a large ox was made choice of, and being properly stuffed, the jaw-bone of a shark was fixed to his face, with two large glass eyes. Within were several matches burning, which gave the whole the most dreadful appearance, and this was fixed near the bedchamber of the commodore. No sooner did the commodore see the dreadful apparition spewing out blue fire, than he imagined himself in hell, for few people in the world are more superstitious than seamen. His courage, however, did not forsake him, for lifting up his stick, he struck it such a blow, that one of the horns was almost fractured. He then took to his heels, but could not run long, when he sunk down with fear; for he believed the artificial apparition to be the devil. Tom Pipes, who beheld the whole, was not willing to lose any part of the diversion, and therefore just as the commodore was beginning to faint, he ran towards him and tripped up his heels.

The commodore being in some measure recovered by his fears rather than the hope of delivery, called out in the most vociferous manner, upon which the servants came to his assistance. They found him in a cold sweat, for fear had impaired both his senses and faculties, so that he was little better than a dead man. Hatchway endeavoured to raise him up, and enquiring into the cause of his misfortune, was told by the commodore, that he had met Davy Jones, (the name given by the sailors to the devil) and that he knew him by his saucer-eyes. It is very remarkable, that of all injuries, those that we receive in youth

youth, make the most lasting impression, especially when they are accompanied with circumstances of an aggravating nature. It seems that while the commodore was only a school-boy, he had been detected in stealing deer, and being carried before a neighbouring justice, his worship used him in so cruel a manner, that he was obliged to content himself with a place in the county gaol. There he remained near a year, and his relations refusing to do any thing for him, he was obliged to embrace the alternative, either to remain in prison, or go on board of a ship. He chose the latter, and having undergone all those hardships that are connected with naval affairs, he conceived the utmost aversion to all those related to him, and refused to have any connection with them for the future.

Peregrine, who was acquainted with every particular of this affair, told Hatchway and Pipes that he would have a notable piece of fun at his uncle's expence. The proposal was relished by the two confederates, and it was agreed upon between them, that a proper person should be made choice of, to come to the commodore with a forged letter, in the name of that relation, who of all others, had used him with the greatest cruelty. The person made choice of for this purpose, was the exciseman of the parish, and having received proper directions, he went one morning to the commodore, about two hours before the usual time of his getting up. The commodore swore he would not come down till the usual time of turning out, but the exciseman having told the servant that his business was of the most urgent nature, he resolved to comply.

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Having crept out of his bed, he made a shift to crawl down stairs, grumbling and cursing all the way for being disturbed of his rest. When he came into the parlour, the supposed relation addressed himself to him in all the fulsome flattery that has an effect on weak minds ; but the commodore, who did not relish any thing of that nature, desired him to give over his compliments, and come to the point at once.

Upon that, the stranger presented him a letter, written, as he said, by that uncle who had used him with so much cruelty while he was in prison, for stealing the deer ; and to add the more to the aggravation that it must necessarily occasion, he told him that he had been to him one of the kindest relations that ever lived.

It is impossible to describe the perturbation of mind which the commodore felt, when he read the letter, and at last losing all manner of patience, he tore it into a thousand pieces, and trod upon the fragments on the floor. He cursed all his relations to the lowest pit of hell, and declared that he would not give one farthing, or the value of a rope's end, to keep them above board.

The exciseman, who was no stranger to the character of the commodore, began to consider himself in perilous circumstances, and therefore walked towards the door, in order to procure a retreat, not doubting but he would be able to make the commodore hearken to the voice of reason. He then told the commodore that he was one of the most ungrateful wretches in the world, for using his own relations in so shameful a manner, and concluded, by asking him what

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he thought they would say of such an unnatural behaviour.

The commodore could conceal his resentment no longer, and turning to Tom Pipes, ordered him to take his supposed relation to the gang way, and there give him a round dozen doubled. Tom, though an accomplice in the whole of the scheme, yet obeyed his orders with dexterity and punctuality. He called on some of the servants to assist him, who readily obeyed, and the poor gauger was conducted over the draw-bridge to the yard, where he was tied to a stake, in order to undergo proper discipline. He still imagined that Tom Pipes was in jest, but that arch-rogue who was not too fond of what we call moral obligations, having tied him so fast, that he could not well make his escape, went in search of a rope for the intended operation. When he arrived, the exciseman told him that he hoped he was not in earnest, to which Tom answered, that he was very sorry for the part he was to act, but as his master's orders were absolute, he was obliged to comply with them. He then undressed the poor exciseman, and gave him such a hearty flogging, that he cursed the day he had ever been engaged in such an undertaking, threatening at the same time to reveal the whole scheme to the commodore. From doing that, however, he was prevented by Lieutenant Hatchway, who told him that if he made the affair public, he would be found guilty of perjury, for he had personated the name of a man with whom he was utterly unacquainted. This served to silence the exciseman, who as soon as he was loosed from the post, took to his heels with the utmost expedition, and ran home to his wife,

wife, who waited for him with the utmost impatience.

It cannot be supposed that such a species of fraud and mischief, should be long carried on without detection, and the commodore having revolved all the circumstances in his mind, charged young Peregrine with it. At first, the boy denied the whole, but, when he had received a severe flogging, he made an ample confession, which so much exasperated the commodore, that he resolved to turn Hatchway out of the castle. But he had been so long accustomed to the society of the lieutenant, as well as Pipes, that he could not live without them, so that they were both freely forgiven.

In the mean time young Peregrine made such progress in learning, that it was proposed to send him to some public school, and that of Winchester was made choice of by his tutor, and approved of by the commodore. Indeed, the commodore's lady had several reasons for wishing to get rid of our young adventurer, for, besides his many knavish pranks, she considered him as a spy on her conduct. Mr. Jolter, a reverend clergyman, of very high notions, was made choice of and recommended by the parson of the parish to be tutor to young Peregrine. Jolter was not a bad scholar, but he had lived so long in a college, that his temper was soured, so that no person could have been made choice of more improper for superintending the education of a young gentleman. Tom Pipes, who had been long accustomed to a jacket and trowsers, was put into a suit of decent livery, in order to attend our adventurer and parson Jolter as a footman. The

commodore proposed, that they should set out to take leave of the young gentleman's father, but the mother refused to see him, so unnatural was she to her child, for reasons that no one could account for. The commodore, however, made up all that was wanting in the affections of the parents; for he adopted young Peregrine as his heir, and settled him at Winchester on the most genteel footing. The commodore's lady made a handsome present to Mr. Jolter, as a reward for his piety, and Hatchway insisted on staying at the school along with Peregrine. He told the commodore, that he had some thoughts of learning the Latin lingo, although he did not at that time know the difference between a noun and a verb. The commodore expostulated with the lieutenant on the impropriety of thinking to learn Latin at such a period of life, and as he could not bear the thought of living without him, he told him, that if he would return to the castle, he would give him leave to visit young Peregrine once every month. Hatchway was not such a fool, but he could feel the force of what was said by the commodore, and therefore having given up all thoughts of learning Latin, he took leave of our young gentleman, though not without shedding tears. He said he was sure the young dog had bewitched him, for he could not look at him, without loving him. Indeed, there was such an honest simplicity in the lieutenant, that he thought well of all the human race, and could not help loving such as were young.

Peregrine had not been long at the school, when his genius began to distinguish itself in a most conspicuous manner. His pupil was such an  
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arrant pedant, that he seemed a very proper object for him to exercise his ingenuity upon, and therefore he began by mixing brandy and other strong liquors with his tea, so that he was often intoxicated without knowing the cause. By such practice he brought the character of his tutor into the utmost contempt, and to complete the farce, Peregrine was chosen *Dux* or head of a select number of boys, who resolved to shake off all obedience to their tutors. The head master having received information of these proceedings sent for Mr. Jolter, and told him that he must keep a more strict watch over the morals of his pupils, otherwise he would corrupt one half of the boys in the school.

Mr. Jolter was a good deal discomposed when he received the information, but as nothing could be more just or reasonable, he went home, and called Peregrine into his room. He repeated to him the dangerous consequences of such practices, and the disgrace he would bring upon himself and his relations, unless there was some change in his conduct.

Peregrine, though a wild youth, was not destitute of good sense, and therefore seeing the propriety of what was said by his tutor, he promised to be more obedient for the future.

Mr. Jolter was so overjoyed at this instance of his pupil's docility, that he resolved to improve it to the best advantage, and therefore proposed to him the study of the mathematicks, as the only science that can enlarge the mind, by leading it off from objects of a trifling nature. The young gentleman entered upon the study with the utmost pleasure, but no sooner had he gone

through the first two books of Euclid, than he became so much disgusted with the whole science that he declared he would not pursue it any further. In vain did Mr. Jolter remonstrate to his pupil on the great impropriety of his conduct; the young gentleman remained inexorable, and nothing could induce him to proceed any further. Indeed he shook off all manner of restraint, he refused to be obedient to his tutor any longer, upon which the head master desired Mr. Jolter to write to the commodore, that he might as soon as possible remove Tom Pipes from attending on Peregrine, for that antiquated seaman was now become a general nuisance to the whole school.

The truth is, Tom Pipes was at the head of every scene of mischief, and nothing seemed to give him so much pleasure, as that of tormenting his fellow-creatures. He mingled in all their diversions, and decided in every controversy that arose between them. He regulated their manual exercise by his whistle, and he prescribed rules to each of them according to their different ages. Indeed Tom Pipes was in a manner become so necessary to the boys, that it could not be supposed that they would part with him without an insurrection taking place. Peregrine was sensible of this, and therefore on promising to be more circumspect in the rest of his conduct, Pipes was allowed to continue at the school sometime longer. This, however, was a resolution too good to last long, as will appear from the following incident.

One day Tom Pipes having conducted some of the boys to a garden in the suburbs, they were very  
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rude in pulling the fruit, which so enraged the gardener, that he came to them and demanded satisfaction. The boys refused to satisfy his demands, upon which the great dog was set loose upon them, and in the scuffle Peregrine lost his cap. The engagement now became general, the gardener called his apprentice to his assistance, while Tom Pipes led on the insurgents in battle array. The gardener, who was a stout fellow, took his stand at the turning of one of the avenues, and when Pipes advanced, he gave him such a blow on the head, that his scull rung as if it had been made of bell metal.

Pipes soon recovered from the dreadful blow he had received, and darting his head into the bosom of the gardener tumbled him into a trench, that he had newly digged, nor did it fare better with the dog, who coming up to the assistance of his master, laid hold of the calf of Tom Pipes' leg, and would have eaten it for his dinner, had not the seaman turned about, and in an instant put a period to the existence of the voracious animal.

The gardener was now so much overpowered that he knew not what to do, and his wife having alarmed the neighbourhood, Tom Pipes advised the scholars to desist, lest they should be all apprehended and committed to prison. The scholars complied with his request, but as the gardener was rendered incapable of following his work, and as his children became chargeable to the parish, an enquiry was set on foot to find out the aggressors.

The result of the enquiry was, that our adventurer was found to be at the head of this

unruly mob of boys, and therefore it was ordered that he should undergo a severe flogging, and a day was appointed for the execution of this solemn decree.

The thoughts of being disgraced in this manner was what he could not bear, and, therefore, he resolved to make an elopement from the school. He communicated his intentions to some of the most active of the scholars, and when the time arrived that he was to receive the threatened discipline, they came with him into the school; and demanded of the master that he should instantly be forgiven. The master, however, behaved with that dignity becoming his station, and Peregrine, notwithstanding his professions of courage, was horsed and whipped, to the terror of all others, who should for the future offend in the like manner. This disgrace had such an effect upon him, that he resolved to detach himself from his disorderly companions, and apply himself in good earnest to his studies. He was now above fourteen years of age, and in stature and shape one of the finest figures that ever was seen. The young ladies began to take notice of him, and there being a ball one evening he went to dance at it, as is the common practice with young gentlemen.

While he was waiting for the company, the master of the ceremonies took notice of him, and singled out for him a partner, a young lady, whose name was Emily Gauntlet, and sister to a young gentleman who happened to be there at the same time. The young lady was extremely handsome, and her exterior appearance was set off by all the improvements that the intellectual faculties

faculties can receive. When the ball was over our hero returned to his lodgings, but he could not sleep during the whole of the night. In the morning he arose, and having dressed himself in the most agreeable manner, he went to the lodgings of Miss Gauntlet, and was shewn into the parlour. Emilia made her appearance in the most enchanting dress; and the passions of our hero were now wound up to the highest pitch. The mother of the young lady was still in bed, and when she got up she seemed to look upon Peregrine in no very favourable light, for she considered him in no other light than a young spark who wanted to make himself merry at the expence of such young females as are weak enough to harken to their solicitations.

The young lady treated him with all the indulgence she possibly could, consistent with the regard she ought to have had for her own character, and invited him to visit her from time to time at her mother's house, which was only a few miles distant. This was just what he wished for, and in the midst of his mutual embraces, he declared to her, that his passion was the most pure that ever took place in the human breast. Being obliged to take leave of his charmer, he returned to school, but became so pensive and melancholy, that all his former acquaintance began to shun his company. At last he resolved to elope, and having tied up a bundle of linen, with other necessaries, he gave it to Tom Pipes, and next morning both set out together on foot, for the village where the mother of Emilia lived.

When he came to the village, he took lodgings at an inn, and leaving Tom Pipes to take care of his baggage, he set out for the house where his charmer resided, struggling under all that anxiety of mind that generally takes place in the mind of a lover.

When he came to the gate, he was so much taken up with the thoughts of the young lady, that when she made her appearance he scarce knew her; for his mind was tortured with all the variety of discordant passion. She received him in the most complaisant manner, and conducted him to the parlour, where her mother was then sitting drinking tea. This was a more favourable reception than he had any reason to expect; but every thing succeeding so far according to his wish, it was proposed that he and the young lady should take a walk together till towards evening. Upon their return, the mother invited Peregrine to supper, and the young lovers being left alone, many tender things passed between them. He protested in the most solemn manner that he loved her above every one he had ever seen; while she on her part chid him gently for running away from school. In this she was seconded by her mother, whose circumstances had taught her prudence; for she was the widow of a general officer who had lost his life in the service of his country, and had left his son in the humble station of a volunteer, waiting for the interest of some great man to bestow upon him a commission.

While he remained under the influence of this sweet intoxication, his absence occasioned no small disturbance at Winchester, and Mr. Jolter wrote

wrote to the commodore, giving him an account of his elopement. The poor old commodore received the news of the elopement with the utmost surprise, and cursed Hatchway and Tom Pipes, for having debauched the boy's mind, by leading him off from a sense of his duty. Nor did he spare Jolter, whom he called an old doating fool, because he had not kept a better look out, to prevent Peregrine from foundering. He immediately dispatched expresses to all the sea-ports on the coast, to prevent his going abroad, while Lieutenant Hatchway was dispatched across the country, to make all the enquiries he could concerning the young fugitive. Hatchway spent four days without receiving any intelligence, when being benighted, he took up his lodgings at a village, where he had not regaled himself long, when he heard the voice of his old friend Tom Pipes, entertaining a company of rustics with a song in true sea language. Hatchway flung his pipe into the chimney corner, and grasping a pistol in his hand, went to the room where Pipes was, and swore that he would blow his brains out, unless he produced young Peregrine. Pipes, not in the least intimidated, told the lieutenant that Peregrine was as safe as a roach, and that he would produce him as soon as he had finished his song. Hatchway could not have any objection to this proposal, and Tom having finished his song, and dismissed the company, the two old mess-mates retired to another room. There Pipes recited to the lieutenant every circumstance relating to the elopement, and before they had done speaking, Peregrine came in from his mistress with whom he had spent the evening. Hatchway was over-

joyed

joyed to see his long-lost young master, but much more so, when he found that he was sensible of his folly in running away from school, and vexing his generous friend the commodore. At last, it was agreed that they should set out the next morning for Winchester, and in the mean time Peregrine went to take leave of his mistress. Their parting was truly affecting, but as there was a necessity for it, the young lady pretended to make no objections, while her mother said all she could in favour of parental authority, and next morning our hero returned to Winchester, where he was received in the most kindly manner, by Parson Jolter, his tutor.

The master of the school forgave him on account of his youth, but when Hatchway returned to the garrison, and told the whole of the circumstances to the commodore, the old gentleman was very much grieved, especially when he began to consider that there was a young lady in the case. He resolved, therefore, to lay the whole of the affair before Mr. Pickle, his father, that proper measures might be concerted, in order to prevent his ruin. In the mean time, Peregrine sent a love epistle to his mistress, and concluded, by telling her, that he would never place his affections on any other object. This letter was sent by the hands of the faithful Tom Pipes, with strict orders that it should be delivered into her own hands, without communicating the contents to any person whatever besides herself.

Tom Pipes being thus employed as ambassador, took his place on the box of a stage-coach, and that the letter might not be lost, he put it between the sole of his shoe and stocking. This was very  
consistent



consistent with his own vulgar ideas, but no sooner did he come to the inn, than feeling for the letter, he found that by the motion of the coach, it was all torn in pieces. This was a most shocking circumstance for poor Tom Pipes, who cursed both the coachman and the coach. There was, however, no time to be lost, and therefore, after some reflection, he resolved to send for the clerk of the parish, and get him to write a letter of a similar nature.

Accordingly, Tom went in quest of the school-master, who was one of the most arrant pedants that ever lived, and bringing him to the inn, got him to write a letter in that style which those of his fraternity call the true sublime. Pipes was so much overjoyed when he heard it read, that he could not refrain from squeezing the pedagogue by the hand, telling him at the same time, that it was light in its timbers, and would for ever remain above water. Flushed with the hopes of success, he set out for the house where the young lady resided, not doubting but he would meet with a favourable reception, but when she had read the nonsensical epistle, she concluded that either her lover was mad, or that he had sent the letter with no other view, than to make her an object of ridicule.

Pipes, who doubted not but he would receive a favourable answer, was dismissed with visible marks of contempt, and next day he arrived at Winchester. Peregrine, who had waited for his return with the utmost impatience, no sooner saw him, than he reached out his hand for a letter, but being informed that he had none, he immediately concluded, that Emilia had not an opportunity

portunity to write, and therefore he resolved to wait the return of the post. But as he did not receive any answer during the whole of the ensuing week, his pride was summoned up to his assistance, and he began to despise the woman whom he imagined had treated him with so much indignity.

His behaviour soon reached the ears of the young lady's mother, and from that circumstance she was convinced that he was the same coxcomb as he had represented himself in his letter. She therefore ordered her daughter not to think any more of him, and thus a youthful correspondence was broken off merely by the conduct of Pipes, who took no more notice of it than if he had been assisting in sinking a ship, or preventing one from destruction.

While things were going on in this manner, the commodore, who never lost sight of the interest of young Peregrine, consulted the parson of the parish concerning the most proper means to be used, and at last it was agreed upon between them, that he should be taken from the school, and sent to the university. Accordingly he was sent for home along with his tutor, Mr. Jolter, who had not, during the whole time he was at Winchester, taught him any thing that could contribute towards promoting his interest. Mr. Pickle no sooner saw his son, than he vowed that he was grown up to years of discretion, and he bestowed a thousand blessings on the commodore, for having been at so much expence in his education, but his mother was of a different opinion, for she had conceived such an inveterate hatred to her eldest son, that she looked upon him

as

an object of detestation. She ordered that none of the servants should for the future grant him admittance to the house, which so much exasperated Hatchway, that he swore he would be revenged on her one way or other. Indeed, it is not to be wondered at, for the honest lieutenant imagined that every one was as innocent as himself.

The commodore, who under an outside of savage rusticity, possessed real goodness of heart, could not hear with indifference the manner in which Mr. Pickle used his son, and therefore having bestowed a volley of curses upon the whole family, he took Peregrine home along with him to the castle. It was then resolved, that our young adventurer should be sent to the university along with Mr. Jolter, who was still to act the part of his tutor; but he had not been long at Oxford, when he discovered such a disposition for satire, that every one of the young nobility and gentry courted his friendship, not doubting but they would be able to make his ingenuity subservient to their purposes. Mr. Jolter, who had the interest of Peregrine entirely at heart, in order to divert him from such practices, introduced him to the company of a club of politicians, who were reputed men of knowledge and probity, and who spent the evenings in animadverting on the conduct of the ministry, and hatching schemes for overturning the government both in church and state.

It is not to be supposed that a youth so volatile as Peregrine, would be much delighted with the company of men, who instead of speaking consistent with their characters as rational creatures,  
were

were like an assembly of quakers, or rather of superannuated or melancholy cats. Indeed, he looked upon them in so mean and contemptible a light, that he soon began to despise them, and one night having made them all drunk, he started a topic of argument that irritated their passions so much, that they got to loggerheads, and bottles and glasses flew about in such abundance, that scarce one in the company could make his escape without receiving a mark that would put him in mind of the nocturnal adventure.

The uproar was so great that the whole neighbourhood was alarmed, and just at that instant, the proctor happening to be returning to his chambers, took them all into custody, except Mr. Jolter, who made his escape at the expence of a couple of black eyes. Next morning he was summoned to attend the proctor, in order to answer for his conduct, which frightened him considerably, but Peregrine, who was an arch-wag, told him that he would, by the help of a certain paint, hide the circles around his eyes, to all which Jolter submitted, but when he made his appearance, the fraud was discovered, and he received a severe reprimand.

For some time Parson Jolter was so much mortified, that he scarce knew how to appear in public, and not doubting but Peregrine had a principal share in the whole scheme, he could not refrain from shewing marks of his resentment. This was what the proud spirit of our adventurer could not bear, and therefore in revenge for the insolence of his tutor, he wrote a copy of verses against him, in such satirical language, that poor Jolter hesitated, whether he should not lay out  
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his last shilling, in the purchase of a rope, in order to deprive the hangman of his *legal* wages.

Peregrine used often to make excursions to different parts of the country, particularly Windsor, where while he was one day walking along with a fellow collegian, he discovered Emilia, and made up to her. The young lady had not forgotten the insult offered her in the odious letter, written by the parish clerk, at the instigation of Tom Pipes, and therefore she treated him in a cold formal manner. She refused to hear any thing that he had to say in his defence; but after several solicitations, she agreed to honour him with an interview, during which time the whole mystery was cleared up, and a mutual reconciliation took place, though not before the amiable young lady had procured a free pardon for poor Pipes and the pedantic clerk. In the mean time, his long absence from Oxford, gave great uneasiness to Mr. Jolter, who with all his faults, still wished his pupil well, and therefore having learned the name of the young gentleman with whom he had made the excursion to Windsor, he went to his chambers, and was told that Peregrine was still at Windsor along with Miss Emily Gauntlet, and that it would be no easy matter to disengage them from each other.

In consequence of that information, Mr. Jolter set out for Windsor, where he met with his pupil, and remonstrated to him on the impropriety of his conduct. This put Peregrine into a most violent passion, and high words arose between him and his tutor. Mr. Jolter could never forgive Peregrine, for the part he had acted, in making him so ridiculous at the political club;  
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and, although he was under many obligations to the commodore, yet he would have given up his charge, had he not been in expectation of receiving a rich living, which the aged naval officer was expected to have in his power, to present him to after the death of an incumbent, who was then far advanced in years. The thoughts of such a valuable acquisition made him keep his passions under proper restraint, and although often insulted by Peregrine, yet he resolved to dissemble his resentment, till such time as he was properly provided for.

Peregrine was so much exasperated at the conduct of his tutor, that he wrote a letter to his aunt, and in answer received one which mortified his pride to the utmost. She told him, that the commodore had all along treated him with the greatest tenderness, and that it was his duty to be obedient to him in every thing, but that far from bringing his passions under the government of reason, only served to inflame them the more, and therefore he wrote a letter in the most polite style to the commodore, attempting to ridicule his conduct, by throwing the whole blame upon Jolter, whom he accused of tyranny and partiality.

The commodore, who knew no other phrases than such as are made use of at sea, wrote Peregrine an answer, wherein he told him, that if he would be a good boy, he would yet take him into favour, but if he continued refractory, he would discard him for ever.

Hatchway, who had been dispatched with this letter to Peregrine, said all he could to persuade the young gentlemen to comply with the commodore's

modore's request, and in order to prevail with him, told him, that if he had seduced the young lady, he was willing to take her off his hands. Hatchway had strict orders to bring our young hero home to the castle, but no sooner had he mentioned the affair to him, than Peregrine started up, and declared his resolution that no person should compel him to comply with a proposal so contrary to his inclination. Hatchway was so much irritated at what Peregrine said, that he tripped up his heels, and laid him flat on the floor, calling him at the same time one of the most saucy boys that ever walked between stem and stern. Peregrine would have dropped all manner of altercation with one whom he loved for the honest simplicity of his manners, but nothing would serve the lieutenant, unless he would fight him with sword and pistols. The place made choice of for the deciding this important quarrel, was Windsor forest, to which our two combatants walked, but in their way thither, they were met by Tom Pipes, who had armed himself with a large wooden cudgel. As Pipes had the utmost respect for the lieutenant, with whom he had served many years on board, and as he really wished well to young Peregrine, so he resolved to prevent any mischief that should happen, and in consequence of that resolution, brought both parties to agree together, and the commodore wrote a very feeling letter to Peregrine, promising him that nothing should be wanting to promote his interest for the future.

When Peregrine had viewed the commodore's letter, he was so much chagrined, that he became for some weeks a perfect slave to melancholy,

choly, but the impetuosity of his passions getting the better of every thing, he resolved to assert his dignity as a rational creature, and not to be any longer the dupe of a family, who seemed to seek the promotion of his interest no farther than was consistent with their own inclinations. Stimulated by motives of resentment against Hatchway, and still a captive to love, he went to visit his charmer, not doubting but her conversation would contribute towards rubbing off that rusticity that he had contracted during the melancholy under which he had laboured. He told her that his uncle the commodore had proposed that he should make the tour of Europe, and he could not help expatiating on the pleasure that he would enjoy in the volatile court of Paris, where nothing less than intrigue and gallantry could make a distinguishing figure.

The young lady heard him with emotion, nor was it in her power to prevent the tears from dropping down from her lovely eyes, especially when she was told that the commodore was offended at their meeting so often together. To remove all her scruples, he told her that he would be hers to the latest period of his existence, and at the same time endeavoured to convince her of the necessity he was under of paying an implicit obedience to his uncle's commands. The young lady could not help feeling in the most sensible manner the force of what he advanced, and therefore composing herself, she told him that she was perfectly satisfied, and that for the future she would not object to any part of his conduct, unless by some fresh action of his infidelity, he should give her occasion to do so. Every thing  
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being thus settled in the most amicable manner, the young lady took her leave, and our hero, who resolved to comply with his uncle's request, dispatched the lieutenant and parson Jolter to the castle, to inform the commodore, that as soon as he had settled a few trifling things among his fellow collegians, he would return, and comply with every thing that he had proposed for him, with respect to the regulation of his future conduct particularly, and making the tour of Europe.

In his journey to the castle he took Emilia along with him part of the way, and on the evening of the first day they took up their lodgings at a country inn, which at that time was crowded with great numbers of people, who had been at a neighbouring fair, and were now regaling themselves with beer and tobacco. This was a circumstance that our lovers were obliged to put up with : but in the middle of the night they were alarmed with the cry of fire ; and, upon enquiry, it was found, that the country people, having got drunk, had left some candles burning, so that two of the galleries were instantly in a flame. Peregrine and Tom Pipes started up in an instant, and saved the young lady, as well as her companion ; and so disinterested was poor Tom, that he refused to accept of a reward which they generously offered him.

Next day they arrived at the house where the young lady's mother lived, but her brother had no sooner seen our hero, than he considered him as one who had a design to injure his sister, and therefore treated him in the most haughty manner. This was more than Peregrine would have bore

bore with from any other person, but the love he had for Emilia induced him to conceal his resentment. The young lady, who could not dissemble her passion for him any longer, gave him a ring to keep as a token of her love, which pleased him so much that he embraced her with all the ardour of the most tender affection, and next morning set out on his journey.

He had not, however, proceeded far on his journey, when at the end of a lane, he was met by Godfrey, the brother of the young lady, and commanded to stop, till he had given him the satisfaction of a gentleman. For some time Peregrine insulted him on account of his poverty, and told him in plain terms, if he did not go instantly about his business, he would order his footman, Tom Pipes, to give him a most hearty drubbing. This last expression so much exasperated Godfrey, that he drew his sword, so that our hero was obliged to do the same, and a furious combat ensued. Each of the contending parties were wounded, but Peregrine having broken his sword, the other refused to take any advantage of him, but, leaving him, told him, that for the future he must never insult any gentleman on account of his poverty.

Peregrine, who with his foibles had a large share of humanity, no sooner heard the last words uttered by the young gentleman than he was struck with remorse, for having treated him so disrespectfully, and therefore going up to him desired that he would alight from his horse, till he should have an opportunity of explaining his sentiments. The young gentleman, who was no more than a cadet in the army, though the  
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son of a general officer, supposed he wanted to finish the combat, and therefore alighting, walked with him into a room, where he expected he would present him with a brace of pistols. But how great was his surprize when Peregrine gave him to understand, that he was willing to do any thing to promote his interest, and that his passion for his sister was the most pure that could be imagined. He added that he was going to set out for France, and Godfrey having promised to meet him at the commodore's, they both parted on the most friendly terms.

The commodore was now turned of seventy, and so much crippled by the gout, that he was scarce able to stir abroad. Mr. Pickle, his brother-in-law, gave him but very little of his company, so that the old gentleman, was in a manner, restored to a new state of life, in consequence of having young Peregrine once more to attend him. Gamaliel, the younger brother of Peregrine, was now about fifteen years of age, but of such a perverse disposition, that although his mother considered him as her favourite, yet every one in the house, as well as in the neighbourhood, treated him with the most sovereign contempt.

One day while young Gam. was riding out along with his tutor, the curate of the parish, Peregrine happened to come in sight, and Gam. who had been taught to offer him all the indignities he could, rode up against him, in order to unhorse him. Peregrine, who guessed his intention, acted in so spirited a manner, that young Gam. was flung from his horse, and before he had time to recover himself, Peregrine dismounted,

mounted, and gave the curate such a hearty drubbing, that he was not able, for several weeks after, to make his appearance in the church, so that he was obliged to say, " Lord have mercy upon us," at home.

Complaints were made to the commodore, but the good old seaman, instead of paying any regard to them, declared that he wished young Gam. had broke his neck, so as Peregrine was out of the scrape.

As Peregrine could not put up calmly with the affront that had been offered him by the curate, so he resolved to take a severe revenge on that reverend gentleman. Accordingly he and Hatchway set out for the alehouse where the curate spent his evenings, and having engaged a parlour for themselves, the lieutenant was placed to keep a good look out, while Peregrine, who was an excellent mimic, went into the yard, and personated a dialogue between the curate and the wife of the publican. It was not long before the landlord heard what passed, and concluding that his spouse was gone into the barn with the priest, he run thither in search of the adulterers, while Peregrine got in at the window, and set down in the most demure manner with Hatchway. As the poor publican was too much agitated to seek for his wife in the barn, he left the door open, and returned to the house, where he saw her go in at another door. His suspicions were now fully confirmed, but much more so when he heard Hatchway in his arch leering manner, tell him that he believed the curate of the parish had some regard for his wife.

A few days after this, in order to carry on the farce somewhat farther, at the expence of the curate, a boy was dispatched to inform that reverend gentleman that the publican's wife was extremely ill, and that she could not bear the thoughts of dying without speaking with him. The curate obeyed the summons; and, in the mean time, Peregrine, with Hatchway, went to the place as usual, where they had not been long, when our young hero told the publican, that the parson was just gone in at a private door to the kitchen. This was more than the publican could bear; and, therefore, not doubting but he would meet with the curate at the end of one of the lanes in his return, went into the barn, and armed himself with a flail. From thence he set out to the place where he expected to meet him, and seeing him come up he extended the flail, which, if it had done the execution, there would have been a new place for another poor priest. Exasperated that he had not felled the priest to the ground, the publican once more extended the flail, but a second time missing his aim, he struck himself on the head such a terrible blow, that for some time he staggered in the same manner as he had often seen some of his customers do. In the mean time the curate, who imagined that he had been beset by some robber, grasped his cudgel, and took to his heels, but the publican getting up, pursued him, and gave him such a drubbing, that had not some labourers come up to his assistance, he would have inevitably perished.

Hatchway and Peregrine sat waiting in the parlour till the landlord arrived, and seeing the

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marks of his rencounter upon him, they began to make themselves very merry at his expence. He could not conceal from them the manner in which he had treated the curate, whom he called a parish bull, let loose upon the wives of all the honest men in the neighbourhood.

He had scarce done speaking, when his wife came in, and told him, that some waggish boy had sent Mr. Sackbut, the parson of the parish to pray with her. The publican, whose jealousy was now wound up to the highest pitch, could conceal his indignation no longer, and therefore turning to his wife, told her that he had disabled the parson from praying with her for some time. This was what the publican's wife could not bear, and therefore casting a look of ineffable contempt on her husband, told him that he had no business to sit in company with gentlemen, while the company in the kitchen wanted his attendance. It was in vain for the poor hen-pecked husband to make any reply, for knowing the superiority that his wife had over him, he left the room, and went to obey her orders. Next day it was reported throughout the parish, that Mr. Sackbut had been attacked by footpads and almost murdered, and an advertisement was affixed to the church door, offering a reward to those who would make a discovery, but no person came to claim it, so that the poor parson was obliged to put up with his drubbing.

It was not long before the curate began to suspect that the whole was a scheme projected by Peregrine, for he knew that the whole county could not produce such two cunning rogues as Hatchway and Mr. Thomas Pipes, under whose  
direction

direction our young hero acted. He therefore resolved to be revenged on Peregrine, and imparted his scheme to young Gam, his pupil, but as good luck would have it the sister of Peregrine, an amiable young lady, overheard the whole of their conversation, and communicated it to a young gentleman, who was in love with her, and who gave by her direction an account of it to Peregrine.

To counteract this diabolical scheme, it was proposed that a person should be sent to watch in an adjacent field, in order to give them an account at what time the conspirators came up. One whole evening was spent in vain, for none of them came up, but on the second the messenger came to the castle, and informed the lieutenant that three men were skulking behind a hedge near the road that led to the public house.

This news was no sooner told, than the company sallied forth, in order to wreck their vengeance on the curate and his pupil, but when they came to the place, they found young Mr. Gauntlet, the brother of Emily, exercising his cudgel on a fellow whom he had got down. Peregrine, with the rest of the company, ran to his assistance, and having taken the fellow prisoner, conducted him to the castle along with the young gentleman, who had left his horse at the inn. The prisoner being brought before the commodore, confessed that he had been employed by the curate of the parish, to assassinate Peregrine, upon which he was suffered to go about his business, to the great mortification of Pipes, who

wanted to give him a round dozen at the gang-way.

The commodore treated young Gauntlet with every mark of respect, and one day, in the course of their conversation together, discovered that he had been formerly acquainted with his father, who at that time was only a lieutenant of marines, though an officer of experienced conduct.

Young Gauntlet had such scrupulous notions of honour, that before the commodore could prevail on him to accept of as much money as would purchase a commission, he was obliged to tell him that he was so much indebted to his father, but not knowing what was become of him, had never till then an opportunity of repaying it. These things being settled, and French servants hired to attend our young hero in his intended tour, Gauntlet left the castle, and the commodore ordered that Tom Pipes should remain at home, because he was ignorant of the French lingo. Before Peregrine set out, he received a letter from his sister, informing him that she would meet him at a cottage near her father's house, in order to converse with him on some things of importance.

He obeyed the summons, and when he came to the place, found his sister, and was surprised to find her possessed of so many accomplishments beyond what he expected. He proposed taking her away from her unnatural parents, but before he had done speaking, his mother, who had placed spies on her daughter, rushed into the apartment, and would have torn the poor young lady to pieces, had not Peregrine interposed in her defence. The mother was so transported with



with rage that she seemed like a bedlamite, and when Peregrine began to expostulate with her in favour of his sister, she declared that for the future she should never be admitted into her father's house. Peregrine was much troubled in what manner he should dispose of his sister, but finding no other method of providing for her than putting her under the protection of his generous benefactor, he took her home to the castle, where she met with a welcome reception from the commodore. Old Pickle was obliged to comply with the dictates of his wife, which so enraged the commodore, that he sent him a challenge, but the other had no intention of accepting it. Hatchway, however, was extremely unwilling to lose a little fun, and therefore returning to the castle, told the commodore that old Mr. Pickle would meet him.

As the commodore never knew what it was to be afraid to fight, he resolved to go, and in the mean time it was proposed that young Peregrine should personate his father, and mimic his voice. A real farce ensued, and the poor commodore was defeated without knowing that the conqueror was his godson.

The time for his departure drawing nigh, Mr. Jolter was made choice of to attend him as a tutor, and having taken leave of all his friends at the castle, he set out in a post-chaise for Dover. Young Gauntlet went with him, to see him safe on board, and before they parted, a plan was settled in what manner they should correspond with each other. When they came to Dover, Parson Jolter ordered an elegant supper to be got ready, and some of the best Burgundy wine, but

scarce had they sat down, when they were alarmed with a dreadful uproar in the next room. It happened that the dispute was between a furious Welchman and a poor Italian quack, who not finding proper encouragement in other countries, had come over to England. The Welchman, whose Cambrian blood was all on flame, had got the poor foreigner down, and would certainly have killed him, had not Peregrine and the rest of the company come to his assistance. The Welchman said, the Italian was a conjuror, and young Gauntlet swore that he was a Jesuit, because those gentlemen never travel without charms and incantments. Peregrine, however, was not so very superstitious, but told the foreigner, that he was at liberty to proceed on his journey, and that no person would molest him.

Mr. Jolter, who had now joined the company, and heard the whole affair, declared that he differed in sentiment from his pupil concerning witchcraft, and supported his opinion by many quotations from scriptures, as well as from the writings of some divines in the last century. Young Gauntlet, who had been brought up in the army, corroborated all that was said by Jolter, and told the company that he had seen many apparitions, and was well convinced in his own mind of the reality of witchcraft. To all this the Welchman assented by declaring that the empire of Pelzebub was far more extensive than that of Rome, for it had extended to Glamorganshire, which the Romans could never conquer.

Peregrine did not chuse to enter the list with three such formidable combatants, but contented himself, by telling them, that he was convinced  
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in his own mind, that witchcraft was nothing more than a scare-crow, or bug-bear, invented to frighten the vulgar, after which they all went to supper together in the most amicable manner. In the course of their conversation, it appeared that the Welchman was the same Mr. Morgan, who makes such a distinguishing figure in the adventures of Roderick Random, and who had been some years settled at Canterbury. It happened, that he had been sent for to wait on a sick person at Dover, and the Italian being there at the same time, a most violent dispute arose concerning the nature of the medicines that should be administered to the patient.

The empiric prescribed specific medicines, which the patient accepted of, so that poor Morgan was dismissed without his fee. This exasperated him so much, that he swore revenge against the Italian, and not being properly qualified, or rather not having a sufficient share of patience to reason coolly, he called the Italian a necromancer, because his medicines had the desired effect. That every thing might be made agreeable to Morgan, who was really an honest fellow, Peregrine made him a present of as much money as he could have expected from the patient, and for that night the company separated, in order to retire to their separate apartments. In the morning, when they got up, they went to visit the castle, with every other curiosity that was to be seen at Dover, after which they breakfasted together, waiting till the packet should be ready to sail. Morgan declared that he would not leave our hero till he saw him safe on board, and he was as good as his word, for he kept standing on the shore till the packet hoisted.

hoisted sail, after which he and young Gauntlet marched back to the inn, and having refreshed themselves, set out in a post-chaise together for Canterbury.

Our hero had not got far out to sea, when the wind shifted about, and blew directly in their faces, and the tide running high, they were in great danger of being lost. Mr. Jolter, who had been busy in attempting to solve one of the most difficult problems in Euclid, happened in the midst of his reveries, to hear the boy call to put out the dead lights, which frightened him so much, that he started up, and called out, "Lord have mercy upon us." Peregrine gave up all for lost, and just when he was expecting that the ship would go to the bottom, the individual Tom Pipes made his appearance on the deck. It seems that this original genius had left the castle the day after Peregrine departed, and getting to Dover some hours before he embarked, took his place in the packet, and concealed himself in the hold.

Alarmed by the danger he was in, Pipes got up from his lurking place, and gave such directions to the seamen, that the master considered him as an angel sent from heaven to deliver them. By his skill in naval affairs, they were enabled to weather the storm, and soon after the spiers of Calais presented themselves to their view. Jolter, who was a real enemy to his own country, no sooner saw France, that land of despotism, than he began to launch out in praise of the French government. Peregrine, who had the most contemptible notion of his tutor's abilities, could not refrain from giving him the lie, and in proof of his opinion, no sooner had they landed, than they were

were surrounded by a parcel of custom-house officers, who began to toss and tumble their baggage about, without any regard to the so much boasted politeness of their country. As Jolter had been often in France, and consequently was well acquainted with the manners of the people, he gave the officers a bribe, and told them that his pupil was a young English nobleman, upon which they desisted from searching any farther. They told him, however, that the baggage must be sealed up at the custom-house, and that there were some men ready to carry the trunks thither. This so enraged Peregrine, that he knocked some of them down, calling them by the most opprobrious names, but in an instant a whole file of musqueteers surrounded the house.

Peregrine was not such a madman as to dispute the authority of men under arms, and therefore turning to the corporal who commanded the party, desired him to accompany his baggage to the custom-house, and see that no harm happened to it. The corporal was so mortified at what our hero said, that he darted him a look full of contempt, telling him at the same time, that he was sorry he was so little acquainted with the French laws. As soon as they had bespoke a post-chaise for Paris, our hero found that there was an English gentleman and his lady in the same inn, and therefore he sent Tom Pipes to the kitchen, in order to scrape an acquaintance with their footman. In the mean time he and Parson Jolter went to view the fortifications, and upon their return, Pipes told Peregrine, that the gentleman was an old debauchee, who had in his youth despised marriage, but now in his advanced years

had been led into a match with an oyster-wench, whose impudence was equal to the station in which she had been brought up. He added, that her husband, upon mature deliberation, being ashamed of his conduct, had, in order to avoid the reproaches of his friends, and the scoffs of his companions, brought her over to France, where it was not likely that she would betray her ignorance, seeing she did not understand one word of the language. Her temper was violent as well as vulgar, and it was with much difficulty that her husband had prevented her from engaging in an intrigue with an officer, during one single day that they stopped at Canterbury.

Peregrine's passions were now wound up to the highest pitch, and seeing the lady at the window he made a most respectful bow to her, which she returned in a very low curtsy. She was neatly dressed, and had he not been informed of the nature of her former station, he would have taken her for one of those pert ladies, who in general have that sort of impudence about them which their station in life conceals under another name. He did not imagine there would be any great difficulty for him to ingratiate himself into her affections, and with that view he sent a card to her husband, whose name was Hornbuck, telling him that as he was to set out for Paris next day, so he would be glad of his company. Mr. Hornbuck, who had seen all manner of scenes of debauchery, no sooner received the message, than he sent a very civil answer, telling our hero that he was sorry he could not have the pleasure of his company, because his wife had been for some days indisposed.

Peregrine

Peregrine was no stranger to his motives for sending such an answer, and being extremely uneasy that he could not gratify his inordinate passion, he set out next morning with Parson Jolter in the post-chaise, being attended by his French servants, and Tom Pipes on horseback. They breakfasted at Bologne, and it being proposed that they should reach Abeville that night, the driver went on at such a rate, that the axle-tree broke before they had got a few miles out of the town. This accident obliged them to return to Bologne, where being under the necessity of waiting till next day, they saw some unfortunate Scotch gentlemen who had been engaged in the rebellion, looking earnestly at that happy island, from whence they were for ever banished. Peregrine, who had a most compassionate heart, could not help sympathising with them, although he differed from them in political principles.

He invited them to spend the evening with him, but no sooner had they got heated with wine, than they forgot their unhappy circumstances, and launched out in invectives against the illustrious house of Hanover. Our hero, however, had too much generosity to triumph over their want of prudence, and although one of them, who was the principal aggressor, had given him a challenge, yet next morning he was so sensible of his folly, that he came to his chamber, and asked pardon in the most submissive manner, telling him that his many misfortunes had almost deprived him of the use of his natural reason. His request was granted, and having breakfasted with Peregrine, they took the most affectionate leave of each other.

Next

Next day the chaise having been got ready, our adventurer, with his retinue, proceeded on their journey, and Parson Jolter continued to bestow the highest encomiums on the French government. Peregrine interrupted him by pointing to the barren desolate state of the country, and the miserable appearance of the inhabitants in their ragged cloaths and wooden shoes. Jolter finding it in vain to dispute with one who could refute him, from the evidence of his senses, said no more till they came to an inn, where they partook of a small refreshment, and in the evening arrived at a small village called Bernay, where they called for fresh horses, but were informed by the landlord, that none could be had, for the gates of Abbeville were shut up, and there would be no possibility of their procuring admittance till next morning.

Mr. Jolter, who had often travelled that road before, did not chuse to contradict the landlord, and while supper was getting ready, our hero strolled about the yard, where to his great surprise, he saw another chaise come in with Mr. Hornbuck and his spouse. The landlord, though conscious that he had not victuals sufficient to serve both his guests, yet admitted the gentleman and his lady, and Peregrine, not doubting but he would find an opportunity of conversing with the lady, sent Mr. Hornbeck an invitation to sup with him.

Mr. Hornbuck, who was really hungry, accepted of the invitation, and Peregrine having led the lady into the room, placed her at the head of the table. During the evening, while they were at supper, the lady could not help darting some significant



significant glances at our hero, which he took care to return, but that only served to encrease the jealousy of Hornbuck, who was no stranger to intrigues.

For some time he endeavoured to conceal his resentment, but not being able to contain himself any longer, he reached out his foot to tread on hers, but as ill luck would have it, he trod on the toe of Parson Jolter, who happened at that time to have a severe corn. The application was made with so much good will, that the parson started up, and roared about the room like a madman, to the no small diversion of Peregrine and the lady, who laughed in such an immoderate manner, that they had almost thrown themselves into convulsions. Hornbuck was so much confounded at the mistake he had committed, that he begged pardon of Jolter, who with tears in his eyes, forgave him, and then they sat down again to supper. The rest of the evening was spent in the most agreeable manner, and when the time came that they should retire to bed, Peregrine handed the lady into her chamber. Mr. Hornbuck had gone down to the yard, and during that time, our hero declared his passion to the lady, but she advised him to retire, lest her husband should come in. He was not so blind as to neglect taking a hint upon which the safety of the lady depended, and therefore retiring to his chamber, spent the whole night in revolving in his mind what schemes would be most proper, in order to make Mr. Hornbuck a cuckold. The lady spoke to him in the most favourable manner, previous to his departure, and as it had been agreed upon that they should travel together next day,

day, he doubted not but he would find an opportunity of completing his design.

Next day they breakfasted at Abbeville, where they learned that the landlord in Berney had played them a French trick, for the gates were not shut till some hours after they arrived at the village. It was late in the evening before they reached Chantilly, which is not much to be wondered at, when it is considered that the journey was one hundred miles. Mr. Hornbuck was so much fatigued, that he knew not what to do for a little rest; and no sooner had he supped, than he fell fast asleep in his chair. Jolter, whose constitution was not so delicate, had swallowed such large draughts of wine, that he began to yawn, so that Peregrine and the lady had some time to improve to their mutual wishes. Indeed Peregrine had taken care to have opium administered to Jolter in his wine, which operated so strongly upon him, that he dreamed the most horrible dreams, and often started up in violent agonies. At last being put to bed as well as Mr. Hornbuck, they both fell fast asleep, for the gentleman was so much over-powered, that he even forgot his spouse. Peregrine, who longed with impatience to enjoy the lady, went softly to her room, where he found her in a loose gown and petticoat, and was just about completing his wishes, when Jolter got out of bed in the next room, and exclaimed *fire! fire!*

Women are very fertile at contriving schemes, especially where they are under the necessity of vindicating their honour from any aspersions that may happen to be thrown upon it, and therefore Mrs. Hornbuck, not doubting but her husband

husband would awake, ran into the room where Jolter was, and cried out, "Lord have mercy upon us, where is it?" Jolter, who was walking in his shirt, with his eyes shut, made no answer, but Peregrine vexed even to a state of madness, gave him such a slap on the shoulder, that in an instant he was brought back to the use of his reason. Mean while, Hornbuck having awaked from his sleep, and missed his spouse, doubted not but she was along with our hero, and jealousy instantly took place in his mind. In going in quest of his wife, he found that she had dropped her under petticoat, and there being no doubt remaining of her infidelity, he walked up to her, and shewed it to her. Her natural presence of mind hinted an excuse, for she declared that the petticoat was not her's, she not having such a one in her possession. Peregrine, who was very fertile at invention, told him that the petticoat belonged to the inn-keeper's daughter, with whom he had an intrigue, and wondered how he could be so foolish, as to prevent him from enjoying a little pleasure.

Hornbuck was too well acquainted with the tricks practised by young gentlemen, not to see into our hero's intentions, but without discovering the least mark of resentment, hastened to his bed-chamber with his spouse, and next morning set out three hours before Peregrine got up.

Our hero was obliged to put up with his disappointment, and as soon as he had taken lodgings at Paris, he sent an account of his journey to the commodore. His next business was to have clothes made in the fashion, and then he joined himself to a company of young gentlemen, who  
spent

spent the evenings in every species of debauchery. Most of these were his own countrymen, and as they had much money to spend, so it is not to be wondered at that they were guilty of many irregularities. In particular, they went one evening to a tavern, the landlady of which was extremely handsome, and our hero soon ingratiated himself into her good graces. The lady was one of those who are willing to bestow favours, so as they could be conducted with propriety, without giving offence to the husband ; but as ill luck would have it, her husband was extremely jealous of her, and coming home one evening, found her in such an attitude with our adventurer, that he could not help testifying his resentment. Peregrine, who happened to be then on the eve of enjoyment, was so much vexed, that he knocked the husband down, upon which the watch was called, and all the young gentlemen taken into custody. It happened that the officer of the night was a man of prudence, and therefore finding that little mischief had been done, he discharged them with a gentle reprimand.

This affair made such a noise, that it could not be long concealed from Parson Jolter, and as he respected the French government above all others in the world, he considered this part of his pupil's conduct as a high indignity offered to its laws. Indeed, the tutor was such a biggoted Jacobite, that his acquaintance reached no farther than among some of the English and Irish priests, who being extremely poor, spend much of their time in teaching foreigners the French language, and instilling into the minds of youth the utmost aversion to the English government. Such a  
person

person was not in the least qualified to be the tutor of a young gentleman of our heroes spirit, who looked upon him as a most arrant pedant. He despised every word that under the name of instruction dropped from his mouth, so that poor Jolter, in order to make the commodore believe that he had, at least, in some measure discharged his duty, contented himself with writing down, from time to time, an account of the money that Peregrine spent.

Peregrine having procured a chariot, and all other sorts of equipage, according to the fashion of Paris, he made his appearance at all the places of public diversion, and visited the gardens and palaces. But one day as he was returning home, two carmen happened to meet in the streets, and their carts being entangled, they both fell a boxing according to the mode of France. Pipes, who was then behind his master's coach, seeing one of the carmen on the ground, and the other belabouring him in the most unmerciful manner, jumped from his station, and having set the defeated combatant on his legs, told him to fight boldly, and he would see fair play. Accordingly the combat was again revived, and there being another coach as well as our hero's, interrupted by the engagement, one of the footmen, who stood behind, struck one of the combatants with his cane.

Pipes, who had true notions of honour, according to the system of English boxing, laid hold of the cane, and began to lay it about the aggressor with great dexterity. The other footmen, who were behind the coach, ran to the assistance of their brother. This new reinforcement

ment did not in the least intimidate Tom Pipes, for grasping the cane, he drove two of the footmen off, and belaboured the other in such a manner, that he was glad to beg for mercy. The whole street was now in an uproar, for the person whose servants had been assaulted in this manner, was one of the princes of the blood, but being a nobleman of age and experience, and Peregrine having made some submission to him on account of his quality, his highness took him into his chariot, and treated him with every mark of respect. The prince, who soon perceived that our hero had more spirit and education than generally falls to one of his age, took him home to his own house, and treated him as if he had been his own son. He introduced him to his lady, and some other very respectable persons, but he soon found that the French ladies paid no regard to any but such as spent the whole of their time in gaming. Not that he had any intention to desist from gaming, but he could not see with what propriety, ladies, who pretended to the highest rank, could so far demean themselves, as to spend their time in acting a part that set them on the same footing as those wretches whom we call common sharpers.

These considerations induced him to enter himself into a celebrated academy, where he became acquainted with several sensible people; but volatile dispositions and habits are not soon eradicated. This will appear evident from the following anecdote. Peregrine, who like most other young gentleman, was constantly in search of new scenes of pleasure, became acquainted with one of the polite girls of the town, and accordingly

cordingly took her into keeping. For some time he imagined that she was one of those, who in consequence of receiving a sufficient subsistence, would be at least faithful to him, but he was most wretchedly mistaken, for one morning Pipes came into his room, and told him that he saw a young spark in laced cloaths go out of her chamber.

Peregrine, who had at sometimes a large command of his temper, took no notice of what was said by Tom Pipes, but going towards evening to the house of his dulcinea, told her that he was obliged for that night to go on some business of importance to a distant part of the country. The lady, who was no stranger to all the arts of her profession, pretended to be very much affected, but Peregrine taking leave of her with the strongest professions of love, returned to his lodgings, in order to prepare himself for the executing a scheme that he had formed. About twelve at night, having given Pipes the cue, they both set out for the place, and knocked at the door, which was opened to them by the footman. Peregrine bolted in, and leaving Pipes to take care of the door, ran up stairs, and knocked most violently at the door of his dulcinea's apartment. Affairs were now in a very critical situation, but there being a window to the street, the visitor dropped out of it, and so made his escape. Pipes, who happened to see him descend, made up to him, and belaboured him with his cudgel, from one end of the street to the other, till being wearied with thrashing him, he gave him up to the patrol, who took him into custody for the night in a most wretched condition. Next morning the French gentleman was discharged, but the dishonour of having

having been beaten in so vulgar a manner, by an English footman, induced him to send a challenge to Peregrine, and both met together, where our hero came off conqueror, to the great mortification of the Frenchman, who was one of the officers of the guards.

Parson Jolter was so much offended with the conduct of his pupil, that he threatened to leave him and return to England, but Peregrine having made some concessions, he was diverted from his design, and once more resolved to spend some time longer in his beloved France. But still nothing could restrain the impetuosity of our hero's passions, for intrigue seemed to give life to all his actions.

One day as he was walking abroad to see some of the public places, he met Mrs. Hornbuck, and in the most imprudent manner agreed to elope with her. Accordingly they set out together to a village near Paris, where they gave themselves up to voluptuous pleasure, till the poor husband having found out the place of their residence, procured an order to take them both into custody. The affair began to make a considerable noise in Paris, and it might have been attended with fatal consequences, had not the English ambassador, a nobleman of great prudence, interposed so far as to represent our hero as a young man who had launched out into public life before he was acquainted with the world. In consequence of that representation our hero was set at liberty, but at the same time received a severe reprimand, with a positive injunction never to behave in the same manner for the future.

Soon



Soon after he was set at liberty, he went one day to visit the public places, and in one of the galleries he met with two of his countrymen, one of whom was a physician, but one of the most arrant pedants that ever lived; on the other hand the painter, who was the companion of the doctor, was an ignorant fellow, who had such an opinion of his own abilities, that all the ancient painters were considered by him as objects of contempt. With these two real originals in their way, our hero contracted an acquaintance, not so much from motives that could attach him to them on the principles of virtue, as that they were objects whom he could laugh at. He attended to every thing said by them, and could scarce refrain from laughing, when he heard that the painter condemned all the painters, whose works had done honour to the Italian schools; and the doctor, instead of minding the duties of his profession, spent the whole of his time in studying the most superficial parts of the Greek language.

Peregrine took the first opportunity to introduce his two new friends into the company of Parson Jolter, who received them in his usual formal manner, but as ill luck would have it, the doctor, who had borrowed his notions of government from the Greek classics, spoke with the utmost contempt of the French government, as being entirely despotic. On the other hand, Parson Jolter insisted that no form of government could be so good as that which enabled the prince to support his prerogative, because in consequence thereof, the people were kept in humble subjection, and none of them could find fault with  
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the measures of administration. At last the dispute arose to such an height, that both parties would have gone to blows, had not Peregrine interposed, and with the utmost difficulty made the contending parties good friends. In the mean time, the doctor, who was in every sense of the word, absorbed in the study of the classic authors, proposed to have an entertainment at Paris, according to the forms used by the old Romans, and our hero, with Parson Jolter, were both invited as guests. Some other foreigners were invited at the same time, among whom was a German count, and an Italian baron. Among other ingredients was a dormouse pye and a sow's stomach, stuffed with a hundred different sorts of herbs. The painter exclaimed that the Romans were the most beastly fellows he had ever heard of, and the Italian taking the pye on his knees, the whole contents bursted into his breeches, and made him roar out in the most vociferous manner. The whole company was now one scene of riot and confusion; the doctor said all he could to apologize for the conduct of poor Pallat, the painter, but all to no purpose; for every one was disgusted.

It was in vain to call the company to order, and Peregrine, who was still fond of intrigue, persuaded the painter to accompany him to the Opera. There having spent the evening, they made assignations with some girls, and were just on the point of returning home, when their coach was interrupted by one belonging to a prince of the blood. Peregrine would not give way, and Tom Pipes having acted in the most extravagant manner, the whole body of them were taken into custody,

custody, and Peregrine, with the poor painter, were committed to the Bastile.

The faithful Tom Pipes, as soon as he returned home, went and informed the English ambassador, and in consequence of his interposition, our hero and the painter were both set at liberty. Their release, however, was procured upon condition that our hero should leave Paris in a *very* time; and, accordingly, as soon as he had taken leave of his friends, he set out for Flanders.

The painter now began to have the most contemptible opinion of the doctor, and during the whole of their journey the time was spent in mutual quarrellings, the one calling the other a fool, and his companion retorting by the epithet *pedant*. During the first day nothing was to be heard but disputes concerning the difference between a monarchical and limited government, Parson Jolter always taking part with the French, and the doctor at the same time condemning them.

About seven in the evening they arrived at an inn, where a supper was provided for them, and as the principal part consisted of rabbits, Peregrine had a strong inclination to enjoy a little fun. He persuaded Tom Pipes to come into the room, and tell the guests, that there was the skin of an old ram cat hanging in the kitchen, and he was sure the body was then served up at the table. The painter, who had just then cut up a leg of the supposed cat, began to recollect that he had read the story in *Gil Blas* of Scipio's, and therefore he would not eat any more. Parson Jolter, whose stomach was not so very squeamish, told him that the people on the coast of France eat both cats  
and

and dogs, and that there could be no difference in the use of the animal, except what arose from vulgar apprehension or common inclination. This gave so much encouragement to the poor painter, that he proceeded to eat a little more, till a claw, that had been properly placed in the dish by Pipes, happening to fall out, he dropped his knife, and fell into a swoon. The doctor did all he could to relieve his friend, the painter, to a state of sensibility, and at last, having in some measure effected it, they all went to bed, and next day continued their journey to Flanders.

During their journey, the doctor expatiated on the excellency of the roads of the antients, while Parson Jolter represented those in France as far superior to any that had ever been seen.

In the evening they arrived in the neighbourhood of Arras, but the gates being then shut, they were obliged to lodge in the suburbs. It is true, they might have spent the evening with a great deal of pleasure, but, as ill luck would have it, two French officers happened to come to the inn, and engaged in gaming with our hero. They were so well acquainted with the principles of gaming, that Peregrine soon found he had to do with a couple of sharpers, and in the morning, when the landlord presented his bill, which he did with fear and trembling, they told him that he was a most wicked rascal, who thus thought to impose on the king's officers.

As soon as they were gone, the inn-keeper came into the room, and told our hero, that it was common for the military officers to do so, for such was the nature of the government in France. Peregrine, who had the most enlarged notions of government,

government, could not help looking upon him in any other light than as an enemy to the natural rights of mankind; but making the host some amends for the injury he had received, he proceeded on his journey along with his company. From Arras they proceeded to Lisle, where our hero soon contracted an acquaintance with several Scotch officers in the Dutch service, who had come there, during the summer season, to learn the art of war. One of the Scotch officers happened to be as great a pedant in the Greek language as the doctor himself, but then he had this advantage, that he had read over the commentaries of the chevalier Follard.

Acquainted with fortification, as laid down by Vauban, he was convinced in his own mind that there was at least some difference between ancient and modern fortifications. The doctor and the officer took a walk round the ramparts, and a discourse ensued upon the difference between ancient and modern fortifications. The Scotchman endeavoured to shew, that all towns fortified according to the modern method, must be constructed in such a way, as to be able to resist the force of balls, whereas the doctor said, that there was nothing could equal the methods used by the Greeks. This enraged the Scotchman so much, that he challenged the doctor, but as the son of Esculapius had no intention to fight, he applied to our hero, who accommodated matters in the most amicable manner.

One day as Peregrine was walking along the ramparts, he happened to fall into conversation with one of the knights of Malta, who bore a

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commission

commission in the French service. The discourse turned upon the English drama, which our hero vindicated to the satisfaction of the knight, who was himself a man of letters: but before they had done speaking, parson Jolter arrived in a great hurry, and told them, that Tom Pipes, having affronted a soldier, a great mob were gathered together, and that he was in danger of being killed. Peregrine hearing the danger his faithful Pipes was in, ran up to his assistance, and took along with him the knight of Malta, who ordered the soldier to be taken into custody, and brought before him. It seems, that Pipes, in his walk through the town, had got into company with some Irish soldiers in the French service, who treated him with great civility, but the subject of discourse happening to turn upon politics, Pipes cursed the pope, the pretender, and the French king, as well as all those who were connected with either.

This was too high an indignity for the soldiers to put up with, upon which a battle ensued between them and Pipes, in which the latter would have had the advantage, only he had no other weapon to defend himself but his fists.

Peregrine was so much exasperated at the conduct of Pipes, that he immediately dismissed him from his service; and next day the whole company set out for Ghent.

The whole company, besides our hero, the painter, the doctor, and Mr. Jolter, consisted of a lady of pleasure, a Jew broker, a capuchin friar, and a young lady committed to the care of the latter.

Jolter

Jolter disputed with the Jew about the meaning of some words in the scriptures ; the doctor ridiculed the capuchin ; while the painter made love to the kept mistress ; and Peregrine attached himself to the young lady, When the company had supped in the evening, they all retired to their own apartments ; but Peregrine having made an assignation with the young lady, got up about midnight, and went privately to her chamber.

It happened that the woman of pleasure lay in a bed in the same room, and the painter having got to the bedside, just at the same time that Peregrine got to the other, the capuchin, who had some suspicions, crawled upon his all fours, in order to make a discovery. He had scarce got up to the middle of the room when the painter felt his shaved head, and the priest, who was an arch wag, turning his jaws round, bit the finger of the painter in so severe a manner that he screamed out fire ! murder ! thieves ! Peregrine was so much enraged, that he knocked the painter down, and then returned to his own apartment, in order to prevent a discovery.

Next night when they came to Alost Peregrine made another attempt on the young lady, but Pallat, the painter, who had not yet relinquished his scheme, once more got into the room at the same time. This so much exasperated Peregrine, that he knocked him about till there was scarce any life left in him, and then decamping, in the dark, the poor painter was put to bed. The doctor, who had been called out of bed to attend the patient, declared that

he had been bit by a mad dog, and taking up the chamber-pot, emptied the whole contents of it upon him. In the midst of his fury the painter got up, and would have done signal execution on the doctor, had not he taken to his heels out of the room, and overturned Jolter in the passage, who tumbled like a dead log of wood into the kitchen. In the morning every thing being adjusted, our travellers set out for Brussels, where Peregrine had not been long when he met accidentally with Mrs. Hornbuck, from whom he had been separated at Paris. The two lovers met together every evening at a private house in the suburbs, but Mr. Hornbuck having discovered their retreat, hired two soldiers to lay hold of Peregrine upon his return home, and actually make him a eunuch.

As good fortune would have it, Tom Pipes, who had still kept near his master, though not perceived by him, happened to hear the conspirators talking of their intended scheme, at a public house, and went and gave Peregrine information of the whole: our young hero had too much spirit to forget the behaviour of Pipes at Lille, and therefore refused at first to speak with him, but the other convinced him of the necessity he was under of being on his guard, upon which he was once more taken into favour.

A plan was now laid to defeat the scheme projected by Hornbuck; and in the evening when the poor cuckold came to the place, he was dragged to the river, and ducked over head and ears; but his cries having brought the patrol to his assistance, our hero was taken into custody. Parson Jolter was quite confounded at the

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the conduct of his pupil, but as he was still under his care, he went to the governor of the city and procured his release. They then set out for Antwerp, where they had not been long when Peregrine fomented a quarrel between the painter and the doctor, and nothing less than a duel was to decide the merits of the controversy.

Pipes was made choice of as second to the painter, and Peregrine to the Doctor; but when they went on the ramparts, being both arrant cowards, they trembled like criminals who were going to be hanged. In vain did the seconds endeavour to force them to action, they shrunk back, and the painter at last taking to his heels, Tom Pipes gave him a knock on the breach, which tumbled him down. The fall of the painter gave fresh spirits to the doctor, who, making up to him, terrified him with a number of Greek verses, which he repeated from Homer, and forced him to acknowledge that he had been defeated.

From Antwerp they proceeded to visit the most noted places in Holland, where they met with nothing worthy of their notice, upon which, Peregrine, with his companions, set out for Harlem, and took shipping for Harwich in England, being desirous of once more visiting his native country.

As soon as he arrived in England, he went to visit some eminent persons, whose relations he had met with abroad, and then set out for the castle, where he was received by the good old commodore, in the most gracious manner. All the poor cottagers who lived in the neighbourhood.

bourhood, came to wish him joy on his return, and within a few weeks after he had the pleasure of seeing his beloved sister married to the young gentleman who had made his addresses to her before he went abroad. In the mean time his parents treated him in the same inhuman manner as before, but all this was made up by the goodness of the commodore.

Having attended the commodore with the most filial tenderness during a fit of illness, occasioned by the gout, the old gentleman proposed making over to him his whole estate, and to depend on him for a subsistence during the remainder of his life ; but this was what our hero would by no means comply with. The commodore being in some measure recovered, he gave Peregrine leave to return to London, and in his way thither he met with Emilia, and offered such rudeness to her, that she resolved not to have any thing more to do with him. This chagrined him so much, that he left her mother's house in disgust ; and soon after his arrival in London, met with her brother Godfrey, who, in consequence of his good behaviour, had been advanced to a lieutenantancy. After some days spent in the pleasures of the town, they both set out for Bath, where, by their cunning and ingenuity, they dispersed a whole gang of sharpers. At the same time they practised so many roguish tricks on the physicians, that those sons of the great Esculapeous were put to the blush amidst the whole circle of their acquaintance.

At Bath they became acquainted with a certain lady, whose sole business was to entertain every promiscuous company in her house, with

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no other view save that of procuring a name. Among others who visited her was one Mr. Crabtree, an old Welch gentleman, who, in consequence of some tricks that had been put upon him in his youth, became an enemy to all mankind, and was in the strictest sense of the word a misanthrope. That he might have it in his power to retail as much scandal as possible he feigned himself deaf, so that the most secret things were mentioned in his company, without the least suspicion that he heard any of them.

With this person our hero contracted an acquaintance, and he soon conceived that he was no more deaf than himself. Peregrine was astonished to hear him repeat a vast number of anecdotes relating to the nobility, and the frailty of nature among the females, served only to stimulate his desires, in order, if possible, to be able to add one to the number of those, who in consequence of their levity had been seduced.

The commodore had been for sometime in a bad state of health, and Peregrine thought that he could not consistent with his duty neglect to wait upon him. Accordingly he arrived at the castle, where he was received with open arms of affection, and next day his generous benefactor departed this life. He had given the most particular directions concerning his funeral; and our hero notwithstanding his volatile disposition in other things, took care to have it celebrated according to his desire.

The servants, whose hairs had become grey since they came to live with the commodore, lamented the loss of an indulgent master, and

the next day after his funeral the gentlemen in the neighbourhood came to congratulate our hero on his being left in possession of so ample a fortune.

Their principal design was to try, if possible, to bring about a reconciliation between him and his mother, but all to no purpose, for she remained as obstinate as ever, and declared that Peregrine was not her son.

In the mean time, Peregrine having settled all his domestic affairs left the castle in order to return to London, but in his way thither he called at the house where Emilia lived, and in a most audacious manner made an attempt on her virtue. The young lady treated him with that contempt his conduct intitled him to, but as her heart was not deaf to tender impressions she consented to give him her company at a masquerade. She imagined that he would not pursue his scheme any further; but she was mistaken, for no sooner was she mixed with the crowd, or rather the *herd*, than he made a second attempt on her virtue, but was repulsed in the same manner as before, and to complete her misfortune, her uncle, who was her guardian, and had her under his protection, forbid him from coming any more to his house, unless he thought proper to be ducked in a horse pond.

Baffled in all his attempts, he was filled with the utmost chagrine, for such is the violent impetuosity of youth, that they are in general deaf to the voice of reason. They go on from one degree of extravagance to another, till it is too late to change, and they seek for pleasure where  
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it can never be found. Peregrine, in order to vindicate his character, wrote a long submissive letter to Mrs. Gauntlet, the mother of Emilia, but the answer he received, served only to convince him that she looked upon him as an object of the utmost detestation. This stimulated him to such a height, that he resolved never more to visit the place, upon which, after returning to spend a few weeks at the castle, he resolved once more to drown his cares in London. Upon his arrival in London, he met with his old friend Cadwallader, the misanthrope, who informed him concerning many curious passages relating to the intrigues of the ladies of quality. One of them was a duchess, who had on all occasions prostituted herself to those who were kind enough to discharge her debts contracted at a gaming table, so that upon the whole she was in a manner a dishonour to her sex. Another was one of those ladies who pay no regard to moral obligation, and therefore having lost her first husband, whom she married from motives of love, she was by the orders of her father, who at that time was one of the commissioners in the custom house, obliged to give her hand to an Irishman, who taking him altogether, was one of the most insignificant wretches that ever lived. They had not been long married, when the lady discovered such an aversion to her husband, that she began to intrigue with several of the young nobility, and actually went over with one of them to France, where they spent a whole summer together. At last, she returned to England, and finding no other way left, in order to support her in extravagance, she once more threw herself into the arms of her

husband, and spent the remainder of her time in privacy.

Peregrine, had so much art, that scarce any thing could deceive him, resolved to make himself merry at the expence of his fellow creatures. Accordingly he got Cadwallader to assume the character of a fortune-teller, and in consequence thereof, he soon got acquainted with the many secrets that would otherwise have been buried in perpetual oblivion. To a young gentleman like our hero, this could not fail of yielding a considerable degree of entertainment, and in consequence thereof, he was at all times able to triumph over the most dignified female characters. Nothing was more common for him than to enter into an intrigue with a lady of quality, and as he knew well her prior character, he thought there could be no hurt in exposing her for the favour she had granted him. Peregrine, who never knew where to stop, when he wanted to indulge his favourite passion for ridicule, resolved to give such a mark of his ingenuity, as would transmit his name to all future ages.

Among the circle of his friends, he became acquainted with two notorious free-thinkers, or as we call them; deists, and these men having made a mock of all sorts of apparitions, he contrived to raise a fictitious one, that actually frightened them into the utmost state of superstition. The devil was represented as arising from hell, to take these infidels along with him to the infernal regions, and notwithstanding all the pretensions that our deists had made, yet when they saw the old gentleman with the cloven foot appear, they trembled as an aspen leaf, and for once declared, that

that their deistical notions were not able to carry them through in a day of adversity. They could not help reflecting that the heathens believed there was a future state of rewards and punishments, and that brutal fortitude to which they had so long attached themselves, vanished into nothing.

It was not long before our hero became celebrated for being one of the greatest wits of the town. He took notice of the conduct of the different nobility and gentry, who happened to be in his company, and he drew their characters according to the observations he had made. One in particular, who had been long represented as a patriot, or in other words a lover of his country, he represented, according to justice, as a most vile infamous debauchee, who had pretended to set up a scheme of reformation for the whole kingdom, while he knew at the same time that he was wallowing in lust with several common prostitutes. However volatile he might be in his own disposition, he could not help treating, with the utmost abhorrence, those wretches who set up for reformers of the nation, while at the same time their own houses exhibits nothing but scenes of debauchery. In the public news papers, and many other periodical works, he endeavoured to represent those wretches in their lively colours, and surely nothing could be more commendable. Shall the debauchee set up to reform the nation and promote charity, when at the same time he knows that he is going on in a course of impunity. Shall the spendthrift attempt to teach œconomy to the people, while he knows at the same time that he is living above his circumstances. In a word, Peregrine was convinced in  
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his own mind, that private virtue and patriotism, must, or at least, ought to go hand in hand together, and therefore it will appear to some of our more sensible readers, that those who are not able to take care of their own affairs, will never be able to attend to those of a public nature. Indeed it is a notion that has been too much cultivated in the present age, that people may be wicked at home, and at the same time virtuous abroad, but this is inconsistent with the first principles of natural reason, for he that is faithful over little, will be faithful over much.

Lieutenant Hatchway had now been married some time to the widow of the commodore, but that lady had so far given herself up to drinking, that she was seized with a dropsy, and there being no hopes that she would recover, her husband sent Peregrine a letter in the stile of a seaman, desiring his immediate attendance at the garrison.

Peregrine no sooner received the honest lieutenant's epistle, than he set out for the garrison, where he found his aunt in the agonies of death, and staid to perform the last offices to her, after which he returned, in order to visit his companions in London. In his way to London, he called on his friend Gauntlet, and had the good fortune to see him happily married to the young lady whom he had courted several years. Indeed Peregrine would have willingly married Emilia at the same time, but such was his attachment to gallantry, that he still entertained hopes, or rather wishes, of having it in his power to seduce that young lady, and to triumph over her shame.

Baffled, however, in all his attempts on her virtue, he set out for London, but had not been long



long there, when he returned to the garrison on a visit to honest Lieutenant Hatchway, who treated him with the utmost respect. Having settled several of his domestic affairs, he took leave of the lieutenant, and in his journey picked up a young gypsey, whom he resolved to take into keeping.

Tom Pipes was ordered to see her washed clean and dressed in a proper manner, and although her countenance had something ferocious in it, yet she was in many respects as agreeable as some of the court ladies. He introduced her to all the noted gaming tables, where she made a very distinguishing figure, for it was but a short time before she made herself acquainted with all the tricks practised in those polite circles. But notwithstanding her natural rusticity, yet she had the seeds of honesty in her mind, for one evening at a gaming-table, having discovered that one of the ladies was a dexterous hand at cheating, she called her a damned bitch, and walking towards the door, bid her kiss her arse. The ladies present upbraided our hero with having palmed upon them a common trull, and he having been cloyed with possession, gave her some money, and left her to make her fortune in the world in the best manner she could, so that she soon after became one of the women of the town.

Soon after he had discarded the young gypsey, he was visited by his old acquaintance Pallat, the painter, who had accompanied him in his journey from Paris to Flanders. The painter had got some poor daubings of several capital works of the Flemish schools, and had proposed to sell them by subscription, so that he was under the necessity  
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of making himself acquainted with as many of the nobility and gentry as possible. Peregrine looked upon him with the utmost contempt, but as he knew him to be poor, he did not say any thing to discourage him.

In the course of their conversation, the subject turned upon gaming, and our hero, who was altogether of a volatile disposition, embraced an opportunity that Pallat offered him of being introduced to the acquaintance of Lord Sweepstakes, who had for many years made the most distinguishing figure at Newmarket. As Peregrine had a considerable sum of money at his disposal, it was not long before he was fleeced of the greatest part, for gamblers, let their stations be what they will, are no better than cheats.

Vexed to find himself bubbled in that scandalous manner, he resolved to get into the ministry, and for that purpose ingratiated himself into the favour of a nobleman, who proposed setting him up as a candidate for one of the rotten boroughs. This led him into a fresh series of expences, but the other candidate having by opposite interest become more successful than Peregrine, he was obliged to sit down with his loss, and curse both government and ministers.

As Peregrine had good natural parts, he resolved to become a dependant on the ministry, and in their vindication he wrote several very satirical papers. This employment, however, was of too mean a nature to support a young gentleman of our hero's spirit, especially as the dignified nobleman gave him nothing but promises for all his trouble. It was natural for him under such circumstances to descend gradually to  
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meanness, and notwithstanding the elegant manner in which our hero had been brought up, yet he became every day more and more an object of contempt among all those with whom he had been formerly acquainted.

Tortured with these melancholy reflections, he one day took a walk to the park, where he had not been long, when he was accosted by his old friend Gauntlet, who soon after his marriage, had been advanced to the command of a company. Gauntlet was accompanied by his wife and sister, and no sooner had our hero seen the latter, than all those former emotions took place in his mind, that her person had first inspired. He said every thing he could think of in vindication of his conduct, but the young lady was extremely shy, and told him that nothing but a constant perseverance in the practice of every moral duty, would entitle him to her favour. They conversed together some time, and when they took their leave, he swore everlasting constancy to the object of his love, after which they parted for the present with very different sentiments, for our hero was tortured with the thoughts of having incurred the displeasure of his Emilia.

He next associated himself with a club of authors, most of whom were very despicable wretches, but they were at the same time so proud, that they would not for some time make him acquainted with all their secrets. As his wants were daily encreasing, he had recourse once more to the minister, who had so long filled his mind with promises, that he never intended to perform; but although several very lucrative places were then vacant, yet he was given to un-  
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derstand that they had all been disposed of. This declaration of the minister mortified him so much, that he could not conceal his resentment any longer, and therefore turning about, he left the presence chamber in the utmost disgust. From the minister's house, he went to visit the authors, whom he found engaged in a most violent dispute concerning the merits of some of their performances.

Peregrine had but little to say, for as yet he was no more than a novice, but as ill luck would have it, in the midst of the dispute, a bailiff came with a writ against one of them. The defendant who was no stranger to the power of catch-poles, no sooner heard of his danger, than he jumped out of the window, and pitching upon the top of a sedan, overturned it with a young maccaroni, who had been dressed out in the highest taste, in order to make his appearance at the opera. In the mean time he became acquainted with some of those insignificant wretches called antiquarians, who spend most of their time in looking over old coins and manuscripts, that cannot be read but by the help of a magnifying glass, or an index to explain the contractions. He had the good fortune, however, in consequence of his political writings, to procure a small pension from the minister, which for some time was regularly paid, but as he still wished for a settlement, he one day put the minister in mind of his promise, and having not received a satisfactory answer, he went home, and wrote him a letter, wherein he taxed him with duplicity, and the consequence was, that he was instantly discharged. The affair of his being discarded made some noise among those  
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at the head of affairs ; but the minister, who was hackneyed in all the ways of iniquity, told them that our hero was disordered in his mind, and for some time the story was believed. In revenge for being treated in so disgraceful a manner, he commenced a writer against the ministry, and treated the whole of their conduct with such ridicule, that they became objects of detestation to all ranks of people in the nation.

But this did not answer his expectation, for the minister who had never entered into any agreement with him, caused him to be arrested, and from a spunging-house he was removed to the Fleet-prison. There he found his confinement much better than is common in other prisons, and he met with several persons who did all they could to make his confinement as agreeable as possible. Among others, he met with a person who had spent his whole fortune, in order to procure justice to an injured young gentleman, but by a quibble in law, which will ever remain a disgrace to justice, he had been nonsuited, and in consequence thereof, not being able to pay his costs, he was arrested and committed to prison.

The news of Peregrine being committed to prison soon reached the ears of Lieutenant Hatchway, who with all his foibles was really a good man. The honest lieutenant, in company with Tom Pipes, set out for London, and not knowing Peregrine was to be confined for life, proposed taking lodgings along with him in the Fleet.

Peregrine said all he could to dissuade them from such a resolution, but all that he could prevail

prevail upon them to do was to take lodgings in the same neighbourhood. As it was their constant practice to visit our hero two or three times in the day, and to spend the evenings with him, so one night while Crabtree, the misanthrope, was there, they happened to quarrel, and the poor Welchman was tossed in a blanket. This was considered as such an outrage, that the warden ordered that Hatchway and Pipes should never be again admitted to the prison, and in the mean time Peregrine gave himself up to all manner of sloth and nastiness.

While he continued in this deplorable situation, his old friend Gauntlet, who had come to town in order to procure advancement in the army, came to the Fleet to visit him, and condoled with him on the unhappy state of his then circumstances.

As good luck would have it, a person, to whom Peregrine had lent some money to equip him for an East-India voyage, happened at that time to arrive in the Downs, and as he had met with considerable success, he came to the prison and paid the debt for which our hero had been arrested.

Being thus at liberty, he went to visit his old friend the lieutenant, who, notwithstanding some disputes that they had before, received him with open arms of friendship. He was informed by Hatchway that his father had been dead some time, and that he had left his whole fortune to his son Gam. That was a most mortifying stroke to our hero, who, notwithstanding all the unnatural usage of his parents, yet imagined that his father would have done him justice at last.

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This induced him to hold a consultation with his friends, who were all of opinion that there was something unfair, and that it would be necessary to make a proper enquiry into the nature of the will. This led to a discovery that the whole was a collusion carried on by the intrigues of his mother who had got a false will substituted in the room of the true one, to the injury of her eldest son. This led to a further enquiry, and, upon the most mature deliberation the whole cheat was discovered. The noise occasioned by this affair reached all over the country, but our hero, consistent with his common notions of benevolence, made a settlement on his mother and brother, after which he took possession of his estate, and proved himself to be the real heir at law to his father, notwithstanding all that had been done to injure him.

Having settled every thing of importance, he went to see his friend Gauntlet, and it was agreed upon between them to spend some time in the country. This was in a manner absolutely necessary, for our hero who had been confined several months in a prison, but the principal reason was to bring about a match between the two lovers.

Gauntlet had a real friendship for Peregrine, and told him, that he would do every thing to bring about an ecclaircissement between him and his sister. Accordingly our hero was indulged with an interview with his beloved Emilia, but she was so much on the reserve that it did not give him any satisfaction. Mortified at his disappointment he retired into another room, but had not been there long when he heard a dialogue

logue between the brother and sister, that gave him the most inexpressible pleasure. Emilia said, she had no objections to Peregrine, except such as arose from the nature of his conduct, which on many occasions had been very irregular. To this her brother answered, that whatever might have been his foibles, yet they were merely owing to the unguarded sallies of youthful imprudence, but as he had now returned both to a regular discharge of his duty as a man of honour and virtue, she could not with the least colour of reason have any objection to him.

Peregrine, who overheard this discourse, was in a manner quite transported, and waited for an opportunity of embracing his charmer, and running into her room flung himself at her feet in humble prostration.

As she could not bear to see him in that attitude, she gave him encouragement to rise, and then clasping her in his arms, he told her that he was for ever devoted to her, and that he would live and die with her. She told him, that he had been so wicked, that he ought to have undergone a severe punishment, but as things then were, she was willing at once to pardon him, and put up with a man for a husband whom she believed would be an arrant tyrant. In answer to this, as he was scarce able to speak, he told her that he had eighty thousand pounds in money, which should be at her service, and as a proof of his sincerity, he offered to lay the whole in her lap. So saying, he clasped her again in his arms, and sealed the contract into which he had entered with bestowing



ing a thousand kisses upon her who was more dear to him than his life.

Every thing being settled for the nuptials, our hero set out for the commons, in order to procure a licence, by which his happiness was to be sealed. It is true Emilia made some objection to his being so precipitate in an affair of such importance, but her brother, the captain, having interposed, she was brought to harken to the voice of reason, and gave her consent to the performance of the ceremony. Lieutenant Hatchway, who had never lost sight of our hero, resolved to be present at the ceremony of the marriage, and as he always liked a little fun, he proposed to make Peregrine drunk, previous to his going to bed. In that, however, he was disappointed, for our hero was on his guard, and took care not to drink any more liquor than was necessary.

The ceremony being over, Tom Pipes danced like a madman, as if he had been on the fore-castle of a man of war, while Hatchway regaled himself over his bowl of rum and water, in the same manner as if he had been on the quarter-deck of the commodore's ship. At last the new married couple retired, and next day was spent in the utmost degree of festivity. From London they set out for the country, where our hero ordered the castle to be put in proper repair, and having settled every thing with his tenants, he went to visit his sister, whom he found the mother of two beautiful young children.

He was, as well as his spouse, received by her with every mark of respect, and rejoiced in having it in his power to contribute towards promoting

moting her happiness. He lived agreeably and happily with his dear Emilia, and she soon made him a happy father.

Their friends and acquaintance looked upon themselves as happy in being connected with two persons of so much worth, and their fame for the exercise of every benevolent action, reached to the exterior parts of the country, where their names were known.

Peregrine detached himself from every vicious practice, and day after day convinced his wife that he was far from being an object unworthy of her choice, or improper for her to place her affections upon.

To conclude this work it is necessary to take notice of what happened to the other celebrated personages who have been so often mentioned in it. We have already consigned the commodore to the silent grave, and have seen that his widow, after having been married some years to Lieutenant Hatchway, paid the debt of nature, and was deposited beside her first husband, or to use the sea phrase, she was safely moored.

Lieutenant Hatchway survived the marriage of our hero about two years, most part of which was spent in drinking his can of flip, and smoaking his pipe. He often wished for a war that he might have one opportunity more of giving orders on the quarter-deck; but as nothing of that nature happened, he was obliged to come to an anchor, and be laid up in an everlasting dock.

Tom Pipes survived him about three years, and was treated by Peregrine with every mark of respect, and what added most to his pleasure  
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was, that the lovely Emilia suffered him to have a hammock to swing in, as if he had been still on board, or in the garrison. At last a violent storm obliged him to slip his anchor, and as there was none ready to take him in tow, he went to the bottom and was never after heard of.

The doctor whose feast had made such a distinguishing figure at Paris and Antwerp, returned to London, where he published proposals for a translation of Pindar from the original Greek; but not meeting with the success he expected, he commenced writer for a bookseller, and did every thing in his power to ridicule the Christian system. At last he became so notorious for his licentious writings, that an indictment was preferred against him, and being found guilty on the clearest evidence, he was committed to Newgate, till such time as he should pay a fine according to the judgment of the court. There he continued near two years in the utmost state of penury, till at last being forced by necessity, he wrote in defence of administration, and in consequence thereof procured his release, and at the same time received a pension of three hundred pounds a year, by the intercession of those in power.

The minister of state, by whose cruelty our hero had been so long cruelly oppressed, was, in consequence of a change at court, turned out of all employments, and spent the remainder of his time in fomenting schemes to cross the measures of government. At last he died, not only unpitied, but even hated by all those who had formerly known him, nor was there one left to shed a tear over his grave. He had domineered  
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over his fellow subjects while he was intrusted with power, but no sooner were his remains laid in the grave, than some of the meanest of them trod on them.

Pallat, the painter, who was one of the most arrant blockheads that ever lived, published proposals for some of his daubings, but they were executed in so wretched a manner, that he became an object of detestation to all those who knew him. His family was reduced to want, and his creditors becoming clamorous, he was arrested, and glad to take up the same lodgings in the Fleet, from which our hero had been so fortunately delivered. There he remained till he was set at liberty by an act of insolvency, and the rest of his days were spent in penury, which would have been still greater, had not our hero contributed towards his assistance.

With respect to our hero, he soon obtained a seat in parliament, and made a most distinguishing figure as a British senator. His family increased in the course of time, and such was his benevolence, that he never lost sight of such opportunities as put it into his power to be serviceable to his fellow creatures. From the whole of these circumstances we may learn, that it is never too late to refrain from vicious courses, and that wherever reformation takes place, beneficial consequences will follow. Such is the nature of things in this world, that we never know when to form a judgment till we are directed by the consequences, and this should teach us to watch over every part of our conduct, and so make it appear to the world that we are not unworthy members of society.

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# A D V E N T U R E S

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A M E L I A.

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**T**HIS novel was one of the last productions of the late ingenious Mr. Fielding, and is written on a plan very different from the rest of his compositions. In it the reader is entertained with a vast variety of occurrences, and upon each of them the author has made the most judicious reflections. A worthy family is here represented as suffering the utmost hardships, in consequence of the unnatural conduct of a sister, and the villainy of an attorney. Such scenes of distress are laid open to which too many of our fellow creatures are no strangers, and characters are introduced entirely consistent with nature.

The character of Mrs. Bennet, serves to shew that a parent may act in an imprudent manner  
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by giving his daughter too much education, and that there is a line to be drawn between what is peculiar to each sex. In Mr. Booth we find a brave young man, endowed with the purest notions of honour and benevolence, struggling under a load of afflictions, with none to comfort him besides those whose sufferings he was the innocent cause of. In Amelia we find piety and benevolence so blended together, that each became assistant to the other, in all their operations. She submits to those evils to which it seems Providence had thought proper to visit her, but at the same time shines with a redoubled lustre, under all her sufferings. Prosperity does not induce her to look down with contempt on her fellow creatures, and she even seeks to extend her benevolence to those persons whose crimes had occasioned all her sufferings.

In the first edition of this work some things were inserted, which, although innocent in themselves, yet were inconsistent with the common character of the author. In the correct edition of the authors works, published by Mr. Murphy, all these exceptionable places have been expunged, and in this abridgment that edition has been followed. The reader will here find that no fact of any importance has been omitted, nor has any of the reflections been curtailed, except where they appeared to be superfluous. Upon the whole great pains has been taken to make this abridgment much more useful to ordinary readers than ever it could be in perusing the whole, and young persons will be here gradually led to embrace virtue, as the most desirable thing in life.

Amelia

AMELIA was the daughter of a country gentleman, but deprived of her father in her more tender years, so that she had not the happy opportunity of being brought up under his direction. Her mother, however, supplied the deficiency, and she was brought up in such a manner that she soon became an object of admiration to all who knew her. One day as she was going to visit a friend, the chaise in which she rode, had the misfortune to be overturned, and she received such a violent wound in her nose that disfigured her lovely countenance ever after.

A misfortune of that nature would have made her an object of ridicule to the vulgar and unthinking wretches, who do not deserve the name of men, and yet such as were endowed with sensibility, could not refrain from pitying her. The inward graces of her mind shone in such a conspicuous manner, that all exterior imperfections were forgotten, and the person was beloved, in consequence of the intellectual faculties.

As soon as she was able to see company, Mr. Booth, a young gentleman, was invited to drink tea at her mother's, and no sooner had he seen the depredation that had been made on her lovely countenance, than she appeared to him with her intellectual graces the most lovely object in the universe.

Mr. Booth soon found himself in love, but he had not courage to declare his sentiments, because he was in distressed circumstances. But love is all powerful, and no motives can induce

the real lover to desist. This was the case with Mr Booth, for although he had resolved never to see his charmer any more on the footing of a lover, yet happening to come again accidentally into her company, he was more enamoured of her than ever. He made a declaration of his love, and his dear Amelia was touched with humane feelings, when she considered his distressed circumstances on the one hand, and her own deformity on the other. Being now on the footing of lovers, all restraint was thrown off, except such as is consistent with modesty and decency, and Mr. Booth would have looked upon himself as extremely happy, had he not turned his thoughts back to his circumstances. Like an honest man he laid every thing open to her, upon which, fetching a deep sigh, she said, that she wished they had never met, for so far as it appeared to her they could not be happy, unless married, nor happy then while the means of subsistence were wanting.

One day while the lovers were giving a vent to their mutual sorrows, the mother of Amelia burst out of a closet where she had concealed herself, and running up to her daughter told her that she had abused her indulgence by suffering a person to visit her on the footing of a lover who had nothing in view besides that of promoting her ruin.

This was an unexpected stroke to both the lovers, who knew nothing of her being there, and it is not certain what might have been the consequence, had not one Dr. Harrison, a Reverend Divine, who was at that time in the house, interposed, and put an end to the dispute. The doctor



doctor was one of those men who are an honour to their profession, and telling Mr. Booth that he had something of the utmost importance to communicate to him, took him away, leaving Amelia and her mother to settle the controversy between them in the best manner they could.

When Dr. Harrison had got Mr. Booth into his study, he represented to him, that nothing in the world was more improper than his entertaining thoughts of marrying a young lady who had been tenderly brought up, while he knew it was not in his power to support her according to her rank. In answer to this, Mr. Booth told the doctor that so far from having any mercenary views, he only desired to call Amelia his own, and with respect to what might be left her by her mother, it should be entirely at her own disposal, for he had resolved to purchase a commission in the army.

His answer was so satisfactory to the doctor, that he went to the mother of Amelia, and procured liberty for his being admitted on the footing of a lover. This was much more than he had ever expected, but he had not enjoyed the privilege long, when he was sent for to attend his sister, who then lay on her death-bed, and in consequence of a violent fever, soon after paid the debt of nature.

Mr. Booth was so much concerned for the loss of his sister, that for some days he forgot to write to his beloved Amelia, but on the very day of the funeral, a messenger arrived from Dr. Harrison, desiring him to return as soon as possible. Having called the messenger into the room, he extorted from him, that a great gentleman had come with proposals of marriage to Amelia, and that

he was desired to return instantly to Dr. Harrison's house. Upon that, he left the dead corpse of his sister, and set out for the house of Dr. Harrison, by whom he was received with open marks of friendship. The doctor told him that a few days before, a rich old gentleman had come with a grand equipage, and had made very advantageous proposals of marriage to Amelia, and although she had rejected them with the utmost disdain, yet her mother had given but too much countenance to them. The doctor said all he could to dissuade the old lady from a scheme that must in the end make her daughter unhappy, but all to no purpose, for she still remained obstinate in hopes that her daughter would be enabled to enjoy all those indulgences that are the natural consequences of an opulent fortune.

In the mean time a wine merchant came into the doctor's house, and informed him that he was going to send a hamper of wine to the house of Amelia's mother, upon which it was proposed that Mr. Booth should be closed up in the hamper and sent thither. Mr. Booth gave his consent, and accordingly he was conveyed to the house, and set down in one of the out-houses, where he remained till two of the servants came to take out the contents. It is natural to suppose that the servants would be surprised, when they saw a man in the hamper, and indeed both of them took to their heels, not doubting but the devil had come to fetch them away before their time. Poor Booth was obliged to remain in his unhappy situation, till such time as Amelia arrived, who with her mother and sister had been out on a visit to a friend.

The

The mother of Amelia had received some intimation of what Mr. Booth had done in getting into the hamper, and therefore she no sooner arrived, than she went to the place where he had concealed himself, and upbraided him in the severest terms. She then led him to the gate, and having conducted him out, told him never more to be seen at her house. It was not a proper time for him to dispute the orders of a woman so imperious as the old lady, and therefore taking his leave he walked several hours in an extreme cold evening, before he came to a place where he could get lodgings.

However, before he arrived at a house, a woman came up just as he was getting over a stile, and threw herself into his arms. He embraced her in the most tender manner, and having lifted her over the stile, they proceeded together till they came to a hedge, where they concealed themselves till those who had been sent in pursuit of them were past. The pursuers being gone, the two lovers proceeded on their journey till it began to rain in the most violent manner, upon which being directed by a light that attracted their notice, they went into a cottage without any sort of ceremony. It happened that the good woman, who lived in the cottage, had been nurse to Amelia, and the mutual surprise that took place between them, may be conceived, but it cannot be expressed. The well-meaning good woman did all she could to accommodate them in the best manner, and having dried their cloaths, it was agreed upon between the lovers, that the nurse's son should be sent with a letter to the worthy Dr. Harrison.

It happened that when the young gentleman's letter was received by the doctor, he was engaged in company, so that they did not receive any immediate answer, and while they were deliberating on more proper means to be used, the mother of Amelia came into the cottage with the picture of a fury painted on her countenance.

Amelia no sooner saw her mother, than she fell into convulsion fits, and in the mean time Dr. Harrison arrived with a licence, and next day they proceeded to the church and were married.

During the first two or three months after their marriage, nothing remarkable happened, for both were fond of each other on the principles of the most unsullied virtue, and the mother of Amelia seemed to be reconciled to the match.

Mr. Booth, who had hitherto been no more than an ensign, was advanced to a lieutenancy in consequence of two additional companies having been added to the regiment. Soon after this small promotion took place, the mother of Amelia insisted that her daughter's fortune should be settled on herself, and that as Mr. Booth had obtained his commission gratis, it was necessary that no deductions should be made on account thereof. This proposal Mr. Booth complied with without the least hesitation, but from this time forward there was a visible alteration in the countenance of Miss Betsy, the sister of Amelia. She took every opportunity to traduce the character of Mr. Booth, and although some persons made use of the warmest arguments, in order to bring her to a sense of reason, yet something so selfish had taken place in her mind, that she  
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became an object of detestation to all those that knew her. However, from motives which afterwards appeared to be of a political nature, the young lady became more cordial to her sister, and her brother-in-law, and all that resentment which formerly had made her appear more odious, seemed now to have vanished; but alas! it was only to break out anew with a more redoubled fury than ever had appeared, for it was first discovered by her own relations, who had no suspicion of her cunning.

Dr. Harrison, who in all the affairs of this family, took care to act like every honest man, an indulgent part, no sooner heard what the contending parties had to alledge against each other, than he proposed becoming a mediator, in order to reconcile them and make them once more friends. He proposed that as nothing was so dear to a soldier as honour, so he was not on any account whatever to forfeit his title to it. In this the worthy doctor was seconded by Amelia, who fell on her knees, and implored her husband that he would not do any thing inconsistent with his honour. This affair being settled, Dr. Harrison spent the remainder of the evening with the old lady, and said every thing he could think of, in order to reconcile her to her daughter and her husband. When the evening was almost spent, Mr. Booth returned to his chamber, where he found his Amelia on her knees, praying to that Divine Being, whose providence superintends all the affairs of the children of men.

He did not think proper to disturb her, but as soon as her devotions were over, he took her in his arms, and told her that the nature of his em-

ployment required his attendance in another part of the world, upon which a most tender scene ensued. Amelia was willing that her husband should do his duty, but she could not bear the thoughts of being so long separated from him. The nature of his business, however, admitted of no delay, and therefore next morning he was obliged to take leave of his beloved Amelia, and set out on his journey.

He had rode only about two miles, when he discovered that he had forgot something that Amelia had given him to keep in memory of their love for each other; and therefore he sent his man back to bring them, for it would have been imprudent for him to have gone himself, because he would have been reduced to the same difficulty as before, when he first took leave of her.

This young man, who attended Mr. Booth, in the quality of a servant, was the son of that woman who had given suck to Amelia, and therefore there is no doubt but he would be treated by Mr. Booth with the utmost respect. When he returned, his face was covered over with tears, and Mr. Booth having asked him the reason, he told him it was only something of a private nature, upon which he was not pressed any farther. Next day they joined the regiment, which then lay at Plymouth, and having embarked on board the transports, they set sail for Gibraltar, but were soon after overtaken with a most violent storm. The distress to which they were reduced, was more than can be expressed, and several of the ships, with all the people on board perished. This was a most awful scene to Mr. Booth, who had never been at sea before,  
but

but he endeavoured to reconcile himself to it with a philosophic firmness. The thoughts of his Amelia were still uppermost in his mind, and the consideration, or rather hope that she was alive, reconciled him to the dangers of the raging ocean, and induced him to set a proper value upon all the affairs of human life, so as not to prefer any thing above its real intrinsic value.

Soon after their arrival at Gibraltar, Mr. Booth was sent on a party against the common enemy, and received a wound in his leg, but his servant, who still adhered to him, carried him off in his arms, and so saved his life. When he was brought back to the garrison, his pain was so great, that it threw him into a violent fever, but Atkinson, his servant, and one Mr. Jones, who commanded a company in the same regiment, both sympathized with him in so tender a manner, that he was soon brought to the use of his reason, and in a short time afterwards he was able to walk abroad.

As soon as he was once more able to join the regiment, he was sent on another message, namely, to attack one of the enemy's forts, but received such a violent contusion, that he was once more obliged to be carried back to the garrison.

During the time he was confined with this wound, his lovely Amelia rushed into his chamber, without having given him any notice of her intention to visit him. After the mutual congratulations were over, Amelia told her husband that she had been informed by a letter from an unknown hand, that his life was in danger, and that therefore she had crossed the seas, in order to visit him.

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As soon as Mr. Booth recovered from his indisposition, Amelia fell ill, and it was thought that her life was in danger, for the nature of her disorder was not understood by the physicians who attended her. To increase the affliction of this amiable couple, Amelia, when in a state of the utmost weakness, received a letter from her sister, wherein she was informed, that her mother had utterly discarded her, but that so far from alienating her affections from her husband, only served to endear him the more to her. The respect which the governor of Gibraltar had for Mr. Booth, induced him to suffer him to go to Montpellier, where his wife, as well as herself, would have an opportunity of drinking the waters, and consequently being again restored to their former state of health. Accordingly they embarked on board a ship at Gibraltar, and sailed for Marseilles, from whence they proceeded over land to Montpellier.

They had not, however, been long there, when the good sense of Amelia gained her many admirers, and Mr. Booth, notwithstanding his usual philanthropy of temper, began to be jealous. Among other persons who had come there for the benefit of their health, was one Mr. Bath, who had been some time major of a marching regiment, but was then on half pay, and along with him was his sister, a young lady, who had shone as one of the most distinguished coquettes in England, but in consequence of her reputation, having begun to decline, she had gone over to France, not doubting but that at Montpellier she would meet with a certain person who had not used her in the most generous manner. At that place of dissipation she continued some time, but

not



not meeting with what she expected, she began to intrigue with some of the French gentry, who of all others, are the most volatile persons in the universe, and never happy unless they find themselves attached to one of the fair sex.

These intrigues brought on a duel between the major, who stood up for the honour of his sister, and the French gentleman who wanted to seduce her. The combat itself, however, was no more than an affair of honour, and although the major received some wounds, yet he soon recovered from them, and then the whole company set out together for Paris. Upon their arrival in that celebrated city, they were treated with great respect by some of the English nobility, who happened to be at that time spending the season in Paris. It is natural to suppose that Mr. Booth's circumstances were of too circumscribed a nature to admit him to launch out into fashionable follies, and therefore he and his spouse contented themselves with private lodgings. They had not, however, been long there, when Mr. Booth received a letter from Dr. Harrison, wherein he informed them that the mother of Amelia was dead, and that she had bequeathed the whole of her estate to her other sister. He added at the same time that he had sent them one hundred pounds, which they would receive in consequence of their calling at a certain place, and that he would as far as was in his power, endeavour to promote their interest in the world, and make some amends for the injury that had been done them, consistent with the laws of this country.

Soon

Soon after this, our travellers left Paris, and set out for England, but as nothing happened to them in their journey, so it is not worthy of being taken notice of. When they arrived in London, Amelia was too much attached to the interests of the child, whom she had left in Wiltshire, to spare one moment till she had seen it, and therefore she set out for the place as soon as she had received proper refreshment.

The humanity of Dr. Harrison was such, that she knew not of any person to whom she could with propriety address herself more than to him, and as he had been her friend, as well as the friend of her husband, on every occasion, she went to his house and knocked at the gate.

The doctor received them with the same good nature that distinguished all his actions, and the evening being spent in the most agreeable manner, she and her husband retired to an apartment, which the doctor kept for the use of his friends. During the whole of the night Amelia could not sleep one wink, so full was her mind of the distress to which she was reduced, and next morning having breakfasted with the good doctor, they all set out together to visit the young infant, whom she had left behind; and whom they had not seen for some time.

A parent only can know what Mr. Booth and his dear Amelia felt, when they saw their beloved infant; every little prattling word served to endear it to them; and from thence, though with reluctance, they set out to visit the place where Amelia had been brought up with the  
utmost

utmost tenderness, and which was then inhabited by her sister. They were received with a sort of distant formality; for the young lady, in whose favour the will had been made, behaved with so much reserve, that visiting her was rather a pain than a pleasure. She told Amelia that it had pleased heaven to remove her mother by death, and that as she had left the whole of her fortune to her, so there was not the least doubt but she must have had her reasons for doing so. It is true she pretended to sympathize with her sister, but instead of alleviating her distresses, she suffered her to remain in the same distressed condition as before.

It could not be supposed that Amelia could hear all this without emotion, for she burst into tears and took her leave soon after. Next morning her sister wrote her a letter, wherein she told her, that as she had married without her mother's consent, so she had no reason to expect that any thing should be left to her. In the mean time Dr. Harrison, who had the interest of Amelia at heart, and wanted to see it promoted as far as it lay in his power, proposed that Booth should occupy a farm that belonged to him. The farm lay contiguous to the parsonage house, and as the doctor was obliged to go abroad to superintend the education of a young nobleman, so Booth complied with the proposal, and for some time lived extremely happy.

He might have continued so to the last, had he been able to bring his mind down to his circumstances, but unhappily for himself he fell into disputes with a squire, who was the principal

cial person in the parish, and the curate, whom Dr. Harrison had left to officiate in his room.

Mr. Booth, in order to make himself appear the more respectable; vamped up an old coach, but the supporting it in a proper manner, was attended with such expence, that in the compass of four years he became indebted for the sum of three hundred pounds. His goods were seized on, and having nothing left, he set out for London, where he arrived in a few days afterwards. His misfortune, however, was, that the first night after his arrival, he was taken up for having been concerned in a riot in the street, and although he was entirely innocent, yet a certain justice of the peace committed him to prison.

While Mr. Booth was in prison he became acquainted with one Miss Matthews, a young lady of but a loose character, who had been committed on suspicion of having murdered one of her lovers. She was not destitute of generosity, and seeing the distress to which Mr. Booth was reduced, gave him money to supply his immediate wants, and a mutual friendship took place between them. A criminal conversation ensued, which continued above a week, when they both procured their discharge, but just as they were going to take their leave, Mr. Booth heard a female voice exclaim, Where is he! and immediately recollected that it was his Amelia. She had scarce spoken when she fainted away, but the wife of the goaler, who was a notable woman, in her way, came to her assistance, and endeavoured to bring her back to the use of her senses.

Amelia.

Amelia had no sooner come to her self, than turning her eyes to her husband, she saw Miss Matthews standing beside him. She was no stranger to the character of that young lady, and wondering what could be the reason why she was so intimate with her husband, asked her several questions, but did not in the least express any ill-nature. In the mean time one of the turn-keys came in and told Mr. Booth that his coach was waiting, upon which he and Amelia went into it, and Miss Matthews, to her no small mortification, was suffered to go home by herself.

Mr. Booth and his lady retired to private lodgings, where they found the children waiting for them, and at the same time imploring every blessing upon them. The remembrance of past follies put Mr. Booth to the blush, especially when he recollected the difference between an amiable wife, and one, who in the utmost sense of the word, was no better than a common prostitute. He gradually sunk into a deep melancholy, and as his wife did not in the least suspect the cause, she imputed it to the distress he was under for the happiness of his children, who were likely to be left miserable objects, and to be despised by all those that knew them.

Amelia told him that nothing in her power should be wanting to make his life as agreeable as possible, upon which he began to recover a little of his former vivacity, and one morning at breakfast he asked her in what manner, or by what means she had learned where he was confined. She told him that it had been reported  
all

all over the country that he had been committed for murder, and as all she had was at stake she took her passage in the Salisbury stage along with the children, and arrived safe in London. Upon further enquiry he found that Miss Matthews was the person who had propagated the story, for Amelia pulled a letter out of her pocket signed by that lady. The contents of the letter were, that Mr. Booth had committed a capital offence, and that whatever might be the consequence, he had one in prison along with him who would stand by him to the last. Booth had no sooner read the letter than he tore it in pieces, with all the marks of indignation, and then threw the contents into the fire. He was sorry to think that he was under any pecuniary obligation to Miss Matthews, and much more so when he began to discover that she had made them public; but still he resolved to dissemble his resentment, and as soon as ever he should have it in his power, make her an ample amends, especially as she had been of service to him in the most trying of all difficulties, namely the horrors of a prison.

While Mr. Booth was reflecting on the subject matter of this scandalous letter, he received one from the doctor, reflecting on his conduct, for having set up a carriage while he was indebted to him for two years rent. The doctor informed him that his conduct had been entirely inconsistent with reason, and although he did not chuse to make use of any violent methods to enforce the payment of what was owing, yet he could not help looking upon him as an object of contempt

contempt for involving his family in such difficulties.

He could not conceal the contents of the letter from Amelia, and although it gave her much trouble to peruse it, yet she said every thing she could to comfort him. In the mean time Mr. Booth went to take a walk in the Park, and while he was gone his little boy asked his mother what was the matter with his pappas; Amelia looking at the child with the greatest maternal tenderness, told him that his pappas was only a little thoughtful, but that he would be merry after dinner, upon which the child was satisfied, and she returned to give vent to her grief in tears.

When the hour of dinner arrived, Mr. Booth brought along with him his old friend Mr. James, who had been formerly married to Miss Bath, and Amelia received him with open arms of friendship. She made some apology for the dinner not being dressed up in the same elegant manner as when they were in affluent circumstances, but good nature and good humour soon put an end to these formalities.

When dinner was over, Amelia went to attend her children, and in the mean time, Mr. James, who had risen in the army to the rank of a lieutenant-colonel, told Mr. Booth, that nothing in the world was more likely to promote his interest as that of going into the army. He promised to give him all the assistance in his power, and at the same time proposed backing his petition to some of the great men, who were at the head of public affairs.

It

It is not to be wondered, that Mr. Booth, who had a family to support, would embrace any scheme that was consistent with honesty could support their wishes, and therefore he resolved to comply with what Colonel James had proposed. The next day as he was sitting at breakfast he received a letter from Miss Matthews, which he put into his pocket unopened. When breakfast was over he went to take a walk in the Park, where he met with the colonel, and told him of the distress to which he was reduced, and then they walked to a coffee-house at the end of Spring Gardens. There they conversed together in the most friendly manner, but from a variety of concurring circumstances, it appeared that the colonel was no stranger to the contents of the letter. Mr. Booth, who was no stranger to real courage, and at the same time did not chuse to wish his life in the hands of every ruffian, wanted to come to an eclaircissement with the colonel, and to know whether or not he had acted in conjunction with Miss Matthews, in order to disturb the peace of his family.

Indeed he was not left long in the dark, for that same hour he received a letter from Miss Matthews that served to unravel the whole mystery, and he found that James was his rival in the affections of that lady. As nothing in the world could give more satisfaction to Mr. Booth than that of making his wife happy, so he hesitated whether he should not make an open confession to her of the imprudencies he had been guilty of, or conceal them till such time as she found them out by the information of another person, who, perhaps might fix such a stigma upon



upon them as would for ever render them inserviceable towards promoting any beneficial purpose.

The next evening Mr. Booth and his lady went to take a walk in the park, with the children along with them, and coming near the parade, Mr. Booth began to describe to his wife the different buildings adjoining. In the mean time the little boy, their eldest son, happened to slip away among the croud, and Mr. Booth, casting his eyes to a little distance, saw a foot-soldier shaking the little boy in a menacing posture. Mr. Booth, without the least hesitation, jumped over the rails, and tripped up his heels. A serjeant, who happened to be then on duty, ran up to the soldier, and bestowed upon him a hearty curse, telling him at the same time that he ought to be hanged.

The serjeant then went up to Booth, and made an apology for the behaviour of the soldier, but how great was his surprize, when he saw one that had been long dear to him, namely, his foster sister Amelia.

The faithful Atkinson, for that was the name of the serjeant, was received by Mr. Booth with open arms of respect, and added that whatever might be his present station, he was under every obligation to him. Amelia was so much pleased to see poor Atkinson, that she wished him joy of his commission; for because he had laced clothes, she thought that he had been in a much higher station than he really was.

The serjeant, who had all the good nature that any man could possess, walked home with Amelia, while Mr. Booth conducted the children. When they arrived at the house, the  
good

good woman, who saw that Amelia was disordered, begged her to walk into the parlour, where she gave her a glass of wine and water, upon which she began to recover her spirits, and the usual bloom returned into her amiable countenance.

She then gently chid Mr. Booth for being so rash, and pulling her little boy to her said, Billy you must never do so any more, for you see that your poor father's life was in danger. La, mamma, said the child, what harm did I do? Can there be any harm in walking in the green fields? If I have done a fault, I am sure I have been punished enough for it, for the man almost pinched a piece out of my arm. He then shewed his arm, which was greatly discoloured from the injury it had received, upon which serjeant Atkinson returned to attend his duty on the guard.

This accident, however trifling it may appear to some persons, served to make the landlady of the house better acquainted with her lodger than she had hitherto been. Mrs. Ellison, for that was the name of the landlady, was one of those women, who, without any large share of beauty, had learned to make herself agreeable to every person with whom she conversed, and such was her good humour, that Amelia could not help taking notice of her, and actually solicited for the continuance of her friendship, as long as she lodged in the house.

In this manner they continued on very good terms during the space of two weeks, at the end of which Colonel James sent Mr. Booth a letter that gave him no small share of uneasiness.

Amelia

Amelia wanted to sympathize with her husband, but he not chusing to communicate to her the contents of the letter, she desisted from asking him any questions. In the afternoon, Mrs. Ellifon, who was all good nature, could not help taking notice that her lodgers were under some sort of a cloud, and therefore having received a present of several tickets for an oratorio at the Hay-market, she told Amelia that she would make her a present of one, and at the same time accompany her to the place.

Amelia thanked Mrs. Ellifon for her kindness, but in the politest manner declined the favour, because, as she justly observed, it was inconsistent with one in her circumstances, to go to places of public entertainment, while she had scarce so much as would support her and her children with the common necessaries of life. Mr. Booth said all he could to persuade his wife to accompany Mrs. Ellifon to the opera, but she dropped some hints with the most becoming propriety. Mrs. Ellifon did not, consistent with good manners, chuse to insist any futher, but set out for the opera house by herself.

She was scarce gone when an officer of the regiment to which Mr. Booth formerly belonged having enquired of Serjeant Atkinson where Mr. Booth lodged, came that day to visit them. He told Mr. Booth that he and some of his brother officers were to dine next Wednesday at a tavern, and Amelia, who was all compliance, made no objection against her husband going thither, especially as she thought it would in some measure dispel the melancholly that they seemed to hang over his mind.

It

It may be asked by the reader, what could induce Mr. Booth to go the tavern, and at the same time refuse to accompany his wife to the opera-house. The reason was, (and perhaps a very good one) that the tavern where they were to meet was within the verge of the court, and every one of the officers had at that time writs issued out against them. These considerations, indeed, brought him to comply with the request of his brother officers, and the evening was spent in the most agreeable manner, especially when it was considered that no catchpole could come to molest them. Indeed, in some cases, many of these gentlemen become objects of compassion, for this reason, that they have had liberal educations, and been taught to expect more than Providence has put in their way to enjoy. Unacquainted with that prudence which should regulate all the affairs of human life, they are apt to live above their circumstances, and feed themselves with vain hopes, till their creditors become clamorous, and then they are obliged to seek an asylum in any place where they can obtain protection. In all cases of that nature we should look upon those gentlemen as persons who are entitled to our respect, for although they have been guilty of imprudencies, yet they are not to be hunted down as beasts of prey, and driven out of the society of all rational creatures, as is too much practised in similar cases.

Through many persuasions, Mrs. Ellison prevailed on Amelia to accompany her the week ensuing to the opera, where they remained above two hours before the performers made their appearance

pearance. A gentleman who sat next them did every thing to make the time as agreeable as possible, and when they came out he conducted them home. When he took his leave he promised to call next day to drink tea, and in the mean time a long discourse took place between Amelia and her landlady.

Mrs. Ellison was a woman of extreme gaiety, for no sooner had Amelia mentioned to her, that she thought she had acted imprudently in admitting the gentleman to visit them, than the other burst out into a loud laugh, and told her, that there was no wonder that all the men in the world should be in love with her, could they only find an opportunity of seeing her. These words uttered in so light and so volatile a manner, gave Amelia but a mean opinion of her landlady, especially as she seemed to make so light with the most sacred of all duties between the sexes, namely, that of marriage.

About twelve o'clock at night Mr. Booth came home, rather flushed with wine, but so good natured, that Amelia received him with open arms of love; and for that night they went to bed in the most peaceable manner.

In the morning as soon as Mr. Booth got up, honest serjeant Atkinson came and told him, that he had been at an alehouse the preceding night, where he heard one Murphy, an attorney, say, that he had a writ against one Captain Booth, which he would next morning get backed by the clerks of the Board of Green Cloth.

Mr. Booth thanked honest Atkinson in the most obliging manner, telling him that he had too much reason to fear that he was the person

mentioned ; because his circumstances had been long in a very distressed condition. Atkinson told him, that as he was a house-keeper he would give bail to the writ as far as his interest would go ; upon which Mr. Booth, who was much troubled in his mind, told the serjeant that he would take the utmost care of himself he possibly could ; but at the same time did not neglect to thank an honest fellow who had thus generously undertaken to stand by him in his distress, without being solicited to do it.

Mr. Booth was of opinion that the writ must have been taken out by Colonel James, because all the other debts he owed had been contracted in the country ; but he could not account for Murphy having been made choice of as the attorney to carry on the suit. However, he made no doubt but he was the person, and therefore he resolved to confine himself to his lodgings, till he saw the event of the affair.

It seems, that, the evening before, while he was at the tavern, a gentleman took such notice of him, that he promised to use all his interest in recommending him to the secretary at war ; and there being at that time a vacancy in a regiment abroad, he thought that it could not be unacceptable to Booth.

The afternoon was spent with Mrs. Ellison, who waited for the gentleman who promised to drink tea with them, but he did not come ; and therefore Amelia, who only dreaded his appearance, was in high spirits ; for from the whole of his behaviour he seemed to be one of those who pay no regard to moral duty, while a lovely woman is the object of a brutal gratification.

A young

A young lady with whom Mrs. Ellifon was well acquainted, came to spend the afternoon with them, and as she was extremely grave in the whole of her deportment, Amelia conceived so strong a desire to be acquainted with her character, that she could not help asking Mrs. Ellifon some questions, and from her she learned that her name was Bennet, that she was the widow of a young clergyman who had died of a consumption, and left her exposed to all the hardships that necessarily arise from a state of penury. The curiosity of Amelia was stimulated to the utmost, in order to contract an acquaintance with an unfortunate lady in distress, and, therefore she begged of Mrs. Ellifon to introduce her to her. The good woman promised to comply with her request, telling her at the same time, that Mrs. Bennet was a lady of no ceremony, so that she might be introduced to her at any time.

The two next days Booth spent at home with his dear Amelia, which was no small comfort to her, who was never happy out of his company. On the Saturday following, a noble lord came to drink tea at Mrs. Ellifon's, who was actually a distant relation of that lady's, for although she had been reduced in her circumstances, yet she had some persons related to her of the highest rank among the nobility and gentry.

During their conversation, Mrs. Ellifon took occasion to mention to his lordship, what a happy circumstance it would be, if he could by his interest provide for Mr. Booth in the army; for although this nobleman was not in the ministry, yet his influence was great with every one at

the head of public affairs. His lordship, who, like many others of the same rank, cannot look upon an amiable woman without wishing to have such connections with her as are inconsistent with modesty, declared, that nothing should be wanting on his part to perform so benevolent an action, and Mr. Booth made him the most grateful acknowledgments.

When that happy day arrived on which the most wretched debtor may walk abroad without being afraid of catchpoles, Mr. Booth went out to take the fresh air, and after walking about an hour in the Park, he went to the lodgings of Colonel James, in order to know why he had taken out a writ against him. He was, however, denied admittance, under pretence that the colonel was not then stirring, and after he had walked another hour, was told by the servant that he was gone out.

Disappointed in this manner he went into a coffee-house near St. James's, where he had not sat long when he heard one officer call out to another, that there was the person come whom he wanted. This person was no other than Major Bath, with whom Mr. Booth had been long acquainted. He asked Mr. Booth several questions concerning the state of his affairs, when Booth told him in a whisper, that he had a great many things to communicate to him, particularly relating to Colonel James, whose friendship he was afraid he had lost.

Accordingly they took a walk into the Park, where Mr. Booth informed the major in what manner the colonel had used him, and how he had first taken out a writ against him, and then  
had



had got it backed by the clerks of the board of Green Cloth. He added that he had called on the colonel for an explanation, but was denied admittance to him; upon which the major proposed that he should once more go and deliver a challenge to the colonel.

Mr. Booth was too much convinced of his own deplorable circumstances to venture upon a project so dangerous in its own nature, and likely to be attended with fatal consequences. The major, however, was all on fire, and insisted that there should be a duel consistent with the character of gentlemen, or he would look upon them as the greatest poltroons ever after: upon which they both departed for the present, dissatisfied with each other.

Such was the end of this conversation, so little to the satisfaction of Mr. Booth, that he began to wish he had never mentioned one word of what had happened, and to add to his misfortune, he found upon his return home, that one of the children had been taken extremely ill. As Amelia had been extremely uneasy, she had sent for a physician, who arrived soon after with the apothecary at his heels. A curious dialogue ensued between the two physical gentlemen, but so little to the satisfaction of Booth that he ordered them both to be discharged, and sent for another, who, in a few days, by a proper administration of medicines, restored the child to a proper state of health.

Poor Mr. Booth was obliged to remain at home all the week, till Sunday arrived, and then finding the child perfectly recovered he went abroad with him in his hand. His design

was to visit the noble peer who had treated him with so much respect, at the house of Mrs. Ellison; and when he came there he met with a much different reception than he had from his old friend Colonel James.

No sooner had he knocked at the door than the porter opened it to him in the most respectable manner, telling him at the same time that his lordship was at leisure to wait upon him.

His lordship was a nobleman of such politeness, that he told Mr. Booth that he would speak to the minister in his favour, not doubting but he would receive a favourable answer, and therefore desired him to call again as often as he pleased, until such time as the business should be completed. Booth soon after took his leave with the most profuse acknowledgments for so much goodness, and hastened home to acquaint his amiable Amelia with the prospect he had of making some provision for his young family.

It seems his lordship had proposed that Mr. Booth should go to some of the settlements abroad; but no sooner had Amelia heard of that, than she hinted that he should take her along with him, as she was determined that she would stand or fall by him, wherever he went. This affair being settled, Booth and Amelia, with the children, sat down to eat a bit of a leg of mutton, which was all that their finances would allow, and in the afternoon they drank tea with Mrs. Ellison, where they had the pleasure of meeting once more with Mrs. Bennet.

While they were sitting at tea, serjeant Atkinson happened to pass by the window, and Mrs. Ellison, as well as Amelia, having asked some

some questions concerning him ; it was proposed to call him in, which was accordingly done, but as the poor fellow, though one of the most handsome that ever appeared at a public assembly, yet was utterly unacquainted with dancing, so when he came into the room he made but an awkward appearance.

There is something in real goodness that makes amends for the want of formalities, which in their own nature, are often little more than trifling, and such was it with the honest serjeant. He had a most benevolent heart, and although he had seen many of his fellow creatures cut down in the field of battle, yet on all occasions, and in every place, he discovered such generosity of sentiment, as seldom falls to the share of one who has born a halbert. To entertain the company, he repeated many strange stories relating to what had happened to him, while he was in the army, and Mrs. Ellison, who seemed quite captivated with him, insisted that he should stay supper.

Indeed she was so pleased with his handsome appearance, that although he made use of some expressions rather improper while he had got heated with wine, yet she found no fault with them, although they seemed to offend the delicacy of the chaste Amelia.

The remainder of the evening was spent in the most innocent manner, and at the time of going to bed arrived, the serjeant took leave, and Mrs. Bennet was conducted home by the servant of Mrs. Ellison.

Next day when they were all sitting together in the parlour, except Atkinson, Mrs. Ellison called

him her clever serjeant, and added that he was worthy of the best woman in the kingdom, for she did not see how any one could refuse him. Mr. Booth said that he had already saved one hundred pounds, and if he had a little more he would be able to procure a commission, which would put him on the footing of the genteelst man in England, for although his courage was truly heroic, yet he had the spirit of a lamb when not engaged in war.

While they were talking in this manner in praise of the handsome serjeant, a footman came to the door, and alarmed the whole house with his dreadful rap. It is not to be wondered at that poor Booth should be afraid, especially as he knew that there was a writ out against him, but the little girl ran down stairs, and told her mamma, that there was a gentleman on the stairs that appeared to be no other than the noble lord who had already made them so many promises.

Amelia received his lordship with that good nature that seemed on all occasions to mark her character, and Mr. Booth, her poor afflicted husband was ready to attend him, in the most obsequious manner. His lordship spoke in the true stile of a courtier; to which Mr. Booth (and it is to be hoped every other man) is an utter stranger, and concluded by making a thousand promises, which he had no intention ever to perform. Poverty, however, lays hold of the most distant ray of hope, and poor Amelia, who had never harboured a criminal thought in her mind, began to imagine that his lordship was

was not so bad a man as his behaviour had induced her to think he was.

The company having now resumed a lively turn, his lordship began to entertain them with stories, which although well enough in the detail, could not be read, were they committed to writing. He was so highly pleased with Amelia, that he could not help taking particular notice of her, but she was deaf to all that he said, that was in the least inconsistent with the fundamental rules of virtue.

On the other hand, Mrs. Bennet declared that she was not in the least entertained with what his lordship had mentioned, for although his words had been expressed consistent with the highest degree of politeness, yet she thought the honest simplicity of the serjeant was far superior to it. She said there was something so amiable in the whole of his behaviour, that she wondered how any person could converse with him without being in raptures, and in that sentiment she was seconded by Mrs. Ellison, who said she would give all the world, were it in her power to be entitled to so high a privilege as to call him her husband.

Indeed the whole state of the case was this, both Mrs. Ellison and Mrs. Bennet were in love with the serjeant, which is not much to be wondered at, when it is considered that he was such a handsome fellow, and at the same time endowed with so many amiable qualities. Envy, consistent with the nature of female characters, took place in both their minds, and as neither of them were able to hold out the conversation

any longer, without giving a sally to irregular passion, they agreed to part for the night.

It is a maxim among moralists, and it can certainly be realized in real life, that no woman will ever allow another to be superior to herself in beauty, wit, or sense. Nay, let any woman tell another that she is ugly, or that her character has been ruined in consequence of an imprudent step, then she will never forgive the person who has said so. Such was the case with Mrs. Ellifon and Mrs. Bennet, who had both good qualities, but who were at the same time women who had not paid so much regard to their characters as they ought to have done, consistent with the rules prescribed for the preservation of modesty among the female sex.

Amelia was no sooner alone with her husband than she congratulated him on the success that he had had with his lordship, and then asked him his opinion concerning Mrs. Bennet. Mr. Booth told her, that as she had lost her husband she must in consequence thereof be an object of pity; but before they had done speaking, Mrs. Ellifon came in and told Mr. Booth that she was afraid he was in some trouble, for she had seen two ugly ill-looking fellows lurking about the door; but to comfort him, she added, that she could find him a lawyer, who would do something in his favour with the Board of Green Cloth.

Mr. Booth thanked her in the kindest manner, and as soon as she was gone, serjeant Atkinson came in, and told him, that he had scraped an acquaintance with Murphy, the attorney, and  
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found him to be one of the greatest villains in the world.

The honest serjeant told him further, that he had some money, which was entirely at his service, which so much overcome the poor lieutenant that he could not help shedding tears. It was agreed upon between them, that the good-natured serjeant should for two or three days wait in the parlour, to act as a porter at the door, in case the bailiff should come.

During these days that the serjeant waited in the parlour, he was constantly visited by Mrs. Bennet, who took every opportunity of waiting upon him, for he was so handsome, that it was almost impossible not to fall in love with him.

Nothing material happened during these three days, only that Amelia received a card from Mrs. James, the lady of the colonel, desiring to see her at her lodgings. Amelia was a good deal surprized to hear from one of whom she had formed but a very indifferent opinion, but still she was resolved to wait on her.

When they met, Amelia could not help asking her, what was the reason that she had treated her with so much coldness; to which the other answered, that she knew of no sort of coldness; and these matters were for the present happily adjusted. The ladies parted, seemingly, on good terms of friendship; and, at the end of three days, Mrs. Ellison's lawyer had the good fortune to make such interest with the Board of Green Cloth, that Mr. Booth obtained liberty to walk abroad in the verge of the court.

Next

Next morning Booth took a walk to the Park, where he met with Major Bath, and accosted him in the most humble manner; but the old major looked upon him with so much contempt, that he would not speak to him. Booth not being able to account for this part of the major's conduct, waited till he was alone, and then stepping up to him, asked him what offence he had given him. The major answered that he was a scoundrel, and insisted that he should give him the satisfaction of a gentleman. Accordingly they both walked up through the Green Park to Constitution Hill, and from thence to Hyde Park, where, when they had reached the ring, the major pulled off his hat and wig with his coat, and laid them all on the grass. Booth did not use much ceremony, but drawing his sword put himself in a posture of defence, upon which the combat became serious. Two or three passes put an end to the dispute, for Mr. Booth having wounded the major, it was proposed that he should be immediately sent to the house of a surgeon, who undertook to restore him to the same state as before, upon which Mr. Booth, taking leave of him in the most tender manner, returned home to his family.

This affair had so much absorbed Mr. Booth's thoughts, that he forgot the time of dinner, while Amelia, who knew that he was one of the most punctual men alive, after waiting for him above an hour sat down to dinner with her children, not doubting but he had staid to dinner with one of his friends. When he arrived the cloth was just removed, upon which, forgetting  
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the hour of the day, he asked her if dinner was not ready ; ever obliging, and willing at all times to make her husband as happy as possible, she started from her seat, and ordered the victuals that had been left to be again brought upon the table. Amelia was of so good-natured a disposition, that she never enquired any farther what had detained her husband, except in a friendly manner, where natural affection induced her to sympathize with him.

Booth made some little apology for having staid so long, but as he was ignorant of what is commonly called deceit, he could not help betraying himself, and therefore began to discover some little confusion. Amelia did not want to press him any further, but at last overcome by her goodness, he told her, that he had had an affair of honour with Major Bath, but no dangerous consequences were likely to flow from it.

In the evening Mr. Booth proposed to wait on the major, who lived in the verge of the court as well as himself ; and so positive was he in his resolution, that although Amelia remonstrated against it, yet he still insisted on going. He found the major in his night-gown, without the least appearance of having received a capital injury, and adjourned with him to the next room, for he was then engaged at a game at chess.

The major told Booth, that his friend Colonel James had depreciated his character in such a manner, that he could not help demanding satisfaction, but as he had now received it he was fully convinced that there must have been some mistake in the case. He added, that he would  
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take the first opportunity of speaking to the colonel, and in the mean time, consistent with his notions of military honour, he declared that Booth was the bravest fellow he had ever met with.

This assurance of the major's gave Booth the utmost satisfaction, for he was conscious he had never given the colonel any offence, he having been his particular friend for several years. Every thing being amicably settled, Booth returned home, where he found his dear Amelia and Mrs. Ellison engaged at cards with the noble lord whom we have already mentioned. His lordship it seems had had a second interview with the great man; his usual good nature brought him there that night to communicate the news that he had not yet had an absolute promise. As he did not find Mr. Booth at home, he sat down with the ladies, and the rather so, as he had not at that time any particular affair that demanded his presence in another place. He said every thing he could to please Amelia, but whatever might be his thoughts, or his intentions, certain it is that she acted with all the decorum becoming the character of the most virtuous woman in the world.

His lordship made so many offers to serve Mr. Booth, that the whole company were in raptures when they considered his benevolence. Mrs. Ellison told them, that although his lordship was not married, yet he was extremely fond of children, and she doubted not but he would marry, were it not that his sister was a widow, and therefore he would do every thing in his power to serve her. She added, that there was  
nothing

nothing would more contribute towards promoting Mr. Booth's interest, than that of making his lordship acquainted with the children, for she was sure he would be extremely fond of them. It was then proposed that Mr. Booth's children should wait upon those of his lordship's sister, and Amelia, whose tenderness as a mother, could not hinder her to do every thing to promote the interest of her progeny, willingly gave her consent. Booth expressed his disapprobation, because he said his children would be considered as on the footing of beggars, but Mrs. Ellifon endeavoured to make him entirely easy on that head, because she said his lordship was one of the best men in the world, and would always treat him with the most particular friendship. Next morning serjeant Atkinson came to wait on Mr. Booth, and desired him to take a walk into the park. A request of that nature was what Booth could not refuse to comply with, and therefore they both walked into the mall, where they had not been long, when the serjeant asked him whether he would keep a secret that he had to communicate. Mr. Booth, who could not tell the meaning of all this preface, asked him to be explicit, and not keep him any longer in suspense.

Upon that, Atkinson told him that he was really in love with Mrs. Bennet, in consequence of the character he had heard of her from Mrs. Ellifon. Mr. Booth told him he might do as he pleased, and that nothing should be wanting in his power to promote his interest. He said he was willing to see him happy, upon which they both parted, in order to return home. When they arrived at the house, Mrs. Ellifon, who was in  
love

love with the serjeant as well as Mrs. Benner, could not help coming up to Mr. Booth's room as soon as there was a proper opportunity. Amelia rallied her on an account of the handsome serjeant, to all which she answered, that she did not know what they meant by so much mirth; but as for the serjeant, to be sure he was an extremely handsome fellow, who would at all times endeavour to make a woman happy. Amelia then told her all that she knew concerning him in his youth, and the little petty follies only served to revive love, and make him more adorable to her than he had ever been before, but for the present the conversation broke off, because Amelia wanted to go to rest.

Next morning Booth went to wait on Major Bath, and found Colonel James along with him. As he doubted not James was the person who had injured him, he told him that he demanded the satisfaction of a gentleman. Colonel James, without any hesitation, desired the lieutenant to walk out. Accordingly he did so, and upon enquiry, it was found that the person who had caused all the mischief, was Miss Matthews, who wanted to be revenged on Booth, because he had left her in so abrupt a manner when they came out of prison. It seems that lady had been for some time kept by the colonel, and therefore, like most other women, when they think themselves slighted, she spread a false report of both parties. The news of their going out together, soon alarmed their friends, but no bad consequences followed, for after walking an hour in the park, they returned home to their lodgings.

Upon

Upon their arrival they found no person at home but the maid, for Amelia had gone out along with Mrs. Ellison and the children to pay a visit to the noble lord whom we have already mentioned, because he had expressed a great desire to see her. Booth had scarce ushered the colonel in, when a servant arrived, and told them that Mrs. James had fallen into violent convulsions, in consequence of having heard that a duel had been fought between her husband and Captain Booth, at which the colonel smiled, and then sent the servant back to contradict the account. The servant was scarce gone, when Amelia came in, adorned with all that is amiable in female charms, and produced a great many trinkets, which she had received from his lordship, amongst which was a gold watch. Mr. Booth did not look on the presents as given without some sinister view, and therefore he gravely asked his wife in what manner she was to make a proper recompence for them. Mrs. Ellison answered, that they were presents from one of the most generous noblemen in the kingdom, and therefore there was no occasion to think of a return, because it was below his dignity to accept of it. In this she was seconded by Amelia, and then the parties sat down together to a frugal meal, without any of that ostentation which in a great measure distinguishes the tables of the great.

Amelia, during the whole time they were at dinner, displayed so many charms without design in the most artless manner, that the colonel became entirely captivated with her. Love for her person, and compassion for her distressed circumstances,

stances, operated upon his mind in so powerful a manner, that he could not help stealing a glance as often as possibly he could. At last decency obliged him to retire, and Mr. Booth with his spouse went to bed.

Next day in the afternoon they took a walk into the park, where Amelia told her husband that Mrs. Ellison had mentioned some things to her concerning the noble lord, her cousin, that were not consistent with the rules of virtue. It seems Mrs. Ellison, who was a volatile woman, had been conversing with her on the character of Mrs. Bennet, and that led them to speak of his lordship, who in an affair of distress had been very bountiful to that lady. Amelia had told her that there was no person in the world whom she esteemed more than her husband, nor did she believe there was one endowed with so many accomplishments, upon which Mrs. Ellison laughed, and told her she was deaf to her own interest. To this Amelia replied, that she might think as she pleased, but as for her own part she was determined to live and die in such a manner, as no person should have any occasion to reflect on her conduct.

When they returned home, Amelia was not a little surprised to find several things tumbled about the room, and calling the servant, who was only a young girl, she asked her the reason. The girl told her that a person knocked at the door, which she having opened, let him in, upon which he ran up stairs and committed the robbery. She said, that she still thought he was in the house, but Booth having made the most diligent search, could not find him. Upon farther en-  
quiry,

quiry, it was found that nothing had been taken away, and as the things had been only tossed about, Mr. Booth and Amelia began to suspect that the girl had had some person along with her. They questioned her upon it, but she denied the whole, and Amelia, who was all good nature, said she was extremely thankful they had not lost any thing, but at the same time cautioned the girl against letting any person into the house for the future whom she did not know.

Mr. Booth, in consequence of his unhappy circumstances, had reason to imagine that the person was a bailiff, but before he had time for much, or indeed any reflection, a violent knocking was heard at the door, and Mrs. James, the lady of the colonel, made her appearance; her principal motive for coming at that time, was to convince Amelia that she had not lost any respect for her, but was the same friend as before, and indeed she had profited so much in consequence of some instruction that she received from Amelia, that she had shaken off all that stiffness and formality so peculiar to the former part of her conduct.

While Mrs. James was sitting in the parlour, the little boy, son of Mr. Booth, was playing with the gold watch, and Amelia having informed her that it was a present from his lordship, Mrs. James answered in such a manner as to fill Booth with the utmost jealousy, for he began to imagine that the peer had a design on the virtue of his wife. He turned pale all of a sudden, which Mrs. James, who had made use of the words on purpose, observing, ordered her carriage and rode off,

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She had scarce got from the door, when Mrs. Ellison came up in a great fit of laughter, and told him that the thief, who had made so much disturbance in the house, was no other than his lordship, who being enraged because he had not found them at home, had tumbled the things about, and then went to spend the evening at Almacks along with some other persons of the most dignified stations. She added, that he had left a ticket for Amelia to go to the masked ball at Ranelagh, but Mr. Booth interposing, declared his wife should not go to any such place. A smart dialogue ensued, but Amelia was too good a wife to oppose her husband's inclinations, and therefore told him, that if the masquerade was a heaven on earth, she would not go to it without her husband's consent, whom she looked upon as the only valuable person in the world.

Mrs. Ellison having taken her leave, and indeed with some marks of disdain, a dialogue ensued between Mr. Booth and Amelia concerning the nature of the masquerade. She told him that she did not imagine there was any harm in it, but in answer to that, he informed her, that the accepting a ticket to go to such a place from a lord, would be an indelible stain upon her character. As Amelia was utterly innocent, she burst into tears, and asked Mr. Booth whether she had done any thing to make him suspect her virtue, upon which he clasped her in his arms, and told her she had not, but added, that she must not for the future receive any presents from his lordship. For that night they went to bed in the most agreeable manner, and in the morning Booth having gone out to take his walk, Amelia went down



down to the parlour to spend a few minutes with Mrs. Ellifon. She found that lady alone, and notwithstanding the difference that had taken place between them the preceding day, yet nothing but good humour ensued. Mrs. Ellifon, however, told Amelia that she had not treated his lordship as she ought to have done, and in consequence thereof, there was reason to fear that her husband would be deprived of all those hopes he had formed, in consequence of his application to the ministry in his favour.

When Mr. Booth returned, his wife communicated to him what Mrs. Ellifon had said, and as he had seen much of the villainy of the world, he began to be fearful for the consequences. In the afternoon Mrs. Bennet came to visit them, and Mr. Booth, who had formed no high notion of her before, now began to entertain a quite different opinion. Indeed she discovered what few women know, namely, a perfect knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, and could quote them on every occasion with the same facility as a girl can a single passage out of one of our common plays. Nay, she even went further, for she repeated in the course of her conversation, some of the most striking principles in the Roman law, and she seemed to be as well acquainted with the Justinian institutions as we are with a common news-paper. There is no wonder that such a person should attract the notice of Mr. Booth, who although brought up the greatest part of his time in the army, was no stranger to common life, and could not help wondering how a woman could acquire the knowledge of the dead languages, while many men, who loll about the  
streets

streets in their chariots, are totally ignorant of the first principles of them.

Mrs. Ellison having made her second appearance, Amelia told her that she would go to the masquerade, upon condition that she could procure a ticket for Mrs. Bennet, but she was given to understand, that it could not be done, for his lordship had a great many friends to oblige, and as for Mrs. Bennet, she was one of a very doubtful character. In the mean time serjeant Atkinson came and informed Mr. Booth, that he had been in company with Murphy, the attorney, and that he had told him that the board of green cloth would, in a few days, issue their warrant, for him, Booth, being apprehended on an action of debt in the verge of the court. Mr. Booth, as soon as the serjeant was gone, communicated the news, unwelcome as they were, to his dear Amelia, for indeed he could not conceal any thing from her.

Next morning, as Mr. Booth was going out to take his usual walk, he received a note from an unknown hand, importing that he was in some danger, which he concluded was the effect of the information he had received from serjeant Atkinson, but upon a more close and stricter examination, he found he was mistaken, and shewing it to his wife upon her return home, she knew the hand-writing to be that of Mrs. Bennet's. She immediately set out for her lodgings, where she found her at home, though in some confusion; at least it appeared so, in consequence of her making Amelia wait so long before she came to give her an answer.

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When the note was produced Mrs. Bennet could not deny it, but owned it to be her own hand writing, though she said she hoped it had not been shewn to Mrs. Ellifon. Amelia told her it had not, and seeing her in the utmost confusion was loth to press her any further, than by telling her that the happiness of her family depended upon an explanation. Mrs. Bennet told her, that nothing was in her view beyond that of promoting her interest, and preserving her from ruin, and therefore proposed relating to her the following narrative.

Mrs. Bennet had been very thoughtful some time, which induced Amelia to ask her the cause of her melancholy. Upon which Mrs. Bennet burst into tears, and spoke to her in the following manner :

“ My father was a country clergyman in Essex, who brought me up with great tenderness till I was sixteen years of age, at which period I may with propriety begin my history. On the birth day of my mother, my father gave an entertainment to his friends; but, alas! my mother having gone to assist the old servant maid, went for a tea-kettle of water, but stooping too low, she fell into the well, and was drowned. My father, though as tender a parent as ever lived, yet he bore his misfortune with resignation, and finding me of a studious disposition, spent a few hours every day in teaching me the Latin and Greek Languages.

“ When I was in my nineteenth year my father removed to Hampshire, taking me along with him, for he there had a good rich living conferred on him. We had not been long there, when

when my poor ancient father fell violently in love with a young lady, which gave me the greatest uneasiness, but the marriage took place, notwithstanding my remonstrances to the contrary. It was not long before I found my life very much altered, for my new stepmother was little better than a devil. She was continually forging stories to my prejudice, and at last my father, one day, giving me a letter, desired me to pack up my clothes, and instantly remove from his house. The place to which I went was the house of an aunt, a woman of great vanity, without any mental qualifications. Her house was about forty miles distant from ours; and I can assure you, I went there without so much as eating victuals, for grief can fill the stomach as much as meat. When I had been there about six months, I was informed that my step-mother was delivered of a fine boy, and soon after my aunt began to treat me with very little respect, and, in some cases, even contempt.

“ The curate of the parish was a young gentleman of twenty-four, who had been left an orphan, and his uncle had provided for his education, but had left him nothing in his will, so that when he entered into orders, he was glad to accept of a small curacy. It was not long before the young gentleman became extremely fond of me, but the worst was, that my aunt was in love with him. While we were one day in an arbour, my aunt surprized us, and flew upon me like a tygress; so that my life being now a burden to me, I gave my hand to Mr. Bennet, who treated me with the greatest tenderness,

derness, so that I considered myself as the happiest of women.

“ We had not been long married when Mr. Bennet proposed coming to London, where he obtained a curacy, and to promote his interest took lodgings near the house of a noble peer, who had been his fellow-collegian. We had not been above three months in town when I was delivered of a son; and, notwithstanding my distress on account of poverty, yet I could not help rejoicing as much as if I had been delivered of an heir to an estate.

“ As soon as I was perfectly recovered, we removed to the second floor of the house, where you now lodge, and Mrs. Ellison treated us with great tenderness.

“ At that time the noble lord, who has been so assiduous to serve you, lodged in the same house. He pretended to be much in love with my little boy, and was often taking him on his knee, nor did he for some time proceed to take any greater liberties. But little did I suspect the enjoyment of my own person was the object he had in view. All this time he was soliciting (as he said) for the surrender of a living for Mr. Bennet, and actually proposed writing down to the country in order to procure it. This however was not his intention, for under pretence of having something of importance to transact in London, he prevailed on Mr. Bennet to go in his room.

“ As soon as Mr. Bennet was gone, Mrs. Ellison came into the room under pretence of comforting me, and told me that his lordship had proposed accompanying me to Ranelagh,

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and for that purpose had sent me a ticket. At first I made some objection, but Mrs. Ellison, by her arguments, prevailed so far upon me, that I consented to go.

“ It was a masquerade, and the different whimsical dresses pleased me so much, that I beheld them with admiration. When I had been there about two hours, his lordship came up and began to be very familiar with me, which did not give me so much offence as before, for to tell the truth I had conceived an esteem for him. About two in the morning we returned home, where we found a fine collation prepared for us, and the wine being exceeding good as I thought, I drank rather too freely, without considering that it was mixed with something of a stupifying nature. — I need not proceed any further, for that night my ruin was completed, and I became the most wretched of women.

“ Next morning his lordship left the house, and went into the country, and in the mean time Mr. Bennet returned home. He embraced me in the most tender manner, and although my face was all confusion, yet such had been the fatigues of his journey, that he took no notice of it. He told me that there was no such thing as a living to dispose of, and that he had been only treated with contempt by every person to whom he mentioned it. Next day he went and performed his duty in the church, but I refused to accompany him, which was the first time I had ever done so since our marriage: but, alas! the thoughts of my dishonour distracted me so much, that I was ashamed to be seen anywhere,

or

or by any person, much more so by a man who had treated me with so much tenderness.

“For some days I saw my husband looked dejected, and often darted strange looks at me, and next Saturday evening he turned from me in bed, and refused to speak with me. All night he seemed in the utmost agonies, and getting up in the morning, went out with tears in his eyes. He did not return till evening, when sitting down by me in a state of distraction, he took up a book and threw it at my head. Confounded, and not doubting but he had in some manner or other discovered my shame, I burst into tears, and begged to know why he used me in that manner. He darted at me a look of horror, and with tears in his eyes told me that I had polluted him, by communicating to him a fatal distemper.

“When I found the fatal secret with which I was utterly unacquainted before, I fell at his feet and begged that he would that moment kill me, for I had been betrayed by a villain. I then related to him every particular, upon which he told me he believed me, and as he was convinced of Mrs. Ellifon being an accomplice, he resolved not to sleep one night longer in the house.

“The artful woman, who was conscious of her guilt, told them, that she so much abhorred the crime that had been committed in her house, that she could not blame us for going away; and as for the small debt that was owing, she would never demand it.

“We had not been above ten weeks in our new lodgings, when my poor husband died of a broken heart, and I was left in the most de-

plorable circumstances ; but Mrs. Ellison, notwithstanding the base part she had acted, yet treated me with the utmost tenderness, and necessity drove me back to her house. There I remained some time, when his lordship settled an annuity upon me, but I solemnly declare he never offered me any indecencies after. Indeed, I was informed, that he was so inconstant, that after he had seduced a woman, he took no more thought of her, and as for his making a settlement on me, I believe it was in consequence of the fate of my husband."

Such was Mrs. Bennet's account of herself, and Amelia embraced her with the greatest tenderness, when she found in what danger she herself was in from his lordship, who had been hatching schemes to betray her in the same base manner. Amelia, who had the greatest regard for Serjeant Atkinson, asked Mrs. Bennet if he did not lodge in the same house with her, and being answered in the affirmative, she soon learned that they had been married some time. Amelia approved of her choice, and the serjeant coming in at that time, they all sat down together in the most friendly manner.

The honest serjeant could not refrain from dropping a tear, which Amelia taking notice of, told him that she hoped nothing had happened to her husband. He begged she would not discompose her spirits, but Captain Booth had been arrested at the suit of Dr. Harrison, and was then in a spunging-house, but he had sent a lawyer to him, and he doubted not but he would be set at liberty in a few hours. It seems that as Mr. Booth was taking his morning's walk, a bailiff  
came



came up and arrested him, and took him to a spunging-house in Gray's-lun lane.

When they arrived at the doleful mansion where many had been ruined, he was first obliged to pay for the coach-hire, and then he was told he must comply with the rules of the house, which was no other than to pay for ten times more than he either eat or drank, all which he was obliged to comply with, otherwise he would have been sent to Newgate.

Booth, who was a real practical philosopher, asked the bailiff, who were his fellow prisoners, upon which he told him that the first was an author, who wrote for the booksellers, and was extremely clever in his way, but being very idle, he had been arrested for a debt of about eleven pounds. This (he added) was done in order to make him mind his business, and to be sure, said the bailiff, I love the fellow, because he is a friend to liberty. Liberty, (cried Booth) why sure, Sir, as you live by depriving men of their liberty, you cannot wish for any such thing as real liberty taking place. The bailiff answered, that if men were not arrested for the payment of their debts, then officers could not live, upon which Booth, finding him to be an ignorant fellow, did not ask him any more questions concerning so important a subject. He proceeded to tell Mr. Booth, that they had a poor tradesman there, who had lost some money, by neglecting to insure his goods, and he had a wife and five children so ragged, that they seemed more proper to be sent to the house of correction than to the workhouse. They often came after their father, but as they were such miserable objects, he had ordered his

followers to deny them admittance, lest they should bring a dishonour on his house.

In the mean time Serjeant Atkinson having left the ladies, Amelia, with Mrs. Ellison and Mrs. Atkinson, went to see Booth's children, who were drowned in tears, and the artful Mrs. Ellison desiring Amelia to compose herself, told her that her husband was arrested for debts to the amount of five hundred pounds, but if she would go with her to the masquerade, she would make every thing easy; she would either give bail herself, or get another person to pay the money.

Amelia had heard such a character of that lady from Mrs. Atkinson, that she told her she would not hesitate one moment in giving her an answer, which was that should her poor husband die in misery, she would preserve her innocence to the last. Mrs. Atkinson, who heard all that passed, told Amelia to beware of a masquerade ticket, with which to her ruin she had been once honoured herself, upon which Mrs. Ellison looking upon them with the utmost indignation, went out of the house, declaring that she would never after come back to the place.

Soon after Mrs. Ellison was gone, Colonel James arrived, and having heard of Mr. Booth's misfortunes, insisted on Amelia's accepting of a bank-bill of fifty pounds to supply the immediate wants of her husband, telling her at the same time that he would visit them next morning.

Amelia, who thought every person of as condescending a disposition as herself, was not a little shocked when she heard the colonel propose putting off his visit so long, but upon her expostulation with him, he declared that he would

go immediately. Amelia told the colonel that Serjeant Atkinson, whom he had formerly known at Gibraltar, was then in the house, and that he would accompany him thither. Atkinson being called, paid his respects to the colonel, and was received with particular marks of respect, after which they set out together, Amelia having first begged of them that they would not stop by the way, but give her an account of her husband as soon as possible. The colonel was all compliance, and honest Atkinson did not hesitate one moment to assist the afflicted.

As soon as Mrs. Atkinson, who was now married to the serjeant, arrived at Amelia's lodgings, she told her what a generous man the colonel was, and endeavoured to persuade her that there was no doubt he would extricate Mr. Booth out of all his difficulties. This served in some measure to comfort Amelia, whose spirits had been in a great measure sunk in consequence of her misfortunes, and therefore they both sat down together in the most harmonious manner.

In the mean time the colonel and Serjeant Atkinson arrived at the spunging-house, where they found Booth engaged in conversation with the author already mentioned, and after the colonel had given the son of Parnassus a guinea as a subscription, he began to ask Mr. Booth how much the debts amounted to for which he had been arrested. To this question Booth answered that he could not well say how much they amounted to, only that he believed the whole did not exceed four hundred pounds. Upon that the

colonel told him that all he had to do was to get bail, and for his own part he was ready to be one. Booth was filled with gratitude, but no sooner did the bailiff hear that bail was to be given, than he came into the room, and asked in a surly manner who was to be the other person, because he was obliged to have two. The colonel told him, that as for his own character, it was well known, and he doubted not but Serjeant Atkinson would join with him,

The bailiff, who on the whole acted consistent with the character of all those in the same employment, told the colonel that he knew neither him nor the serjeant, and that he must have time to search the office, lest some fresh detainers should be lodged. The serjeant, who could not bear such insolence any longer, told the catchpole that the gentleman was a member of parliament, upon which being terribly frightened, he begged pardon for what he had said, declaring at the same time that he had no intention to give his honour any offence. Upon that the colonel having expressed the utmost desire to serve Mr. Booth, took his leave for the night, promising at the same time to call on Amelia, and in the mean time left the serjeant along with him.

When the colonel arrived at Amelia's lodgings he found her in company with Mrs. Atkinson's, and said every thing he could to comfort her, telling her that her husband would be set at liberty next day. Amelia seemed to be as easy as the nature of her circumstances would permit, but still she declared that the night in which her husband was in a state of confinement, would be the most grievous to her that ever she had known since  
 she

she was born. The colonel, who was much pleased with her company, did not take his leave till one o'clock in the morning, and when he was gone, Mrs. Atkinson told Amelia that she was sure he had a design on her virtue. This was what Amelia could not form the least notion of, for she was sure that if he had the least regard for her husband, he would never seek to injure her. The other, however, after asking her a few questions, cautioned her to be upon her guard, for from the whole of the colonel's behaviour, she was convinced that he was in love with her, and would leave nothing undone to promote her ruin. At that instant, the serjeant arrived, and Amelia having received from him the most satisfactory account of her husband, took leave of her two visitors, and with a mind filled with serenity, addressed herself to the Supreme Being, and then retired to bed.

The colonel spent the whole night on his bed, tortured with envy and lust. Envy, that Booth should enjoy such a fine woman as Amelia, and lust, to seduce her to his lewd embraces. In the morning Serjeant Atkinson came to inform him, that he had procured a reputable house-keeper to be bail along with him, to whom he had, by his wife's consent, given a bill of indemnification. The serjeant, however, did not find the colonel so ready to go as he expected, for he told him that he did not think proper to give encouragement to subaltern officers, who without a shilling in their pockets, would marry ladies of quality, while at the same time they knew not in what manner they were to support them. He then took leave of the serjeant in the most hasty manner, telling

him that he would be ready to serve him, but he must excuse him, if he could not, consistent with his honour, become bail for a young fellow who had acted in such an imprudent manner.

The honest serjeant was obliged to retire, and having communicated the dismal news to Amelia, she proposed that moment going to visit her husband, and Mr. Atkinson proposed going along with her. Just as they had dressed themselves, Mrs. James came up to the door, and being ushered in, made the strongest professions of friendship to Amelia, promising to do all that lay in her power to extricate her out of her difficulties, and then she took her leave. Mrs. Atkinson, who had some suspicions of the colonel's lady, told Amelia that she did not like her, for she seemed to be a bawd for her husband.

In the mean time Mr. Booth spent his time in the spunging-house in a very disagreeable manner, for the bailiff, who was a disgrace to human nature, told him, that unless he would drink, he would immediately commit him to Newgate. Booth, who could not bear such insolence, knocked him down, upon which he called two of his followers, but at that instant the honest serjeant arriving, laid one of them sprawling on the floor, while Booth knocked down the other. The bailiff then called out a rescue; to which the serjeant answered, no rescue was intended, and then an attorney, with Colonel James and another person, and Dr. Harrison came into the room.

The bailiff no sooner saw the attorney, than he began to draw in his horns, for he had had many jobs from him before, but as for the rest of the gentlemen he knew nothing of them. Dr.

Harrison

Harrison told Mr. Booth, that he did not expect to meet him in such a place, to which the other answered, that spunging-houses were the most proper places for people to meet their friends, because they were sure of finding them there. Poor Booth could say no more than that he did not expect to have been sent there by so worthy a gentleman as himself, to which Dr. Harrison answered, that the attorney, Mr. Murphy, who had taken out the writ against him was there, and that he would do every thing consistent with the duty of his profession. Proper bail having been given, Mr. Booth was accosted by the bailiff, who wanted some civility-money, as they call it in spunging-houses, but Mr. Booth declared that he had been so ill used that he would not pay one farthing. Murphy, the attorney, said all he could to induce him to comply, but to no purpose, and Dr. Harrison being called in as an arbitrator between the two contending parties, declared that Mr. Booth did right, for what reason in the world could there be for men who acted in such an inhuman manner to expect a gratification from those unhappy persons over whom they had domineered, and whose miseries they had ridiculed in such a way as was shocking to be mentioned whe a civil government existed, or where there was a person living who deserved the name of a Christian.

It is necessary to inform the reader, that when Dr. Harrison arrived in England, he went to his parsonage-house, and found that Mr. Booth had deserted it, upon which, enquiring the cause, he was informed by the curate's wife that he had set up a carriage, and that he had spent his money.

ney in the most extravagant manner. This naturally brought him to London, where he soon found out Booth's lodgings, and going into the room one evening while the poor lieutenant was taking a walk in the park, he saw a gold watch that had been given to one of the children by the noble lord already mentioned. This confirmed him in his suspicions of the extravagance of those whom he intended to support, and meeting with Mr. Murphy the attorney, that gentleman persuaded him to take out a writ against Mr. Booth, contrary to his natural disposition, which was all humanity and compassion.

He was not, however, easy in his mind, he wished well to Booth, and he had some doubts whether he would act in such an imprudent manner, unless there was some reason to be assigned for it. Ruminating on these thoughts he accidentally met with serjeant Atkinson; on the morning after Booth was arrested, and taking him into a coffee-house was informed of the whole affair, upon which the doctor desired by any means whatever to be conducted to Amelia, whom he still looked upon as virtuous.

The doctor had no sooner seen the afflicted mother with her lovely children, than his breast melted into tenderness, and he dropped tears of real compassion. He then went with Murphy to the spunging house, from whence he released Booth in the manner we have already mentioned.

When Mr. Booth, with his friends, arrived at home, they were received in the most affectionate



ate manner by Amelia, who had no hopes of seeing her beloved husband so soon.

Dr. Harrison was so much captivated with the children, that he could not help playing with them, and taking the little boy on his knees, asked him if he would forgive him for taking his pappa to prison. The child answered him, that his mother had taught him to forgive his enemies, but he would never forgive those who took his pappa away from him.

While they were discoursing in this manner, they were interrupted by the arrival of Colonel James, who made a genteel apology for not having come sooner, because he was, as he said, engaged in business. He invited Mr. Booth and Dr. Harrison to dine with him, and then he took his leave in the most formal manner. As Amelia was invited at the same time she was struck with surprize, but, recollecting herself, told her husband that she did not chuse to go into large companies, because she could not enjoy any sort of mirth while her circumstances were in such a fluctuating state.

To this Mr. Booth answered, that had he known that it would have been in the least disagreeable to her, he would not have made the proposal; adding at the same time that he was very well convinced that her objections arose from the company of Mrs. James, who was to be there at the same time. Amelia, who was one of the best women in the world, endeavoured to conceal her real sentiments, and told her husband that she had nothing to say against Mrs. James, because she had always behaved to her like a gentlewoman, and therefore she was willing

willing to accompany her husband to any place he should desire. In a word, she resolved to go to the place according to her husband's desire, and for the present every thing was settled between them in the most amicable manner.

During the entertainment, Amelia behaved with the utmost decency, and, after it was over, she returned with her husband home to her children, and next morning Mr. Booth told his spouse that Colonel James had laid him under so many obligations, that he did not know in what manner to repay them. This news was not altogether agreeable to Amelia, in consequence of the suspicions that had been hinted to her by Mrs. Atkinson, but out of real compassion to her husband she dissembled her real sentiments, endeavouring to draw a veil over every thing that had been done by the colonel.

A short dispute arose concerning the merits of the colonel, and before it was decided, the doctor arrived, whose presence gave no small pleasure to Amelia, who wished for nothing so much as the company of so good a man. The doctor hearing the nature of their dispute, interfered between them, and delivered his opinion consistent with the nature of good sense, upon which both parties acquiesced, and the rest of the evening was spent in the most amicable manner.

Serjeant Atkinson was so much concerned for the happiness of Mr. Booth, that he could not help telling his wife what generous proffers Colonel James had made in his favour, and that he would in a short time be extricated out of all his difficulties. His wife, however, was not of the

the same opinion, and having told her suspicions to the serjeant, he fell into a sort of sleep, and dreamed that he saw the colonel standing by the bedside of Amelia, with a drawn sword in his hand.

The thoughts of his beloved mistress being in danger, roused him so much, that in the midst of his dream he got up, and catching his wife by the throat, declared that he would that moment punish her as a murderer, for he believed that she was the individual Colonel James, whom he imagined had attempted the chastity of Amelia. His wife screamed out, which brought the serjeant to himself, and Mr. Booth and his lady came up to their assistance, in order to know what was the matter; but how great was their surprise, when they saw the bed all covered over, as if it had been sprinkled with blood.

Atkinson, who doubted not but he had killed his wife, declared the whole truth, but upon enquiry it was found, that there was no blood in the case, but only that a bottle of cherry brandy had been spilt, which Mrs. Atkinson always kept beside her, as an immediate cordial for a lowness of spirits, or any thing else. Here things being adjusted the parties retired to rest, and nothing more important happened till next morning.

Mr. Booth, who was extremely uneasy, sent for the serjeant after breakfast, and asked him what he meant by making use of Colonel James's name, upon which Atkinson told him, that he dreamt that he saw the colonel in his lady's chamber

chamber, attempting to ravish her ; and that had occasioned all the disturbance.

Mr. Booth, whose passions were all on flame, asked him if he heard of any thing done by the colonel that was of a dishonourable nature, and particularly whether he had attempted the chastity of his wife. In answer to this, Atkinson told him, that he had no great opinion of the colonel because he had traduced the character of his wife, not knowing that they were married, and that if his station in the army had not set him above him, he would have cut off both his ears. He then related to him the manner in which the colonel behaved, when he went to solicit him to be one of his bail ; but insisted that he would not resent the injury. Booth promised that he would not, and taking leave of each other, Booth returned to visit his Amelia and the children. His lady received him in the most complaisant manner, but her discernment was so great, that she could not help seeing that he was in a more than ordinary manner affected, but her good sense enabled her to humour him in the same manner as every woman of good sense will always do her husband.

Next morning Mrs. James came to pay them a visit in her usual gay manner, and told Mr. Booth that she would do any thing in her power in order to procure him a commission in a regiment on the English establishment. This she did, according to her own account, to oblige her dear friend Amelia, and, after several formalities she took her leave. Indeed Amelia had no great opinion of the professions made by Mrs. James, she began to consider her as no better than the colonel !

colonel himself, and therefore she told her husband not to place any confidence in what she said.

The confusion and hurry had prevented Mr. Booth and Amelia from waiting on their good friend, Dr. Harrison, according to appointment, but at last having recollected, they went to his lodgings, and found him in close conversation with a country gentlewoman and his son. Booth made several apologies for not meeting the doctor sooner, but the good old gentleman interrupted him by telling him that he would hear none of his stories.

Booth, who was all compliance, told the doctor that he would dine with him, and after dinner was over, the doctor told them that he would take them to court, which was no other than St. James's church, where they would hear the service of the church read, which was preferable to all the gaities of this world.

From the church they proceeded to Vauxhall, along with the children, and Dr. Harrison did every thing he could to make them as agreeable as possible. He treated the children with cakes, and ordered ham and fowls to be brought for Amelia; so extensive, so benevolent, is goodness when it happens to take a proper turn. It is true, some of the bloods who happened at that time to be walking in the gardens, offered some indecencies to Amelia, but she took no further notice of them, save that of treating them with the utmost disdain. Dr. Harrison said some few words to shew that they could not be gentlemen, for no gentleman will ever treat a woman with disrespect, let her station be what it will.

When

When the entertainments were over, they returned home, and next day, while Dr. Harrison was discoursing with a young gentleman, who had lately entered into holy orders, he received a note from Amelia, telling him, that something of so much importance had happened to her, that she was under the necessity of seeing him as soon as possible. As the doctor doubted not but there was some other writ in the case, he made as handsome an apology as he could, and then set out to visit Amelia, at her lodgings. Ever compassionate, he attended to the distresses of his fellow-creatures, and by him imprudence was never construed into a crime. He knew the frailty of human nature, and as a man of real benevolence, he resolved to do as he would be done by, or, in other words, to visit the afflicted, and give them all he could to comfort them.

When the doctor arrived, he asked in the most tender and affectionate manner what Amelia wanted with him, upon which she told him that she had received two tickets for the masquerade, but was determined not to go to it without his consent. The doctor was not long in telling her his opinion, that he could not by any means give his consent for her going there, because it might injure her character, for in his opinion, no modest woman would be seen in such places. In the mean time, while the doctor was conversing with Amelia Mrs. Atkinson came in; a learned dispute ensued between her and the doctor, concerning the merits of the classic authors; and the doctor was utterly surprised to find a woman so well acquainted with the

the Greek and Latin languages. Both differed in their opinions, and high words began to arise, till Booth and his friend came in, and put an end to the controversy.

Amelia, notwithstanding the respect she had for the doctor, yet could not help complying with her husband's request of going to the opera, and, accordingly when the day came, they arrived at the Hay-market, about eleven in the evening.

They had not been long there when by the difference of their dresses they soon lost each other, and several commical scenes ensued, while Booth who was all impatience, went in quest of his wife. The different sarcasms that were thrown out upon him are too ridiculous to be mentioned; but as nothing serious happened, they all returned home about five in the morning, an hour when the virtuous are drowned in the arms of balmy sleep, while the profligate is spending his time in riot and debauchery.

It has been already mentioned that Amelia was at the masquerade, but the truth is, she was no farther than the door, and there gave her ticket to Mrs. Atkinson, who resembled her both in stature and voice. Booth, who had taken particular notice of the dress his wife had on, followed Mrs. Atkinson from one place to another, and at last saw her in conversation with the noble lord already mentioned in the course of these memoirs.

Booth was really jealous when, as he thought, he saw his wife in company with a nobleman, whose character was none of the best; and, therefore returning home in a great rage, he found

found his Amelia engaged in the nursery with her children. She asked him to have something for supper, but he told her he would not eat any, which grieved her so much that she could not help asking him the reason. He told her that he wished she had not gone to the masquerade, upon which she assured him that she had not been there, and Mrs. Atkinson coming in at the same time, unravelled the whole mystery, by telling Mr. Booth that she had been substituted in the place of his wife.

Dr. Harrison, with his usual good nature, had projected this scheme, and therefore he came next morning to enquire how the different parties had behaved. He asked for his child, for so he called Amelia, and finding her well, embraced her with the utmost tenderness. He then told Booth that he hoped he would never more insist on her going to such places of dissipation, but suffer her to remain at home to mind her own business, and take care of her family. Booth declared that he was very sensible of his error, and that so far from asking his wife to go to another masquerade, he would never, as long as he lived, be seen at one himself.

The doctor highly approved of his resolution, and told him that while he persevered in these sentiments, he would be sure to find him his sincere friend. After this conversation was over, the doctor took his leave, having promised to set out next day for the country, with his friend, who had a son, for whom he had purchased a living in the church.

Next day Mr. Booth took a walk to the park, where he met with major Bath, and asked him  
several



several questions concerning colonel James, for Booth was convinced that the colonel had some design on the chastity of his wife. While he was in conversation with the major, Lieutenant Trent came up, and Booth, who had served along with him in the same regiment, invited him home to his lodgings to sup with him. Trent, however, though his pockets were not over full of money, declined accepting of the invitation, and perhaps for this reason, that he did not chuse to expose his poverty.

Amelia, who had provided some boiled mutton for her husbands supper, waited for him with the utmost impatience, but there being no appearance of him, she sat down with the children, and ordering the maid to wait for her master, went to bed, though she enjoyed no sleep.

About two o'clock in the morning Booth arrived, and, without speaking one word went to bed to his wife, and slept in her arms till next morning, and when he awoke, she could not help taking notice that something more than ordinary had happened to him. He told her it was true for he had lost his money at play, upon which she told him that the whole she had in her pocket was not worth the mentioning, and only begged that for the future, he would be more prudent. Booth was so much overpowered by the goodness of his wife, that he embraced her a hundred times, and then told her that the doctor had informed him of a letter that had been sent to her by Colonel James, and that he was determined to have satisfaction. Amelia was much frightened lest any dangerous consequences should have ensued,

ensued, and therefore begged that he would take no more notice of it.

Booth, who was easily reconciled when favourable arguments were offered, soon became more cool, and made his wife easy, by telling her, that he would not think any more of it; and in the mean time, soon after breakfast, his old friend, Mr. Booth, came to call on him. As Booth owed Trent some money, the former could not help thinking that the other had come to demand it, and as he had it not in his power to pay him, he was extremely uneasy.

After some words they went to a tavern, where they got once more to gaming, but as Booth took care of his money, Trent considered him as a silly fellow, who had no spirit, and the other began to consider him as a scoundrel.

We will now return to Amelia, who, during the time that her husband was out, received a letter from an unknown hand, containing professions of love, and the most earnest solicitations to suffer him to visit her, she had scarce strength to read to the end, when her trembling grew so violent, that she dropped the letter, and had probably dropped herself, had not Mrs. Atkinson come to her assistance. Mrs. Atkinson, in some surprize, asked her the meaning of her fright, and being told that she had received a most odious letter; upon which Mrs. Atkinson taking it up, and having read it, fell a dancing about the room as if she had been mad.

Amelia could not tell what to make of her, and asking her the reason, was told, that the letter was from the noble lord already mentioned,

tioned, and that it contained a commission for her husband Serjeant Atkinson. The fact was thus : while Mrs. Atkinson was at the masquerade, the noble lord, who took her for Amelia, came up to her, and she embraced that opportunity of soliciting a commission for the honest serjeant. His lordship, who would have sooner seen the serjeant hanged than have granted him any such favour, unless there had been a lady in the case, thought he had now a favourable opportunity of triumphing over the virtue of Amelia, and therefore he went immediately to the minister and procured the commission.

Amelia was so much vexed at hearing that Mrs. Atkinson had made use of her name, that she could not help testifying her resentment, upon which Mrs. Atkinson flew into a most violent passion, and told Amelia that her husband was now a gentleman, and she did not value her.

She spoke these words with so loud a voice, that Atkinson, who happened to be going up stairs, heard them, and being surprised at the angry tone of his wife's voice, he entered the room, and with a look of much astonishment, begged to know what was the matter. Mrs. Atkinson told him that there was nothing more the matter, but only that she had procured him a commission, and Amelia was angry with her for doing so. It is certain Amelia did not deserve such usage, but Mrs. Atkinson, partly by drinking too much, and partly by the flurry of spirits she was in, could set no bounds to her passion.

Mr. Booth, who had knocked gently at the door, lest he should disturb his wife, came up stairs

stairs just when the ladies were in the heat of the argument, and seeing Amelia in tears, demanded to know what was the matter.

Atkinson answered, " upon my honour, Sir, I know not what is the matter, but I am afraid some words have happened between madam and my wife, but I know no more of it than your honour." Booth having embraced his wife, demanded to know who had caused those tears to flow from her lovely eyes, wishing at the same time that as many drops of blood might be brought from their hearts. Amelia held him fast and said all she could to pacify him, but Booth turning to the serjeant, ordered him to take the wretch, his wife, out of the house. The poor serjeant, who was extremely sorry for what had happened, and entirely innocent, was going to desire his wife to retire, but she saved him the trouble, and told him that she would never more acknowledge him for her husband. Mr. Booth and his lady sat down, and Amelia explained to him the whole affair, at the same time obtaining his promise, that he would not send a challenge to his lordship, but suffer the whole to sink into the utmost oblivion; they then determined to remove from the house that same day, and accordingly took lodgings within a few doors of their worthy friend, Dr. Harrison.

Next day, after they had taken possession of their new lodgings, Mr. Booth took a walk into the park, where he met a brother officer who had served along with him at Gibraltar, but was then on half-pay with a wife and three children almost starving. He asked Booth to lend him half a crown, but poor Booth, who had not one penny

in his pocket, told him if he would go home and dine with him, he would lend him double the sum out of his wife's pocket. The poor officer complied, and going home with Booth, received ten shillings, and went directly to purchase a joint of meat for his family.

Amelia, as soon as the officer was gone, asked her husband who he was, and was answered, that he had received an ensign's commission from the duke of Marlborough, but after thirty years service had retired on half-pay, because he had seen a vast number of boys preferred over him. The tender-hearted Amelia was so much affected, that she exclaimed, she did not believe our great men were human creatures. Booth answered, that he was much of the same opinion, but then he could not believe that there was any such thing in the world as virtue and vice. Amelia had for some time beheld with concern that her husband was, in consequence of his many afflictions, seduced from the belief of divine revelation, but she did not push on the subject, intending to get Dr. Harrison to talk to him.

Dr. Harrison, who never lost sight of the interests of poor Booth, went to a nobleman while he was in the country, and solicited his lordship's assistance for a commission on full pay for that unfortunate gentleman. His lordship was no stranger to the great merit of the worthy doctor, and therefore told him he would serve him to the utmost of his power, upon condition he would give him his assistance in the election of a mayor for a borough that lay in his parish. The doctor having enquired the name of the can-

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aidate whom his lordship supported, told him in the most honest blunt manner, that he could not serve him, because he had given his promise to another, who was a gentleman of the strictest integrity. His lordship, who did not think that any man could deny him a favour, especially while soliciting for another, answered, that he was sorry he could not serve him. This answer brought on a long dissertation on the difference between private and public virtue, the doctor maintaining that they should go hand in hand together, while the peer insisted, that no minister of state was obliged either to keep his promise, or pay the least regard to moral honesty. They soon after parted, his lordship to attend the election, and the doctor to enjoy what is worth a thousand places, namely, the smiles of a good conscience.

In the mean time Trent, the lieutenant, sent a letter to Mr. Booth, demanding a small sum of money that he had lent him, but alas ! there was no possibility of paying it ; though conscious that he had lost the money at play, yet he would not conceal his imprudence from his wife, but laid the whole affair open to her. Amelia cast a sympathising look on her children, and dropped a tear but turning to her husband, begged that he would not make himself uneasy, which last expression was so shocking to Booth, who was overcome by her good nature, that he went out in order to wait on a gentleman who belonged to the war-office. Amelia having packed up all the valuable things she had left, called a coach, and set out for the house of a usurer, where she procured the sum she wanted, and then returned home.

Booth

Booth, though a tender father, and not insensible of the misery to which his conduct had reduced his children, yet was extremely glad that he had it in his power to pay Trent, and accordingly set out for his lodgings the same night, but did not find him at home. Resolving therefore to return next morning, he took a walk to the park, where he met with the old officer, to whom he had lent ten shillings, and both went to drink a bottle of wine together. While they were over the bottle, Booth informed his friend, that he could procure a commission, upon condition that he had fifty pounds to make a present of to a gentleman in the war-office, but although he had so much money in his pocket, yet it was not his own, for he was obliged to pay it to Trent. His friend, who had no more prudence than himself, proposed by all means that he should make the great man a present of the money, as it would procure him a subsistence, adding, that there was not the least doubt but Trent would wait for it till he could pay him. Booth, overcome by his arguments, returned home, resolving to comply with his friend's request next morning, contrary to prudence, and even common sense.

In the morning, Booth communicated his intentions to Amelia, asking her advice, but she told him she would not advise him to any such measure, as he was much better acquainted with those things than herself. While they were talking over the matter, the old officer came in, and Booth set out with him to the office, who received the money without the least hesitation. Promises went about in plenty, and Booth, on his return home, found Mrs. James in company

with his wife. That lady had come to invite her to dinner, but Amelia frankly told her that she had been obliged to pawn the greatest part of her cloaths, and her servant maid moved off with the rest, so that she had no other shift besides the one that was on her back. Mrs. James hearing this, took her leave with great expressions of concern; but the truth is, all her concern was confined to words. Booth declared, that he would go that moment in quest of the girl, which he did, and in the mean time Mrs. Atkinson came in all pale and lifeless. Amelia was affected to see her in such a condition, and forgetting every thing that had happened, asked her what was the matter.

It seems Mr. Atkinson had been so much affected with the dispute that had happened between his wife and Amelia, that he went home and drank a whole bottle of brandy, which threw him into a violent fever, and he was given over by the physician who attended him. He begged to see Amelia, which request her good nature would not suffer her to deny, and therefore she went to his bed-chamber, where she found him seemingly in a dying condition. He told her he had stolen her picture when he was only eighteen years of age, but now he was ready to restore it, and begged leave to kiss her hand; Amelia indulged him, and shedding a tear took her leave in the most affectionate manner.

Booth had succeeded so far as to discover where the girl was who had stolen his wife's linen, but as he would not swear that it was worth forty shillings, the justice before whom she was taken, was obliged to discharge her;  
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upon which he returned home to his wife, who had received a letter from Mrs. Atkinson, intimating that her husband was, to all appearance, out of danger; a circumstance that gave Amelia no small pleasure. She had provided a genteel supper for him, in consequence of a present that she had received from an unknown hand; but poor Booth told her that he was obliged to go out a few hours.

Amelia, who was all condescension, made no objections to his proposal, but waited for him till the clock struck eleven, when a person brought a letter, informing her that he was at supper with Miss Matthews. She had scarce time to peruse the odious epistle, when a porter brought a letter to inform her, that he was once more in the spunging-house in Gray's Inn Lane.

It seems Miss Matthews had been at the bottom of all this, and poor Booth had been innocently led into the snare, but next morning he was visited by Amelia, who sympathized with him in the most tender manner. When she came to the spunging-house, the wife of the bailiff told her that she believed her to be a woman of the town; but Amelia telling her that her husband had been there before, and that as he was now a prisoner, so she was come to see him. She was suffered to go up stairs to speak with him. Booth, who was sensible of his wife's goodness, embraced her in the most tender manner, and told her of the unhappy connection he had had with Miss Matthews, while he was in prison, begging at the same time that she would forgive him. In answer to that she told him,

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that she had forgiven him already, and pulling a letter out of his pocket, presented it to him, by which he was convinced that she was no stranger to their amour, and then a very tender scene ensued, for it was not in the nature of Amelia to find fault with her husband.

Amelia, who heard that Dr. Harrison was to be that day in town, set out for his lodgings, but as good luck would have it, she first called to see her children, and found the good doctor along with them, for he had been directed to her lodgings by Mrs. Atkinson. Seeing her in confusion, the good man asked her, what was the matter, upon which she told him that her husband was once more arrested. The doctor having asked her at whose suit, she told him, at the suit of Captain Trent, for money lent at a gaming table, which grieved the good man so much, that he told her he would do no more for him. The poor afflicted lady shed tears, but the doctor looking at the children desired her to make herself easy, as he would send them and her down to his parsonage house, there to remain till he could see what could be done for her husband. Amelia implored a thousand blessings on the worthy doctor, but told him at the same time, that Colonel James had sent him a challenge, and that she was afraid of the consequences that might happen.

The doctor desired her to make herself perfectly easy, as he would endeavour to make up all differences between them, and taking his leave, set out for the spunging-house, but in his way thither called on Colonel James, whom he found in company with Major Bath. A long conversation

conversation ensued with respect to the conduct of Colonel James, and the nature of duelling, but the good doctor spoke in such a rational manner, that neither of the officers had one word to say, except such as came within the circle of abuse.

The doctor having spent about an hour with them, set out to the spunging-house to visit Booth, whom he found in much the same condition as all others are, whose misfortunes brings them into the same unhappy circumstances. The doctor had actually not so much money in town as would pay Booth's debt, and therefore he proposed giving bail, which could not be done without a second person, whom the attorney promised to procure. While the attorney was gone, the bailiff came into the room, and told Dr. Harrison, that there was a man above stairs in a dying condition, who wanted to speak to him. The doctor did not hesitate one moment, but leaving Booth, went directly to the miserable place where the person was in bed. This person was one Robinson, a man of a very loose character, who had been arrested for a small sum, and the bailiff's follower had wounded him in such a manner, while they were executing the writ, that there was not the least hopes of his recovery. He asked the doctor whether a death-bed repentance was in the least efficacious towards procuring acceptance with God, and being told that repentance never come too late, if it was sincere, he discovered that one Murphy, an attorney, had employed him to be witness to a deed of conveyance, from one person to another, in a fraudulent manner, and that the injured

jured person was Amelia. He added that he and one Carter, who was then dead, had received from Murphy two hundred pounds each, but how much Murphy received he could not say.

Before the doctor had time to ask Robinson any more questions, the surgeon arrived who was to dress the patients wounds, and a dialogue ensued between him and the divine. The result was, that Dr. Harrison perceived him to be a most ignorant fellow, no ways acquainted with the nature of his profession, but puffed up with an opinion of his own self-superiority to such a degree, that he looked on all those who called his knowledge in question with the utmost contempt.

In the mean time Murphy, the attorney, arrived with the other person who was to be bail along with Dr. Harrison, but hearing that the doctor was up stairs along with Robinson, he took to his heels and ran out into the street, Dr. Harrison, who had heard his voice, ran after him, and called out stop thief, upon which he was surrounded by a great mob of people, who imagined that the pursuer was a bailiff. The doctor, however soon undeceived them, by telling them that the fellow had committed forgery, and in consequence of that crime had ruined an innocent family.

He was then conducted before a justice, who gave a warrant to search his chambers, and in them were found the whole title deeds of the estate, which had been left to Amelia by her mother. The justice immediately committed him  
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to prison, where he remained till next sessions, when he was hanged ; and, upon the whole it appeared that the sister of Amelia, assisted by Murphy, had acted in such a manner as to get a forged will, which was now set aside.

Miss Harris, the sister of Amelia, absconded, and Mrs. Booth took possession of her fortune to the no small pleasure of the tenants, who loved Amelia, but hated her sister. Robinson, who was the only person who could give positive evidence against Murphy seemed for some time to think of reforming his life ; but he was too much habituated to the practice of vice ever to leave its dangerous paths. Accordingly, being discarded by all those who had known him formerly, and at the same time being reduced to necessitous circumstances, he took to the highway, and was hanged for a robbery.

Colonel James, who had never lived on good terms with his lady, agreed to separate from her, and took into keeping the celebrated Miss Matthews, whose adventures have made such a considerable figure in this history.

Miss Harrison, was obliged to go over to France, where she was supported by the bounty of her compassionate sister, Amelia, to whom she had been so inveterate an enemy. While Dr. Harrison grew old in piety as well as years, and paid the debt of nature, beloved and lamented.

Mr. Atkinson still lived on good terms with his wife, though her learning was such as often put him to the blush, but at last he rose to high command in the army. As to Booth and Amelia, they lived together in all the happiness that could

could be imagined, the one to be an honour to his country, and the other an ornament to her sex. Amelia was a fine woman to the last, and her husband saw in her a thousand charms that he could not discover in any other. He was returned a member of parliament, and without regard to the ministry on one hand, or mock-patriotism on the other, he supported the dignity of his station and the interest of his country, so as to leave behind him a lasting memorial of his integrity.

**THE END.**

